REMBRANDT VAN RYN, PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE
(The Hague)

100,000 YEARS OF ART

BY

Goldberg, Maurice Eli
(E. G. MORRIS, pseud.)

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TO THE ARTS IT SERVES AND THE
LAND WHICH MADE IT POSSIBLE
THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED

Some twenty-five years ago at Carnegie Hall, in New York, during the Sunday services of the Society for Ethical Culture, Professor Felix Adler spoke on "Self-expression." It set me thinking—

E. G. M.

Newton, Mass.
May, 1930

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Prelude

ART, ITS WHYS AND WHEREFORES

Art, Its Whys and Wherefores

LOVE—Hunger—Shelter: sociology puts these at the root of human behavior. I would add Self-expression.

Discoveries in the earliest known abodes of man demand this addition to the trinity of needs which guide our actions. Love makes for reproduction, race continuity. Hunger inspires hunting, agriculture, trade and industry. Shelter—a roof, a haven of safety against enemies and elements, is very important sociologically. But alongside of these must be placed the need for self-expression. It is a primary want—a basic urge.

Just as it strives to satisfy creature requirements, humanity ever seeks outlet for the expression of the inner self. Artistic effort comes fast on the heels of primitive man's new-found weapons. Not far behind the discovery that an effective dagger may be made from a piece of animal bone is the carving of some animal form on its handle.

Caves of France, Austria and Spain are rich in paintings and engravings. These are said to have been religious in character. They had magical significance; they were hunting maps, or what not. But whatever their meaning, what matters most is that they were man made, the product of skill and imagination. Through them man expressed the beauty within himself. And the tribal dance, which goes back to the same prehistoric epoch—what an outlet for self-expression is there! Religious ex-

pression, if you will—often weird and grotesque. But expression none the less of the spirit within.

Progress moves in uneven waves. Across the centuries it may appear like a steady upward swing. In reality every field of human endeavor shows alternate progress and retrogression, not unlike the heaving waves on a rolling sea. Art, recorder of the human spirit, clearly reflects these waves.

After gaining in forest bower and rocky cave a measure of security against his fellow denizens of woods and field, the savage begins to primp. Hut and cave take on a bit of ornamentation.

Catastrophe overtakes the dwelling or settlement. A nomadic existence sets in. We are back to bare realities. Settled once more, enjoying a bit of respite from danger and strife—again the best in him asserts itself. This time expression is on a little higher plane. The structure of the dwelling takes on improved tone. Its powers of resistance are greater, for man is learning through misfortune. His home has better line and contour. At the same time appears imagery of bird or beast crudely scratched on the rock. A little carving is seen on the war club. Art is linked with material progress.

There come attacks from neighboring tribes, or earthquake and volcano take their toll. The slate is wiped clean. All the advance of infant mankind is as naught. Back it goes in physical well-being, lower in mental development; artistic effort is crushed. There follows more wandering, more uncertainty; then a new settlement, peace. Achievement both along practical and artistic lines is higher than ever before.

Tribal conquest destroys, then lays the foundation for an enlarged community, a broadened common interest. New-found security brings gods and temples, and more advanced artistic effort.

In turn this larger community is lost. War, pestilence, ruin, chaos: man's achievement has been nullified. An early civilization is dead. No, not dead. For the spirit of man never dies. A wave has dropped to the ocean's bosom. Nothing more. It will rise again. There will be other waves.

Thus tribes and nations and races come and go. Each has its high peak. Each its fall. All bring their contribution for time's crushing heel to destroy. But always there is a rebirth, a reincarnation. The crumbled fragments of the old foment a forward movement in the new. People subjugated conquer their aggressors. The captive's thought becomes the captor's philosophy. Babylon still lives. And Pompeii. Through scientific excavation Egypt's glory of 3000 B.C. is reborn in the twentieth century A.D. Artistic efforts of the past find ringing echo in the present. Art monuments of ages gone are guideposts of taste today.

In the pages which follow we shall trace the development of taste. We will scan its high and low water marks, its ebb and flow. Fortunately facts are plentiful. For art has come down from the distant past, just as our own day will pass it on to a distant future. The present inherits the past.

Excavations in various parts of the globe have opened for our perusal the pages of remote antiquity, yes, of many thousands of years before history. The knowledge

of all the ages is before us. To know and apply art we should view what has gone before, delve into the earliest sources of civilization. There are highlights of art a hundred thousand years or more before the Christian era. When the mammoth roamed the plain man was painting frescoes. During the Stone Age he was doing creditable etching and sculpture. The Bronze Age and the Iron Age have left numberless examples of their art for us. The arts of Egypt, of ancient Greece, of Persia, of the early Kelts and primitive Americans are the heritage of the twentieth century. They are here to teach us to love and produce beauty.

You may well ask how we ascribe ancient or primitive art to definite periods. How do we know that a piece of painting on the wall of a cave belongs in the Stone Age? For one thing, the entrance to the cave may be embedded in strata which the geologist is able to translate in terms of time. Possibly implements belonging in the Stone Age were in the same cave. Often human skeletons are by the side of remains of a mammoth or some other animal since extinct. Excavations of Biblical or Egyptian monuments tell their own tale in language which present-day science is able to read and understand.

I shall present the story in brief of man's earliest artistic efforts, then something of expression in form, line and color through ancient and modern times. I will attempt to trace the way in which through the medium of its home humanity tells its tale. If because of these pages a few homes should be constructed in better line and furnished in a little better taste than else they might have been, this work will have more than justified itself. Yet

it is my secret hope that some lives as well may be the better for my story.

Let us then begin our exploration into the vast recesses of time. In the Stone Age let us look for creative art. The earliest known cave-dweller has some valuable information for us, enlightened, super-refined children of civilization.

But before we go on I want to leave with you this one thought. Our greatest possession is knowledge. We know the artistic expression of those who have preceded us on earth. Their taste in all its manifestations is open to our view. If we do not benefit by it and develop a taste superior to that of all previous times we are not worthy of the great heritage.

Book I

THE FIRST NINETY-NINE THOUSAND YEARS

More or Less

Art Historical

CHAPTER I

The Beginnings of Art

A TRIBAL dance was held in the clearing in the woods. Beautiful it was, and a joy to behold. Masks over men's faces made them look like queer animals. It made the children screech with glee.

Then the solemn ceremonies inside the great cave. For the first time this cave had been thrown open for all to see. It was a state occasion. Many weeks the men of the tribe who had the gift had worked in that cave. They had chiseled, ground color, painted. Great pictures did they make and little ones. All the animals known to the tribe did they put on those walls. Now all were gathered to see these wonders. And to pray for better hunting.

Of a sudden came the alarm. The snorting of a mammoth had been heard from afar. "To your weapons, men, to your weapons." Away they went! For man must eat. Presently they came back. They admired this new art. For man must express himself.

This scene goes back, far back. Fifty thousand years —maybe more. Even then mankind had evolved an art. This we know. We do not guess.

Art, says one writer, is like a great river; the distant rills from which it derives its water are hidden. The origins of all civilizations are swallowed up in the stream. Yet enough is known of the artistic efforts of

prehistoric man to make an exceedingly interesting story. It reads like a fairy tale, though substantiated by fact.

The Stone Age is divided into two parts, the Palæolithic or older Stone Age and the newer, Neolithic. In the Palæolithic stage man expressed himself in native stone. In the Neolithic period he had learned to polish his material. Hence the latter is also known as the age of Polished Stone. We have no definite knowledge as to the number of years which have elapsed since the Stone Age. But it goes back beyond the glacial period.

Man's early artistic expression is in stone, bone, ivory, pottery, copper, gold, bronze and iron. Useful articles and ornamental come close together. In the caves of France and England are found implements of stone chipped to a hatchet shape dating back to the days of the woolly-haired rhinoceros and the mammoth. Remains of these extinct animals are alongside of crude weapons and bones of the men who used them.

Here, worked in flint by primitive hands, is found what appears to be man's first effort at attaining form for a definite purpose. Boucher de Perthes, writing of the people who lived in these caves, says, "If they had not persevered in their efforts we should have neither our towns nor our palaces nor our works of art. He who struck the first pebble against another to give it regular form gave the first blow of the chisel which made the Minerva and the figures of the Parthenon."

When the mammoth becomes less numerous and the reindeer is in abundance work in stone begins to show a decline. Beautiful leaf-shaped instruments are replaced by others more crude in form. But we have advanced

with newer mediums. Working in bone and engraving in horn now develop. We have harpoons and spear-throwers of reindeer horn. Needles of bone are made. The graver, a pointed piece of flint for engraving on stone, becomes quite common. From this period tools have been found apparently used for grinding pigment, color for painting the body or cave pictures.

Palæolithic man was a hunter. He lived by the chase. Naturally he came to appreciate the food not only around, but inside the animal's long bone. Breaking the bone shaft and extracting the marrow for food, it was not long before he found a use for the broken bone. Not much skill was required to make of it a rough dagger. A little experimentation soon showed its possibilities in producing an awl or some other tool.

Working in bone brought the eyed needle. This needle was a highly finished article. According to some authorities it is superior to anything of its kind as far down as the fifteenth century A.D. With articles of use came ornamental work of bone. Carvings in bone and horn of animal forms are found, also outlines of animals made of flat bone with features indicated by incised lines.

A great vehicle for artistic talent is the reindeer horn. A carved reindeer on a dagger handle found in a cave shows skill in sculpture as well as in putting a piece of horn to practical use. Numerous other sculptured carvings show powerful realism. These, incidentally, give evidence of advanced familiarity with animal anatomy.

Of this remote period a small figure carved of horn representing the human form was found in Belgium. From France we have remarkably realistic bas-relief

sketches of stags and birds. Sculptures in mammoth-tusk ivory reveal an array of lifelike heads which are the work of no mean artists.

Sculpture preceded engraving. Earliest examples are in the round; later ones are largely in bas-relief. We have stone figures of the deer and the horse. At Laussel, in the valley of the Beuna, on an exposed surface are figures of several horses sculptured in high relief and arranged as a sort of frieze. One of these horses, seven feet from head to tail, is unusually well done and shows evidence of having originally been colored. In a rock shelter near Laussel are four bas-reliefs in limestone of the human form. Stone figures of Palæolithic times in France and elsewhere are audacious in realism and artistic in conception.

Engraving first appears on tools and weapons in dots and lines forming simple geometric designs. Later come animals which Palæolithic man hunted and knew so well. There are engravings in bone of deer and horses. On the walls of caves, on stone, on ivory and stalagmite are found engravings of the mammoth, the cave bear and the woolly-haired rhinoceros—animals long extinct.

Palæolithic drawing finds its highest expression in two animals which must have existed in large numbers in southwest France, but now very far from that country, the reindeer and the bison. The reindeer, by the way, seems to have been the most useful of all the animals. It furnished food and clothing. Its antlers were used for implements and weapons as well as for the artistic work in which these people delighted. This animal was engraved in all positions and attitudes. And always with a high degree of skill. In an engraving on

stone from Gourdan called the "dying reindeer" the artist seizes with a few powerful lines all the essentials of expression. Engravings of fish are not uncommon, and occasionally we find some of birds. Plant life is rarely represented. These people were hunters. Art goes hand in hand with everyday interest.

The banks of the river Vezere in the Department of Dordogne, southwest France, are full of thrills for anyone interested in pre-historic man. Caves and rock shelters there hold numberless wonders. So do those along the northern flank of the Pyrenees. Amazing are the works of art in all of them. Marvelous ability is shown in engravings and carvings. These, mind you, are of Palæolithic origin.

In a cave near Santander, Spain, some creditable paintings were found on walls and roof. So well done were these that their age was doubted. Engravings, some partly colored, were later discovered on the walls of a cave near the village of La Mouth, in France. From the similarity of drawing of the mammoth and the presence in the latter cave of prehistoric implements the Palæolithic origin of both was made certain. Along the northern flank of the Pyrenees, the Dordogne and through Spain a great many caves with wall decorations are now known.

This work must have been done by artificial light. One cave, for instance, is two hundred and seventy yards long, yet the first drawing is no less than a hundred and twenty yards from the entrance. At Cambarelles the first drawings encountered are about a hundred and fifty yards from the entrance, even farther from the light of day. Here are engraved animal figures from a few inches

to more than a yard in length extending for a distance of one hundred and twenty-five yards. There is not much of color, but occasional emphasis of the engraved line with a black band. The drawings are of astonishing accuracy.

Font de Gaume Cave near Les Eyzies is the finest yet discovered. It has scores of representations of the bison, horse, reindeer, mammoth, wolf and rhinoceros. There are no less than a dozen polychromes of the bison. One engraving is of the human face. Figures on the walls are arranged in groups forming frescoes. Colored figures are in red, brown and black. There is remarkable delineation in two reindeer with heads lowered facing each other; the pose is most natural and the drawing admirable. Rare draftsmanship is shown also in two paintings of extinct rhinoceros. There are drawings of human hands and of huts or tents.

The cave of Altamira a Santilane, near Santander, Spain, is rich in frescoes and wall decorations of animals in varying positions of rest, movement and energy. Some show masked men in savage dances. La Pasiega Cave near Castilla, Spain, has more than two hundred paintings and thirty-six engravings. Caves in far Australia show similar work. A cave near the village of Copul, province of Lerida, Catalonia, has a painted fresco of ten human figures, a man in the center with five women on one side and four on the other. Their attitudes are suggestive of a dance. Two caves near Alpera, Spain, contain no less than a hundred and fifty human figures. Some of these are in head-dress of feathers similar to those worn by the American Indians. Some are in the

act of drawing the bow and some in attitudes of the dance.

While these decorated caves often show signs of habitation many of them seem to have been used for none other than artistic purposes. Some were too difficult of access, others generally unsuited for living quarters. Near a number of the caves there is evidence of the artist having lived elsewhere in the vicinity.

Why were these works done? Some authorities tell us they were made for totemic or magical reasons, so the gods would increase the number of animals for hunting. Others point out that wherever among primitive people that is the intent no such pains are taken to present fine delineation and beauty of color. The artists, they say, must have been seeking an outlet for self-expression. Be that as it may, I would call your attention to the fact that cave decorations had to do with performances in which all male members of the tribe took part. These caves may have been the first temples for religious worship.

CHAPTER II

Neolithic Europe and Primitive America

SOME culture traces its origin to savagery. Elsewhere savages grow out of a background of culture. Not all is smooth in evolution.

In the new Stone Age the polished stone axe, or celt, marks a great advance in man's civilization. It is an enlargement of his power over nature, a forward step in his culture. Stone huts now appear, and pile dwellings. We have agriculture, domestic animals, monuments to the dead. We have pottery.

Now we are in a period of great activity. There is an all-around advance in culture. Yet in some ways Neolithic man is inferior to his predecessor, who hunted and carved and painted with equal zeal and expertness. Man has entered into the prehistoric industrial age. He appears too busy for art. And yet he must express something finer than bare materialism in spite of himself. Hence he makes finely finished and polished instruments and gives them beauty. Knives and daggers of flint of this period are found in Scandinavia and Egypt, with blades almost as sharp as those of our metal ones, remarkable, too, for their artistry. Neolithic Egypt offers prehistoric vases in limestone, alabaster, porphyry and basalt, regular in shape and showing the hand of master

craftsmen. Bracelets, pendants and amulets of marble, flint, schist are found in Spain, Egypt and Switzerland.

The manufacture of pottery now becomes prevalent. This requires more careful observation and reflection than making wood and stone implements or skin garments. Many examples are highly artistic in outline and ornamentation. An interesting classification is known as corded ware in which designs were made by pressing a cord in different ways upon the clay before baking. From Wurttemberg comes pottery with elaborate ornamentation of dots, lines, zig-zags, chevrons. From upper Austria we have pottery with incised designs inlaid with a white material, also clay figures of the human form.

The art of pottery seems to have originated in the Neolithic Age. At first it is wholly hand-made and poorly baked. It is of coarse material, a mixture of stone, sand and shell, simple in form, round bottomed and ill-designed, with no attempt at decoration. Soon improvements and refinements are introduced. The surface is smooth and even polished. There comes a tasteful variety of form; perforated knobs for carrying give way to handles. Fingernail marks, surface undulations, cord impressions, simple designs of dots and lines comprise the ornamentation. In some places even color decoration seems to have been reached, as well as incised lines filled with white substance. The spiral also commences to appear.

Of this period are stone carvings of the human face and form, a great many with attempts at delineation of garments. From the number of reproductions of the female form it is generally believed that there was a

prevalent worship of a female deity. Many engraved designs on stone are found of curved and circular lines. Some authorities advance the theory that these were maps of their immediate localities. Others claim they were a primitive form of writing, or else they represented constellations or games. The more reasonable view seems to be that they were deemed to have magical or totemic significance.

The discovery of metal ranks among the greatest influences of civilization. Virgin metals first attracted attention, like gold, silver or copper. Because of its brightness and beauty gold may have been the first. There is reason to believe that it was known in Neolithic times. Copper, more prevalent in its pure state, was the first metal used for making tools and weapons. Excavated in Babylon and Egypt were copper tools dating back 4500 years before the Christian Era. Because of its softness copper is of little use for the manufacture of cutting instruments. It may be hardened, but the process is a tedious one. The important discovery that copper mixed with a small quantity of tin produces much greater hardness brought the alloy, bronze.

Bronze was known in Egypt about 4000 B.C. but did not come into general use for a thousand years or more after that. It reached Spain by 2000 B.C. and Britain about 1500 B.C. Iron did not make its appearance before about 1000 B.C. and in England more than five hundred years later. For a thousand or fifteen hundred years cutting instruments were all of bronze. Bronze also served for ornament and decoration. Most metal objects were cast in the alloy. Alongside of many

articles of bronze have been found the molds in which they were cast.

Celts, spearheads, knives, daggers and swords of this metal are common. Elaborate bronze trumpets six feet or more in length have been found. In the peat bogs of Denmark twenty-three of these horns were unearthed. They are now used at concerts at the Museum of Copenhagen. And they were made several thousand years ago! They give forth music, too—clear, ringing and sweet.

The highest culture attained in the Bronze Age was on the Isle of Crete in the Mediterranean. This island excelled along many lines, notably in colored pottery. We find in Crete, from the Bronze Age, paintings, engravings, carvings, molding, inlayed metal work and jewelry showing a degree of originality, power and taste by some considered equal to the art of Greece at its best.

There is evidence of considerable intercourse about 1580 B.C. between the highly gifted inhabitants of Crete and the Egyptians. Paintings in the tombs of Rekhomara and Senmut in Egypt show foreigners bringing gifts—cups, vessels of silver and gold, which resemble those at Knossos in Crete. The figures are believed to be Cretans; their dress and grouping are similar to those on Cretan frescoes. Late Cretan pottery has been found in Egypt; while alabaster Egyptian vases, red ware, jugs and bronze vases with lotus handles, a figurine carved of bone, all apparently of Egyptian origin, have been found in Crete.

Decoration of pottery in Bronze Age Crete reached a very high development. Early workmanship shows rich polychrome ware, white, red and yellow on a black

ground, ornamented with geometric designs. On these the spiral is fairly common and occasionally plant designs appear. Some small vessels are so thin they are known as "egg-shell" ware. Later we come upon pottery ornamented with more naturalistic designs. About 1800 or 1900 B.C., ceramic art in Crete reaches its finest flower.

The Cretan artist now goes "direct to nature for his inspiration. His designs are full of grace and exuberance; reeds, grasses and flowers adorn his vases; the life of the sea is represented with astonishing fidelity; but his naturalism is controlled by a rare power of selection and grouping." (Hawes, Crete the forerunner of Greece, 1910, page 125). Gradually a more conventional style sets in, influenced by fresco drawing in buildings. Naturalism and living form are revived at the close of the Bronze Age. But it is decadent compared with the work of Crete at its best.

In Mycenæan pottery of the Bronze Age we are introduced to glazed polychrome ware, usually of yellow ground laid on brown, red, chestnut and white. Circles, spirals and other geometric designs appear, as well as plants and animals. Sea weeds, shells, fishes, the octopus, birds, quadrupeds and even the human form are depicted. But the drawings are rather poor.

In Spain, Crete and Mycenæ during the Bronze Age many articles were made of silver. There are silver rings, rivets, pendants, bracelets, diadems, scepters, bowls and vases. Silver seems to have originated in Spain. In the province of El Argar it was at one time twice as plentiful as tin. There is evidence of considerable trading in that metal by the Spaniards with the enterprising Cretans.

In Scandinavia we find engravings of boats on bronze knives and razors. On these the spiral design is used, sometimes accompanied by lines which are interpreted as solar discs. The boat itself is said to be a solar symbol. A myth of the Bronze Age told of the sun traversing the ocean when at night the earth is left in darkness.

Gold was very plentiful in the Bronze Age, judging by the great quantity of plate and jewelry found. A much earlier time, the transition from the Neolithic to the Bronze Age, also has yielded up gold in considerable quantity, particularly in Ireland. The Emerald Isle was quite a trader in the precious metal.

In Bronze Age England we find objects of gold which show incomparable delicacy of workmanship and power of execution. Of a dagger handle found at Normanton, Wilts, for instance, it is said that in design and execution it could not be surpassed, if equaled, by the most able workman of modern times. Of British zigzag pattern, it was formed with a labor and exactness almost unaccountable from thousands of gold rivets smaller than the smallest pin. Hunting scenes inlaid on dagger blades and drinking cups are on a par with the goldsmith's art of our own day.

Amber was highly prized in prehistoric times. It was found mainly on the southern coast of the Baltic and on the North Sea coast near the mouth of the Elbe. Amber was an important article of commerce as far back as the Neolithic Age. It is generally found in beads and necklaces of delicate workmanship. In the ornaments of the Bronze Age jet played an important part.

Some writers claim that when Europe was inhabited

by wandering savages America was peopled by men who built cities and attained a high degree of culture. This is a considerable overstatement. Yet prehistoric America had its full measure of art.

In the glacial deposits of the Delaware River near Trenton, New Jersey, are found implements which greatly resemble those of Palæolithic Europe. It is noteworthy that they are like the European discoveries of the very earliest Stone Age. Sometimes these implements are embedded in boulders twenty feet in diameter or in rock striated and polished by the action of ice or by being swept along by torrents of water. From the general character of the surroundings among which they are found it is safe to say that they antedate the glacial period. Implements exactly resembling those of Scandinavian origin have been found on the islands of the Susquehanna. These, too, seem to have been made by the hand of man during the pre-glacial epoch. Palæolithic and Neolithic implements are found in Buenos Aires and other parts of South America.

Much interest attaches to the earthen mound, which throughout the Western Hemisphere shows considerable skill in construction. We find mounds built up as defensive works, sacred enclosures, temples; also altar mounds and mounds representing animals. How long since mound building originated on this continent we do not know. Some of these structures undoubtedly go back to a very early stage in man's existence, while others are of fairly recent times.

Cliffs are the earliest known habitations of man on this continent. At first they were merely caves in the rock, like those in the Grand Canyon. In later times

they were supplemented by structures of stone at their approach. Some cliffs are in vertical tiers, not unlike present-day apartment buildings.

Pottery, earthenware, dishes and funeral vases are found dating back to a remote antiquity and in improved workmanship through succeeding ages. Many interesting examples come from the valleys of the Missouri, where in the dim past the country was inhabited by men with towns, government, a religious system and artistic taste. In general, American pottery bears a striking similarity to that of the old world. Much of it resembles the Egyptian in artistic outline and in the figures used in decoration.

Prehistoric American vases of all kinds possess real craftsmanship. Most varied in design, they often show development in sculpture almost unbelievable. Birds, animals, snakes, the human face and form are executed with real skill. Engraving on stone is quite prevalent, with representations of animals and birds as well as human beings. Hieroglyphic inscriptions on stone, found in great variety, are executed by craftsmen of skill and imagination.

Yucatan appears to have been the cradle of culture in America. Here long before the Christian Era, Maya civilization was at the height of its glory. In his *Story of the American Indian,* Paul Radin pictures the Maya center of Copan, in the vicinity of what is now the little Republic of Honduras. Seven or eight miles long and two miles wide was this city; with well-paved streets, courts and courtyards; with covered canals for drainage and underground sewers of stone and cement; with fine temples, palaces and public buildings.

"Here we find the first civic center of America," Radin informs us. "It was approximately eight hundred feet square. Within the main building at an elevation of sixty feet, was a court one hundred and twenty feet square. The court was enclosed by a range of seats, rising to a height of one hundred and twenty feet in the form of an amphitheater and built of great blocks of stone neatly cut and regularly laid without the use of mortar." Walls of an inner temple "were covered with a thin coat of stucco on which were painted figures and scenes in various colors. . . . The outside of the building was profusely decorated with grotesque figures, and around the four sides ran an elaborate cornice having a foliated design of feathers beautifully carved. Higher up a row of portrait-like busts extended along the entire building." A grand stairway rising three hundred feet—sky-scraper height—had sculptured human figures at regular intervals.

Ancient Peru produced fine sculpture, gold, copper and bronze ornaments, pottery, fabrics and textiles. It has been said that not even the Greeks or Egyptians excelled the Incas in artistry, variety and originality of their pottery. Whether that be true or not, these Peruvians did show exceptional skill. Their pottery designs depict all of Peru's civilization: customs, rituals, dress, homes, gods, animals, plants, landscapes—all these either painted or sculptured.

"Most remarkable are the portrait vases," Radin further states. "They give us an unusual insight into the physiognomies of the people, from the Inca and the nobles to the poorest commoner and slave. No phase of life is unrepresented. We even get glimpses into aborig-

inal surgery and disease, such as representations of an amputated foot with a cap being placed over the stump, and a man examining the sole of his foot from which the eggs of a sand flea have been extracted. The achievement of the Peruvians in the weaving of textiles and fabrics is if anything even more remarkable than that of their pottery. Not only does it represent the most extraordinary textile development of any prehistoric people, but in harmony of color, beauty and fastness of dyes and perfection of spinning and weaving, these fabrics belong in a class all by themselves."

Here, then, you have a glimpse of the cultural development of the forefathers of our supposed savage American Indian. But if, as seems not unlikely, he is of Mongolian origin, his art is not to be wondered at. Among the Mongolians art and culture appear to have been full grown from time immemorial.

CHAPTER III

Egypt and Western Asia

CIVILIZATION is not in speed of train or plane. Nor in sputtering wire nor wireless sputter. But in essentials, fundamentals. My dilettante New Yorker, that mummy you appraise may have been more civilized than you.

Surely you are familiar with a popular picture of Napoleon before the Sphinx. The emperor stands in deep thought. The granite monster of the desert maintains a poker face, as if to say, "I dare you solve my mystery."

What is the riddle of the Sphinx? There is none. It is a monument set up in honor of a king. No, not merely for the king—but for the god he became upon his death. For mind you, all kings were by death transformed into gods. And only a god could be deserving of this monument of one million seven hundred thousand tons of solid rock. But I am a bit ahead of my story. I want first to give you a glimpse of the background of this Sphinx; and of the pyramids and the great temples through which Egypt expressed herself.

Because of its favorable climate and the physical properties of the Nile, Diodorus called Egypt the birthplace of the human race. This may or may not be true. Certain it is that in remote antiquity the Egyptians had a mature civilization and a well-developed art.

The earliest known inhabitants of the Nile valley went about nude, tattooed and painted, like many Neolithic Europeans. Among the rocks and caves of Upper Egypt are prehistoric engravings and paintings of great interest. Very early Egyptian pottery is of superior workmanship and adornment. In its decoration we see the life of the primitive inhabitants, animal and bird life, vegetation of the islands and marshes adjacent to the Nile.

Primitive Egyptian homes were huts of beaten clay with one opening, a door. Homes of the wealthy were fairly large, requiring one or two pillars for the support of beams. Crude pottery, flint knives and scrapers, flat stones for grinding corn, a few chests and mats of woven straw—these made up the household furnishings.

At first the Egyptians were separate independent tribes. Foreign conquest brought the use of metals, civil organization and early civilization. The tribes were merged into two kingdoms, those of Upper and Lower Egypt. They in turn were united under Menes, first of the Pharaohs.

Tombs assume great importance from the earliest dynasties. At first the remains of the dead were cremated. Burning enabled the deceased to pass directly into the future world. Later came burial. This was accompanied by the making of many likenesses in sculpture or painting, so that when the bones of the departed crumbled to dust his effigy would remain. The "double" was frequently placed in a separate chamber of the tomb.

The pyramids were royal tombs. But why their size? A king dead became a living god. Nothing was too good or too big for a god. The most famous pyramids were

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three built by Pharaohs known to the Greeks as Cheops, Chefren and Mencheres. Both for their size and as achievements in engineering these first national monuments of Egypt, dedicated to deified Pharaohs, are still among the marvels of the earth.

Let us now return to the colossal Sphinx. Long the object of speculation, that huge stone lion with human head, facing the east, was thought to have been dedicated to the rising sun. Now we know it to be a religious monument, glorifying an early ruler known as the Lion King. During the Roman period a temple was erected at its breast, completely covered since by the desert's drifting sands.

From the custom of preserving "doubles" we have much fine Egyptian sculpture. Statues are not merely likenesses; they possess grace, personality. Perhaps the most striking example is a monument of King Mencheres and his wife, discovered in 1910 and now in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. The monarch standing in a priestly attitude and his doting consort leaning towards him make a group worthy of any sculptor of today. It has beauty of line, harmony, modeling and superb character study.

At the Cairo Museum are statues made about five thousand years ago which are striking in realism. We see marble portraits of priests, officials and scribes—one of the latter is crouched, taking notes with stylus and wax tablets.

In Egyptian tombs you may find bas-reliefs and painted scenes covering all fields of human activity. These were intended to help the departed in his future life. You see him among his herds, with his slaves,

hunting or fishing. From these portrayals we learn that the ancient Egyptians were a powerful, robust and intelligent lot. Well-built, healthy women are grinding corn, kneading bread or washing the family linen.

When the capital was moved from Memphis to Thebes, tombs gradually gave way in importance to temples. King worship now became secondary. The king, son of God, was replaced by the great god Ammon-Re. In his honor were constructed at Thebes what in some respects are the greatest buildings ever undertaken by man.

Standing on a hill-side slope at Abydos is the temple-tomb of Queen Hatasu. It has a series of terraces connected with monumental stairways. Great colonnades serve as porticos to chapels hewn in the rock. Elegance, simplicity and fine proportion mark the columns. Sculptured reliefs on the parapets illustrate the Queen's many victories in battle. The Queen herself is shown fighting at the side of her father Ammon. Splendidly depicted are the adventures of her fleet.

A short distance away you come upon the Temple of Rameses the Second, its reliefs showing the great conqueror leading his armies in battle. Across the river are the temples of Karnak and Luxor. They were built by a long line of Pharaohs down to the time of the Greek Ptolemys and the Roman emperors. The building of even a portion of these colossal structures must have required no small part of the wealth and power of the great conquerors of Asia. As long as Thebes remained the seat of government these sanctuaries were centers of religious and political activity. They still

stand, while mighty Thebes, "the city of a hundred gates," has entirely disappeared.

The great Temple of Karnak occupies an area twelve hundred feet long by three hundred and sixty feet in width, enclosed by a high wall. Approached through an avenue of sphinxes, its entrance is between two massive, sloping towers, with great obelisks on either side. This brings you into a large court, three hundred and thirty-eight feet long by two hundred and seventy-five feet wide, with a double colonnade on three sides. You next enter hypostyle hall, which is three hundred and twenty by one hundred and sixty feet—try to visualize these measurements! — with one hundred and thirty-four massive columns in sixteen rows supporting an enormous roof of stone slabs.

Can you picture the effect of these columns in close formation, each eleven feet nine inches in diameter and sixty-nine feet high? And the effect is just what it was intended to be—impressive to the point of being oppressive. It was meant to keep the Egyptian people in their place through fear of hidden power. It did.

Smaller columns, nine feet in diameter and forty-two feet high, form the side avenues. This makes possible an ingenious lighting arrangement. As you look down these avenues, your eye travels from the smaller columns, which seem endless as they vanish in darkness, to the awe-inspiring weight of the huge columns in the center.

Next you come to a smaller colonnaded hall. Many and mysterious passageways are here for the temple services. Finally you reach the great sanctuary. On walls and columns are hieroglyphic inscriptions in color telling great tales of the royal builders. Every bit of availa-

ble space is covered with carving, painting and sculpture. You are thrilled with the admirable drawing of human and animal forms.

On your way out you are again attracted by the obelisks. Standing in pairs at all entrances they are completely covered with hieroglyphics. These single shafts of red granite reach a height of a hundred and nine feet, on a base nine feet square. They taper to six feet at the top and are tipped with metal. Some of them weigh as much as four hundred and fifty tons apiece. Can you imagine what it entailed to quarry such shafts and transport them over great distances, then set them in place without steam power? It must have meant much to these Egyptians to have them here!

Egyptian sculpture in the round is often characterized by exaggerated size. Like all primitive peoples the Egyptians represent greatness by gigantic stature. They had not learned as did the Greeks later, to give form to the moral superiority of the gods by means of noble features and superhuman majesty. Yet Egypt had sculptors of extraordinary ability. The Temple of Karnak is filled with statues of its patron kings, lifelike and excellent in character portrayal. Animal forms required by the prevailing religion are likewise admirable.

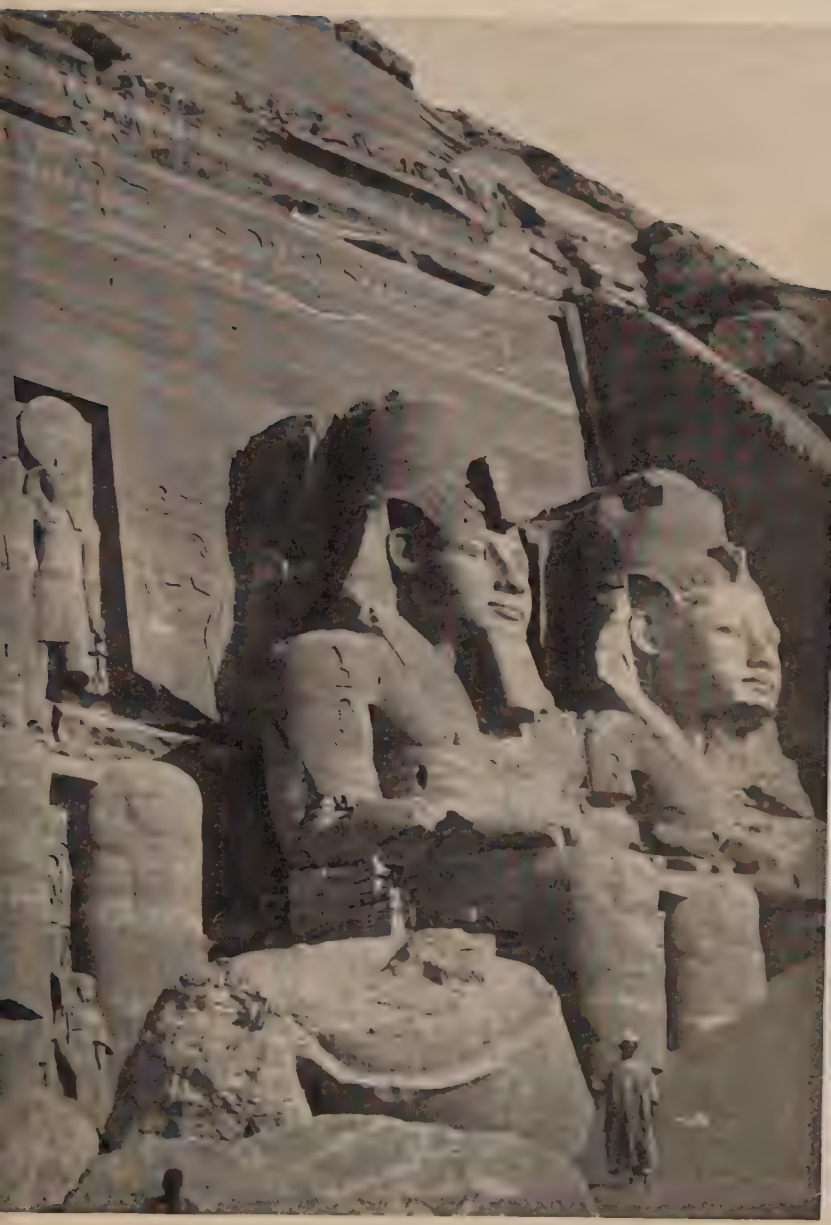
Paintings in tombs display a wide range of domestic life. There are pictures of singers, dancers, children, weddings, funerals, national festivals, civic life and court ceremonies. The Book of the Dead, a large papyrus roll buried with mummies containing instructions for the journey to the other world, is illustrated with miniature paintings of the funeral and the various ordeals that the

soul must go through before it may enter the life beyond.

Egypt long exacted tribute from her neighbors—Syria, Palestine and the rest—until Assyria rose in power. First taking away Egypt's Asiatic provinces, that nation crossed the Isthmus of Suez and captured Thebes. Nubia, out of reach of the Asiatic conquerors, was harassed by nearby tribes and the negro people of the Sudan. This city was also lost to Egypt from the time of the sixth to the tenth dynasties, but was reconquered by the Pharaohs of the Middle Kingdom. Here, to avoid the hazards of barbarian attack, are temples hewed out of the native rock.

The Temple of Abu-Simbel, to mention but one example, was built by Rameses the Second. Facing it, on the rocky slope above the Nile, are two seated granite figures rising over sixty feet in height. On either side of the entrance are two smaller figures of Rameses worshipping Ammon. The temple proper consists of a series of chambers excavated from the solid rock.

The last capital of the Pharaohs was Saise. There the Egyptians were no longer filled with the lust of conquest. Their ways were simple, they were more peaceful and content. Earlier magnificence had been accompanied by spectacular expeditions against other nations. Artistic glory was the result of plunder and pillage. Workmen who built pyramids and temples were in the main captive slaves. In fact, art was at its highest when the Egyptian masses were most oppressed by the ruling class. In times of greatest inequality the most outstanding monuments were created. Now Egypt was no longer a conqueror. Her military glory had vanished. There



TEMPLE OF ABU SIMBEL, A DETAIL

came a revival of art along simpler lines. During the Saite period we find a return to simplicity. Tomb decorations are often copies of those of ancient pyramids. A rigid conventionality is adhered to, and simplicity of form and line. Yet this school of art has its elegance, its fine detail, its charm; and the refinements of a more mature civilization.

Egyptian ceramics and everyday objects had for their principal decorative themes the spiral molding, the scarab, the lotus-blossom and the papyrus flower. The latter symbolized the fertility given the soil by the overflow of the Nile. The scarab, or sacred beetle, is the emblem of resurrection. So highly developed were these designs they were adopted without modification by the artists of Greece and Rome. Indeed, they are largely in use at the present time. Egyptian glass and porcelain were later imitated in Phoenicia and Greece. Egyptian jewels and their superb enamels were the vogue among the great ladies of Rome. These jewels achieved a richness of taste rarely equaled since. An inscription by a king of the twelfth dynasty reads: "No one in the world surpasses myself and my eldest son in metal work in gold and silver, of precious stones and even ebony and ivory." Whether this kingly boast was justified or not, certainly the work of his people in gold, glass and porcelain was held in the highest esteem throughout antiquity.

Assyria, conqueror of mighty Egypt, began its career as a world power about 1300 B.C. Its art was derived mainly from Babylon, the religious center of the Orient. In Babylonia, the principal buildings were fortified royal palaces, although temples were of some

importance. Examples are the palace at Lagash, first built at a very early date and rebuilt about 2500 B.C., and the ancient Temple of Bel or Marduk at Babylon. The latter is known as "Aibursbabu," which means "may the enemy not wax strong." It was restored by Nebuchadnezzar, who inscribed it thus: "I, Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, son of Nebopolassar: The Streets of Babylon, the procession street of Nabu and Marduk, my gods, which my father paved with asphalt did I cover with bitumen and burned bricks. Oh Nabu and Marduk, my gods: when you joyously pass through these streets, grant me your blessing, health and a long life. May I also obtain immortality."

Surrounding ruins are rich in inscriptions and sculptures of events and personages of the time. The great king is here with his priests and picturesque courtiers. Also Daniel and his youthful fellow captives. The temple itself is a vast structure forming a square with an open court. At one end of this court is a staged tower of many stories rising to an immense height. At its summit a shrine once had stood with a statue of Marduk cast of solid gold. It is no longer there.

The Babylonians discovered the use of metals without outside influence. They invented writing. They established an enlightened system of religion, law and government. Their art was original, it had a peculiar character of its own. Their sculptors had a thorough knowledge of both human and animal anatomy. Most of the themes used in the arts and crafts of the Orient were originated by the Babylonians. Their technique in metal-work, gem-cutting, furniture-making and weaving was widely copied throughout Asia.

What builders were these ancients! Witness the great palace of Khorsabad in Assyria. King Sennacherib, who appears to have been his own architect, thus tells of his work: "I enlarged the platform of the old palace, and reinforced its upper portion with great slabs of hewn stone. Rooms of gold and silver, of crystal, alabaster and ivory built for the dwelling of my God. Cedar, cypress and pine timbers from Sindai and thick bars of bronze did I set in the doorways, and in the dwelling-rooms did I leave openings like lofty windows. Great statues of alabaster wearing crowns with horns did I set on either side of the doorways. Great winged bulls of white stone did I carve in the city of Tastiate beyond the Tigris for the great gates, and great trees did I cut from the neighboring forest to build frames on which to transport them. It was in the month of Iyar, and the floods impeded their transport. Those of the company who brought the winged bulls despaired of success. With much effort and among many difficulties were they brought to my palace." The king gives details of lighting, hydraulic works for water supply, doors, decorations, painted tiles, marble slabs and lapis lazuli. His inscription concludes: "I, Sennacherib, the King of hosts, King of Assyria, following the counsels of the gods and applying all my skill and will, have brought this work to a successful conclusion."

Persia, under King Cyrus, now takes the place of Assyria as the despoiler of neighboring lands. Assyria, Babylonia and Egypt in turn fall before her armed hosts. For the first time Europe is invaded by an Asiatic power, when Darius wrests the control of the seas from Phoenicia and a Persian army crosses a narrow

body of water between Europe and the Orient. Thus Persia becomes a factor in the history of art. Her rulers conquer, plunder, enslave—then build great palaces. But all this was the fashion. Egypt had had her fling, then Assyria. Now they both received as they had given.

Persia had a great abundance of forests. Hence wood was more extensively used than elsewhere. Polybius describes one Persian palace as follows: "Although it was constructed entirely of cedar and cypress it was plated everywhere. The rafters on the ceilings, the linings of the walls and the columns of the porticos were covered with metal. Gold and silver gleamed on every hand, even the tiles on the roof were silver-plated."

One of the largest columned halls ever built comprised part of the royal palace at Persepolis. It was three hundred and seventy-five feet wide by three hundred feet deep, the columns and their capitals being sixty-three feet high. At Susa and throughout Persia were many other palaces built by Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes and their ilk. Designs in these great buildings were largely borrowed from Egypt and the vassal states of western Asia, with modifications suitable to Persian climate. But though its architecture was mostly copied from others, the Persian column was original. It is taller and more slender than the Egyptian. The bell-shaped base and finely-fluted shaft with its elaborate complex of bull or unicorn make a combination highly suited to the elaborate ornamentation of the palace.

Persian sculpture follows that of Assyria and Babylonia. Yet it often excels both of these in line and elegance. Besides making royal figures Persian sculptors delighted in portraying idealized animals.

Glazed tile decoration was brought to a high state by the Persians. Great bands of small glazed tiles on palace walls at Susa depict hosts of warriors with spears, bows and arrows, as well as many animals. The color scheme is a harmony of brown, yellow and greenish blue. This art was kept up almost to modern times.

Persian art spread throughout the smaller Mediterranean colonies of western Asia as well as Phoenicia, Cyprus and Palestine. Lack of space prevents the mention of more than one outstanding example. The great Temple of Solomon, in Jerusalem, was built under the supervision of Phoenician artisans supplied by Hiram, King of Tyre. A long period of agricultural pursuit had caused the Jews to forget all they had learned of building from the Egyptians. When he needed builders, Solomon naturally turned to Hiram, his business partner.

Solomon's Temple had a great court for most of the ceremonies. An inner stone chapel entirely lined with gold housed the Tablets of the Law. Two great columns of bronze were at its entrance. On either side of this holy of holies were corridors for the priest. All the walls and doors of the temple proper were carved with cherubim, palm trees and flowers, many covered with gold.

In India we find subterranean rock temples dating back as far as those of early Egypt. Yet there is no great art until two or three hundred years before the Christian Era. Many Brahmanic temples are hewn from the rock. These have great halls with tall columns completely covered with sculptured reliefs. When Buddhism swept the land Brahmanic art was definitely checked. After Buddha's death holy relics connected with his life were

gathered up and each enshrined in a separate structure, or tope.

With the tope as a nucleus a great number of monasteries later sprang up. They were of high architectural merit, and their sculpture of much interest. The latter was influenced to a considerable extent by the Greeks. The Buddha was represented in standing position, seated with legs crossed, or lying down, wearing a long mantle similar to those on Greek statues. Always immobile, always with a languid Asiatic expression in his eyes, and always wearing the characteristic garment of the Greek philosophers, Buddha in bronze and marble was spreading Hellenic influence throughout the Far East.

Most impressive are the great Hindu temples; massive in architecture, profusely ornamented, overpowering in richness. Interesting, too, are their courts and fountains, intended for the use and comfort of pilgrims who come from distant places to worship at their shrines.

CHAPTER IV

Greek Architecture

GREECE, before your pillars and temples we stand in awe. We worship the pristine purity of your marble figures. Your every touch perfection breeds. From your lowliest cup posterity drinks beauty. Before you we stand and cry, "Whither goes civilization!"

We have seen something of the high artistic achievement of Crete and Mycenae in the early days of Greece. Greek civilization, however, was interrupted about the year 1000 B.C. Like birds of prey the Dorian mountaineers of Thessaly swooped down on the Ionian farmers of Attica and the Peloponnesus. Where peace and civilization had reigned they left a trail of ashes and blood.

Many among the population fled to the islands and mainland of Asia, there to sow seeds of their advanced culture. Athens was able to withstand the barbaric invasion. Mycenae and other fine cities lay in ruins. Sparta became the Dorian center. Greece had to begin anew to build up her civilization and her art.

How she went about it and what she produced makes one of the most interesting tales in history. Yet to me it is even more thrilling to contemplate a people's mind and heart back of such achievement. What a driving force must have been there! What holy zeal! What ideals! Behind such superb national self-expression think

what there must have been to express. For a nation can never quite say all it wants to any more than you can. All the world is emotionally tongue-tied. Ponder then on how the Greeks must have been a-tingle with their great story: how they thrilled with it.

What is it the Greeks had to tell about? Love of country—love of gods: intense religious feeling and a deep patriotism. They fairly worshipped beauty; they idealized physical perfection. How, then, did they deliver their message? In stone. In temples to their gods they expressed their great thoughts: temples on which the eyes of the world have gazed with longing ever since. In beautiful sculpture did they give vent to their feelings: sculpture which has remained the standard of excellence for all time.

Let us now see what Greece has done in architecture. To begin with, she borrowed what suited her from the Orient and molded it with her own artistic sense. The result has been an architecture beyond criticism—one that has remained the model for all that is good.

As far back as 3000 B.C. we find in Greece huge buildings, rough, massive, not altogether lacking in skill. An example is the palace of King Minos at Knossos, built some five thousand years before your portable garage. It was just about five acres of palace, with a central court ninety by a hundred and eighty feet. It was several stories high. Fine frescoes adorned its walls and colored plaster its ceilings. But it also had a real drainage system, with terra-cotta drain pipes.

From Knossos we skip a couple of thousand years to the period just after the Greeks had that little argument with the Dorians—and lost. Artistic efforts of that time,

known as archaic, were inclined to stiffness and severity of outline. Yet they had the charm which comes of dogged striving, of simple sincerity. Gradually refinements were introduced. Buildings took on grace. Architecture was blossoming forth as an art. With that was ushered in the first distinctly Greek style, or order, of architecture—the Doric.

The Doric order was evolved from the temples of Egypt. Its chief characteristics are derived from its columns. From columns, mind you, which started out with no other purpose than to hold up the weight of masonry: from common supports for roof and ceiling come refinement and beauty, systems of art and æsthetics. The Greek column which originated then is our highest standard of taste. Utility and self-expression, you see, still go together.

The Doric column started with the Egyptian square pillar. A bit of chiseling and the square became octagonal. Some more mallet work and it became sixteen-sided. But it did not yet fill the bill. The Greeks wanted to make the column serve a special purpose. They had a mission for this stone shaft. Hence they made it taper at just the right angle. Between the square edges they cut sixteen hollow grooves or flutings. The effect was to carry the vision upward. They built a toboggan slide with direction reversed for the eye to travel on. When you face a number of these columns you cannot help but take in much of the building's beauty at a glance.

What grace and charm are in the column itself! What impressiveness in a row of well-proportioned columns. Picture a stately colonnade partly lit up by the rays of

the sun, the rest in shadow. Visualize it in tender moonlight.

Columns also serve the ends of unity. Nothing is more effective in holding a large temple together than its surrounding band of symmetrical columns. Yet with all their refinements they were put close together for effective support of masonry. Here we have an ideal illustration of beauty combined with utility: of the primary need for self-expression asserting itself in the midst of practical considerations.

At this point I want to dispose of three technical terms in architecture. Let me give you in a nutshell the distinguishing features of the Doric, Ionic and Corinthian orders. For the rest I shall steer clear of textbook terminology. If you must know the meaning of words like astragal or echinus you will find their definition in a score of good books on architecture. It is all I can do to portray in colorless words something of the spirit of the monuments which Greece has left to posterity. If I manage to convey a bit of that, enough.

But to my orders. The Doric portrays sturdiness, solidity, strength. The Ionic, clear-cut beauty. The Corinthian is characterized by florid detail. The Doric column has no base; it shoots up without interruption from the floor to a simple capital. The Ionic column stands on a base with a series of moldings and rises to a capital carved with spiral ornaments not unlike drooping ram's horns. The Corinthian is a development of the Ionic except that its capital is ornamented with elaborately carved acanthus leaves.

These features were a matter of growth and development. So was all else in Greek architecture. Incidentally,

the Greek temple differed from that of the Egyptian in that it was wide open. With the prevailing intensity of religious feeling it directed its appeal to all the people. Its aim was simplicity. That is why it had no arches, vaults, or domes. For stability the laws of gravity were carefully considered. For artistic effect some very unusual points were taken into account.

Refinements were introduced to correct optical illusions. Long cornices or architraves, which if absolutely straight would look as if they sagged in the middle, were by slightly convex outline made to seem straight. Vertical features were inclined inward so they would not appear as though they were falling out. Even inscriptions on a wall were sometimes treated after this fashion, the letters on top being made larger than those at the bottom so they would all appear alike. Buildings were finished off with fine sculpture. Color and gilding were widely used. The whole was carried to the utmost refinement with the aid of plentiful, excellent marble.

At first the Dorian invasion retarded the artistic development of Greece. Yet in the long run it undoubtedly helped. The great classic period might never have been achieved but for the mixing of the virile red blood of the barbarian conqueror with the somewhat finer but weaker blood of pre-Hellenic Greece. Be that as it may, two hundred years after the Dorian invasion we find in this little section of the world a bee-hive of artistic effort which in three centuries was to produce some of the finest achievements of all time. The driving force was religion.

The oracles of Apollo at Delphi and Olympia became national centers for religious devotion. In time other

religious shrines sprang up. Delphi and Olympia each had a great temple and many smaller buildings. There was a wealth of votive statuary. Structures for recreation were there, for games, for the drama. All were within a vast enclosure, at its entrance a great gateway.

Treasuries, erected at these religious centers by various Greek cities, served as meeting places for the home folks and depositories for offerings to the gods. The treasury of Athens, excavated and restored in recent years, is extremely beautiful.

In some treasuries belonging to the Ionian cities of Asia architrave supports, instead of the usual columns, are sculptured figures of girls. These figures show the progress to the time of their erection in what were to be three centuries of tenacious experimentation. Slow progress, perhaps, but the goal was very high. Great things are built slowly. And the Greeks stayed true to type. They were building, building.

On great occasions—and they were many among these intensely religious people—the treasuries at Delphi were visited by immense crowds. Excellent historical memorials of Greece were these small structures. Today they serve for the study of the times. Thus again art survives and carries the banner of ages past. It bridges the gap of time. It is the eternal teacher.

The most important structure at Delphi, naturally, was the Temple of Apollo. From all Greece and Ionic Asia people came there to receive advice, instruction and consolation from the great oracle. Carved out of the rock are the tiers of a theatre, its stage facing the valley below. On a natural terrace likewise is the stadium, which was used for races and games, with tiers of seats on both

sides. One end was curved to make turning of horses and chariots easy. The other end was enclosed by a façade with five monumental entrances. Separating the tracks inside the structure was a low wall ornamented with statues. Victors in games and races were allowed the privilege of dedicating a statue or an inscription on this wall to commemorate their triumph.

The stadium at Olympia was one of the most important buildings in all Greece. It held about forty-five thousand spectators, a capacity well needed for great festivals. Here were celebrated every fourth year the famous Olympic games. Of the other structures at Olympia, the most notable was the great temple dedicated to Jupiter.

The Athenian Acropolis, long used as a stronghold, was given over to religious purposes somewhere during pre-Hellenic times. I cannot tell you how the buildings on the Acropolis were arranged before the Persian War. There may even have been but one temple. But this we do know: Themistocles, seeing no hope of making an effective stand against the Persian invaders, advised the Athenians to leave their homes. Of their two female deities he urged that one be left on the Acropolis to guard the city and the other, a wooden image known as Minerva Polias, be taken along for their bodily protection. In due course they returned. The Acropolis was a mass of ruins. There was no trace of the goddess left in charge.

Themistocles used wreckage from the old temple or temples as a foundation for a new one on top of the hill. His plan involved placing the sacred Minerva Polias in a new spot. A howl of protest arose from conservatives

and the superstitious. The temple's construction was suspended. Themistocles fell from power. Later came Pericles.

Pericles was a man of high attainments and rare æsthetic sense. With him beauty was a religion. He loved Athens and he loved art. He set out with a vim to make Athens the intellectual and artistic center of all Greece.

His first step was to seize all the money left over from the Persian War belonging to the cities in the Hellenic League. This high-handed piece of business made enemies at home as well as abroad. Still, his object was a worthy one. Phidias, whom he chose as director-general, had dabbled in the various arts and finally decided to be a sculptor. Between them they changed Athens from a second-rate city into the cultural center of Greece. And they created what many still believe the highest art yet reached by mankind.

Phidias directed architectural work and busied himself with sculpture of his own. Some of his products are among the most famous works of antiquity. His Promachos, or "the great bronze Minerva," heroic in size, with spear in one hand and shield in the other, towered on the skyline of the Acropolis.

Thus was ushered in the great classic period of Greek art. It began in the middle of the fifth century B.C. and lasted for two hundred years. Athens now became the soul of Greece. During this period the Parthenon was built. With all the other great structures, it made of that little hill in Athens, the Acropolis, the beacon of art for all time.

The Parthenon, "dwelling place of the virgin," is one of the outstanding examples of architectural perfec-

THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS (A RESTORATION)

tion. Doric in style, it was the home of the goddess Athena Parthenos, the virgin Athena. It took nine years, from 447 to 438 B.C., to complete this building.

Nine years to build the Parthenon—I wonder how long it would take properly to describe it? How many months, or years, would it require for Keats to do justice to this most perfect work of man? Keats, who wrote that masterly epitome of Greek art in his "Ode on a Grecian Urn." Or Gray, who worked on his "Elegy" for nine years? None but a great poet may attempt it. As for me, I will but point at it.

Stand with me atop this hill overlooking the city and feast your eyes. See this thing of living marble flanked by seventeen chaste columns on either side and eight more at each end, on a base two hundred and twenty-eight feet long by one hundred and one feet wide. The principal doorway on the east leads to the vast sanctuary containing the statue of the goddess Minerva, with a double row of Doric columns on three sides and three more columns across the western end. Next to that, protected by a huge doorway and four Ionic columns enclosed by walls four feet thick is the virgin's chamber. This chamber and Minerva's sanctuary originally served as treasuries; between their columns high metal grills rose from floor to roof.

Including its base, that gold and ivory statue of Athena Parthenos is forty feet high. The Athena, an object of public worship, was once fully armed—with spear, helmet, ægis and shield. In her right hand she held a winged Victory. Her face, hands and feet were of finest ivory. Precious stones were her eyes. Her drapery, armor and other details, immense sheets of solid gold,

were removable in case of danger. The Greeks must have thought a good deal of this goddess, and they were unstinting in their expression of that regard.

Marvelous in grandeur, symmetry and simplicity is the structure before you. Note its delicate, fluted and tapered columns. Yet it is but a shell of its old self. The pediments or triangular spaces over each of the two entrances were adorned with the finest sculptures of the great Phidias. A sculptured group on the western pediment portrayed the contest between Athena and Poseidon for the soil of Attica. The eastern pediment represented the birth of Athena. Great Neptune was the god-like idealization of mankind. Figures on both pediments seemed to live and breathe. They had dignity, personality. They seemed to be in harmony with the entire universe. Faces were splendid and free. Even heads of horses were idealized, given almost human expression. Some of the female garments clung to the figure in delicate folds of transparent fabric, while others streamed and fluttered in the wind.

Metopes on the four sides of the building were adorned with ninety-two sculptured groups in high relief. Here Minerva was seen guiding a battle between centaurs and Amazons, there vivid bits of the Trojan War. Great sculptural works treated of the eternal struggle against the forces of nature, allegorically represented by combats between gods and giants.

In the colonnade was a frieze five hundred and twenty-five feet long and three feet four inches high, in slight relief of one and one half inches. It represented the citizens of Athens on their way to Athena's shrine—an important civic ceremony. Athenian knights, cavalry,

chariots, musicians, sacrificial animals, old men, young girls, men with jars or vases for the temple, youths on horseback, magistrates, gods—an endless line was moving forward, forward, terminating in a great central group over the main entrance. Each figure had a distinctive pose or attitude, yet all were in complete harmony. Above the east entrance were the twelve great gods and goddesses looking down upon the ceremony.

Of the sculptures of the Parthenon Plutarch says, "When they were carved they already had a beauty that made them seem old, and yet they always keep their freshness of youth. When they came from the hands of the artist they possessed a delicacy of grace such that time can have no effect on them. It is as if they were endowed with a spirit of ever recurring youth, and a soul that can never grow old." Pericles called them an astounding miracle. Some modern critics consider them the highest artistic achievements of mankind.

From 437 B.C. on the Parthenon has looked down on quite a bit of world history. Nor was it always a calm onlooker. During the sixth century A.D. it became a Christian church. Under the Frankish Dukes, in 1204 it became a Latin church. We find it a mosque in 1456. And a powder magazine in 1687, when Athens was captured by the Venetians. That was when a shell ignited the powder and caused irreparable damage. A year later the Turks were back in power at Athens. They caused more damage to the Parthenon. Yet what is left is still one of the greatest treasures on earth.

Before leaving the subject of Greek architecture I want to tell you about one more building, the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus. This temple was by the ancients called one of the seven wonders of the world. By the

way, I offer no apologies for what I leave out. This is not a history of Greece, nor is it a history of architecture. My concern is with expressions of taste. It serves my purpose to hit high spots here and there. If in so doing I arouse your interest to the extent that you want to know more in any given field you and my publisher are both welcome to the additional benefit. There are a great many books on Greek architecture. More can be written.

To the Temple of Artemis. Across the entire front you face a great marble stairway. Lively statues of warriors on horseback are at either end. Rising over the grand stairway are eight imposing rows of Ionic columns, their lower part bearing sculptural groups of female figures. In the pediment over the entrance a goddess presides on a throne. On either side warriors, horses and other beasts combine beauty, symmetry and action.

The temple is flanked by double ranges of twenty columns on each side. In all it has one hundred columns, thirty-six of them sculptured in the lower drum. Sixteen columns fifty-four feet high are in front of the sanctuary containing the great statue of Artemis. Here were held all public functions. This temple was a center for Pan-Ionic festivals of the Asiatic Greek colonies. It served as a museum, a treasury and a bank, and offered asylum to fugitives. It had vast revenues. It also had its own priests and priestesses, image makers, poets, soothsayers.

It was at the Temple of Artemis that the pagans took their stand against the preaching of St. Paul with the cry "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." When in 369 A.D. all pagan temples were closed by the Edict of Theodosius, its wreckage supplied materials for the Cathedral of St. John. Christianity had won.

CHAPTER V

Greek Sculpture

IN history every crescendo is followed by a diminuendo. Time, mighty organist, weaves the pattern of his impromptu composition, harsh and soft by turns, gradually achieving a series of splendid chords. A great moment, alas too brief. The crescendo is gone. Comes the diminuendo. The musical volume is lessened and with it the quality. It is as if the musician had spent all his force on his momentary achievement.

Sculpture from the eighth century B. C. on shows a very gradual development. By the fourth century it achieves beauty unsurpassed. And the secret of this high perfection lies in the fact that the Greek sculptor stayed true to type. Progress was slow, but each generation added something to its predecessor, each sought to improve.

Witness the struggle to portray anatomy. The nude figure of the youthful athlete, by some said to represent Apollo and by others called a mere offering to the gods, is a good example. At first rigid, a bit of action is introduced by placing one leg slightly forward. Gradually comes muscular movement. The unnatural face in due course loses its stereotyped smile. It achieves expression, intelligence.

The Greek goddess goes through similar stages of development. Likewise another figure often met with, a

young girl fully draped with curls hanging down her shoulders. In the early examples this figure is stiff, the waist tightly laced in pre-Hellenic fashion, the curls rudely carved, the face expressionless. Yet with all their crudity these figures have frankness, grace, charm.

The chief characteristics of the two most popular figures of archaic Greece are very much alike. Skulls both of men and women are small and round, the forehead is shortened, eyes are almond-shaped and somewhat slanted. In both the fixed or archaic smile invariably appears as an attempt at expression. As they advance toward the close of the archaic period each shows ever increasing grace and individuality.

Another figure not uncommon in this period is that of a man carrying a calf or a lamb over his shoulders. A splendid example of the Moschophorus or calf-carrier is in the Museum of Athens. Another is a small bronze in which a lamb is used, from Crete, now in the Museum of Berlin. The young shepherd with his pet lamb on his shoulder is quite frequently met with in the Greek art of Alexandria. This shepherd theme lay dormant for some centuries. Long after the days of Athenian glory the founders of Christian art in search of a type to illustrate a famous biblical parable found what they wanted in the charming figure of the young shepherd of Alexandria. This pagan Greek product thus came to represent the Good Shepherd of Christianity.

On the pediment of the Temple of Jupiter at Olympia are two beautiful sculptural groups, made about the fifth century B.C. One shows Pelops, Jupiter and Œnomaus about to start in a chariot race, with lovely Hippodamia the victor's prize. The other group depicts

the battle after the wedding of Peirithous, when centaur guests attempted to carry off the bride and her girl companions. Apollo is in the center. Invisible to the combatants, he is deciding the victory.

The chariot race group includes a number of minor figures, creeping forward, crouching, eager and curious. In the opposite group there are scenes of monsters struggling with maidens, or slaves cowering in corners. The action is spirited. Sculpture had emerged from archaic struggle to real achievement. It is now forceful, daring, full of vitality, with characteristic Greek beauty and symmetry.

Needed art for the temples gave rise to a school of sculpture at Athens and to classic types. Funeral stelæ were in great demand. These portrayed the deceased in some typical attitude or important moment in his career. Here the late departed is seen petting his dog or offering him a piece of meat. There a soldier fully armed stands at attention. Or, again, a child is playing with a dove or a rabbit.

The beautiful legends of Greece play a great part in its sculpture. One of the best examples was found at Eleusis. It is a relief telling the story of young Triptolemus who made a pilgrimage to the lower regions in search of the grain of wheat. He is shown taking leave from the earth goddesses Ceres and Proserpina. One of them is placing a crown on his head. Splendid execution and fine interpretation are in the boy's form. The drapery on the goddesses is delicately treated. In spite of archaic deficiencies of eyes and heads, the entire composition is admirable.

An outstanding work of the archaic era is the Ludo-

vici Throne, a block of marble carved into a seat with reliefs on three sides. In one of these we see Venus rising from the sea. Her delicate form fresh, moist, vibrant with youth, the new-born goddess is received by two nymphs on the rocky shore. On one side of this charming group is a figure of a veiled wife before a lamp, while on the other is a nude courtezan enjoying her music.

Toward the end of the archaic period two great masters stand out. They are Myron and Polycleitus. Myron is the artist of movement. He makes his figures move, run and leap. The Greeks said of him that he neglected the feelings of the soul, but cared only to give expression to the body. For the portrayal of unusual movement Myron found in bronze casting his best medium. The Discobolus, or discus thrower, is an example of violent movement in bronze. As the body inclines forward one feels the approach in an instant of the discus hurled from the right hand. The left hand holds the right knee for balance and to add force to the throw. All the bodily action is concentrated on the coming throw of the discus.

With its round skull and curly hair, the head of the Discobolus is the only part showing archaic features. But there is little of the archaic in the athlete's concentration upon the discus, his focused attention on that which he is about to throw. One feels this to be the great moment in his life, his very soul to be at stake on the outcome of the game.

Myron is the first artist known to rise away and above his school and time. He is noted for the personality which he puts into his work. His treatment of life, action and physical sensation were not only individual, they were revolutionary.

Polycleitus of Sicyon was a Dorian artist who achieved unusual beauty and elegance with his athletic figures. Coming at a time when the technical difficulties of the early types had been overcome, he set about to perfect the beauty of these types. A famous figure by this artist is the Diadumenos. It represents a young athlete in the act of winding a fillet about his head to tie the veins of his temples. It has the tranquil expression of youth and all the joy of conscious strength. Another famous figure by this artist is of an Amazon. Standing, dressed in scanty tunic, left arm raised above the head, with a sad look on the beautiful face, this work is a great contribution to archaic Greek sculpture.

This brings us to the time of the Peloponnesian War. The ancient antagonism between the Dorians and Ionians had flared up anew. Jealous of the glories of Athens, Sparta stirred the other states to action. There came the siege of Syracuse, the naval disaster of Ægospotami and the final defeat of Athens. A great monument was set up by the victorious cities at Delphi. It consisted of the statues of the naval commander Lysander and the Peloponnesian generals.

Ictinus, who designed the Parthenon, and other Athenian architects were soon attracted to the Peloponnesus. In the various Dorian cities they directed the construction of great temples. Through them Athens really triumphed over her enemies. For they were spreading the influence of her culture. Defeated in war, Athens was spiritually triumphant. All Greece was receiving its inspiration from the Acropolis.

Sculptors meanwhile continued with their draped maidens and nude male athletes. They were also quite

busy with stories of mythology. A favorite subject was the story of Niobe, who saw her children killed with the arrows of the angry god. There are a number of statues of Niobids crouching, praying or dying. Discovered in excavation for a modern commercial building was a most beautiful figure of a semi-nude young woman kneeling and painfully struggling with an arrow in her back.

In the second generation after Phidias there came the great Praxiteles, sculptor of elegance and love, master-portrayer of the beauty of the human form. Praxiteles revolutionized Greek sculpture. His Satyr was widely copied in Rome and is represented by duplicates in every art museum today. It is a great departure from the athletic Apollo of the previous century. This marble youth leans idly against a tree-trunk. His feet are crossed, one hand rests on his hip—a charming picture of sensuous abandon. No longer is athletic development the ideal. Not a muscle stands out. All is roundness; arms, legs and even body possess a softness almost feminine. The expression of eyes and mouth, the startled glance, instinctive animal alertness combined with elfin abandon give this statue an incomparable charm. One almost sees this blithe creature move forward with light, graceful, bounding step.

Praxiteles was the first sculptor to make a nude Venus. The goddess of love had always been portrayed draped, though as time went on the draping became thinner and more transparent. Pliny tells how the cities of Cnidus and Cos sent to Praxiteles for the purchase of a Venus. He had but two. One of them was draped. The other, done for his own pleasure with no intention of

selling, was undraped. The representatives of Cos having first choice picked the clothed one. There was nothing for the emissaries of Cnidus to do but accept the other. But lo and behold, Cnidus soon became the mecca of art lovers, who sailed thither for a view of the beautiful nude Venus.

Lucian speaks of the great admiration for this statue, made "under the direct inspiration of the goddess." Pliny called it the finest statue in the world. There is a remarkable feeling of personality in this chaste figure. There is unsurpassed modeling of shoulders, body and legs. The goddess bends slightly forward with ease and grace. Her every line is a study in elegance. One feels the pulsing veins under fine soft skin.

Many other great figures and groups were the work of Praxiteles and his pupils. Of the latter I might mention Euphranor of Corinth, reputed creator of the famous Apollo Belvedere. The Apollo, head erect, one foot slightly forward, has just shot an arrow from the bow in his hand. What a proud and angry god he is—a perfect male figure.

It was long before the nude Venus was done by the followers of Praxiteles. Draping was used for the lower part of the figure. Of this type the three most famous examples are the Venus of Milo, the Venus of Arles and the Venus of Capua. The Venus of Arles is full of womanly charm. Her cheeks are rounded, youthful; her face beautiful in contour and expression. Her head slightly inclined suggests delicacy of feeling. The Venus of Milo is noted for unusual posture. She stands with one foot on the ground and the other on a step. In the original one hand lightly held the drape at her limbs

while in the other was the apple awarded her by the judgment of Paris. This figure is still considered the acme of perfection of the female form. The Venus of Capua follows the same general treatment as her marble sisters.

One of the followers of Praxiteles to achieve great renown is Scopas. He was the portrayer of sorrow, of human tragedy. In his hands gods and heroes alike become more human. Homer's characters are by him treated as examples of the trials and sorrows of mankind.

Scopas together with three other Athenian sculptors worked on the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, the tomb of Mausolus, king of Caria, built by his wife Artemisia. "This," says Pliny, "was one of the seven wonders of the world. Upon it there were thirty-six columns. The east façade was ornamented by Scopas, the north by Bryaxis, the south by Timotheus and the west by Leochares. Queen Artemisia died before the Mausoleum was completed, but the artists went on with the work for the sake of their own fame. The monument is surmounted by a pyramid of twenty-four steps upon the apex of which is the marble quadriga by Pythis, at a height of one hundred and forty feet."

Athenian architects as well as sculptors worked on this immense monument on the coast of Asia in honor of a Persian satrap. Which shows how Athenian culture was reaching out. Subjects in the reliefs were mainly those familiar in Athens.

The last great sculptor of the fourth century B.C. was Lysippus. He was the favorite of Alexander, who would not permit anyone else to make portrait statues of him. Lysippus was not an Athenian, and unlike most of his

"DYING ALEXANDER," GREEK HELLENISTIC PERIOD
(Uffizi Gallery)

predecessors was not descended from a line of sculptors. He had no school but that of life. It is said that when a young man he asked the painter Eupompus which master to follow. The latter replied by pointing to the crowd in the street. This meant, study humanity at large.

To the magnificent idealism of Phidias, the delicate elegance of Praxiteles, the tragic ideal of Scopas, Lysippus added a lofty naturalism. He was the first sculptor to bring out all the personal and characteristic features of his subject. Besides his many busts of Alexander, the exploits of Hercules were favorite subjects with him. Alexander so admired his statue of Hercules feasting with the gods that he carried it with him on all his campaigns. Lysippus took all manner of subjects from early paintings or bas-reliefs and carved them in the full round.

His figure of an athlete, called the Apoxyomenos, is one of the outstanding Greek sculptures. It represents a young athlete scraping the oil and dust from his arms. Here is an entirely new type. No ordinary athlete or common pugilist is this lithe and nervous youth. He is refined. His head is small, his face expressive. There is a wrinkle in his forehead and a shadow in his eye. He can be seen to advantage from all sides, whereas his marble predecessors, with the exception of the Discobolus, were meant to be viewed only from the front.

Funeral statues, or stelæ, furnished a highly important field for art during the fourth century B.C. In the ancient cemetery at Athens were stelæ by the greatest masters of the time, including Scopas and Praxiteles. Idealized portraits of the Athenian cultured aristocracy may be seen in profusion. Here the family, gently sad,

takes leave of the dying one. There a lady sits up on her death-bed and from a casket held up by a maid distributes her jewels among the dear ones she is about to leave. These subjects are repeated quite frequently. Greek art seeks not to spread to every possible subject, but to achieve perfection with a limited number of types.

Yet some stelæ do get away from the usual run. We see, for instance, a girl holding a jar of perfume. A young man in the quiet of the tomb is reading a book. Or two sisters draw the veils from their beautiful faces. The scenes are mostly acts of everyday life. No longer do we find the heroic subjects of the century before.

The next two centuries saw great changes in the arts of Greece. Gone was faith in the old gods. Gone was political liberty. Ideals were changed. Art sought new subjects to express. It was a period of luxury. Sensual subjects appear, and trivial, and ugly. Yet many of these are dignified by the æsthetic manner in which they are treated.

The conquests of Alexander, and the even greater conquests of Greek art, caused a great spread of Hellenic culture. A wave of Hellenistic art spread through Egypt, Asia and Italy as well as Greece itself. Magnificent buildings were everywhere being erected. Flourishing cities grew up around some of the famous sanctuaries.

Sculpture of this period grows in character and vividness, but not in ideals. The Victory of Samothrace, said to have been carved for Demetrius of Syria to commemorate his defeat of Ptolemy, is an unusual example of technique. On a prow of a ship stands the goddess, her body leaning forward with wings outspread, shimmery garment whipped about her limbs by the wind, one hand

raised aloft bearing an immense trophy. The beautiful figure fairly flies through the air.

Other works show an increasing tendency towards sensuality. Alexandrian and western Asiatic orientalism leans to representations of Venus of increasing voluptuousness. Even the abnormal comes in for recognition, as in the case of the Hermaphrodite. Old gods give way to the sensual Bacchus. Heroic adventure is replaced by the myth of Daphne and Apollo. Fauns and Satyrs become favorite themes. Likewise muses and giants. Frivolity is the vogue. Quite popular is a sculptured representation of a little boy struggling with a goose. It is a plastic parody on the ideal type of athletic youth of a better day.

To be sure, religion is not entirely overlooked. Worship of many gods is gradually giving way to monotheism, the intellectual worship of a Supreme Ruler of the universe. Something of this is seen in the exquisite statue of the praying youth by Boethus. There is a prevalence of allegorical representation in marble of cities and rivers. Women's heads personify Alexandria and Rome. The river Nile is represented as an old man with ears of grain for flowing beard and hair, resting against a sphinx and a Cornucopia; with sixteen little children, indicative of the number of cubits of the Nile's yearly rise, swarming about his body.

A school of realism now sprang up, often leaning over on the side of exaggeration. Yet some fine portrait sculpture was being done at Athens. A statue of Sophocles is a perfect representation of the mental and physical powers of the man. There is complete repose in this figure. Both feet rest firmly on the ground. The body leans

slightly back, the arms are drawn up with grace and freedom. Demosthenes is seen as the orator-statesman fighting for a people's freedom. His face is lined with care, his hands are folded, his mantle is disordered as from nervous gestures.

Striving for realism often brought subjects ugly, decrepit and even vicious. Quite different this from the former worship of physical perfection and sheer beauty. An example, of which a number of copies have come down, is the figure of a drunken old woman. Flabby flesh hangs in loose wrinkles on the neck and breasts of this creature, who has lost all the dignity of her sex and age. The excessive fat, the hump-backed, the abnormal in body and mind become favorite themes for the over-realist artists. In justice to this school it must be said that it included some very fine craftsmen. There was mastery of the art of sculpture in abundance. Subject-matter was changed: ideals. Enough.

The little Greek state of Pergamum, ruled by a long line of art lovers, produced some noteworthy sculpture. Having earned recognition by stopping an invasion of barbarian Gauls, its people proceeded to spread their tale in marble. Episodes of the struggle formed the basis for many sculptural works. Perhaps the most famous of these is one which has long been misnamed the Dying Gladiator. Byron in one of his poems speaks so of this figure. It is now known as one of a Pergamum Gaul. With clotted blood on his wounds and curly hair, dying eyes fixed on the ground as he weakly supports himself on one arm, this figure portrays a degree of anguish never before seen in Greek art.

The city of Rhodes became the haven of a number of

the pupils of Lysippus. Here was set up the renowned Colossus of Rhodes. Here, too, was made the equally renowned Laocoon group. The latter, done by Agessander of Rhodes and his sons, is said to have been the result of consultation among a large number of artists. It is an example of extreme realism. One might almost say of unreal realism. Pliny called the Laocoon "a work superior to all the other works of sculpture and painting." This it may well be, even though the three figures struggling in the serpents' grip show greatly exaggerated swelling of breasts and tightening of muscles and veins. Faces as well as bodies are distorted beyond human possibility. Yet this work is allegorical. Story-telling is the business of allegory. The Laocoon tells its story well.

CHAPTER VI

Roman Art

ROME ruled the earth. And then—what became of its might and glory? What becomes of all might and glory? What becomes of pomp and boast and tyrant's fist; of chains and thrones and human greed? Cease your boasting, my friend. Learn the tale of mighty Rome.

The story of Rome dates back to the Stone Age and a very interesting prehistoric culture. The primitive Italian tattooed and burned his skin. At first he buried his dead. Later he practiced cremation. Ashes of the deceased were put in crude jars, then deposited in pits hollowed out of the rock. Sometimes a small vessel in the shape of a hut was used as a depository for these ashes—a duplicate, if you please, of the modest home of the deceased. Entire cemeteries have been found of pit-tombs in rock. One of them, located underneath the great Roman Forum, seems to have been the common burial place of some tribe that lived on a neighboring hill.

Rome as a city was founded somewhere about 750 B.C. The Etruscans, kindly neighbors, helped in its planning. Originally Asiastic Greeks, these people had a considerably advanced civilization. They were great builders. In all friendliness they passed their knowledge on to the Romans. It was not long before they were

properly rewarded for their pains—they were conquered and absorbed.

From the Etruscans Rome had much to learn. Not only were they builders, they were expert metal workers as well. Among other things, they made metal folding beds. Besides producing their own interesting works, they also kept in touch with and imported the art of the mother country. Witness the great number of "Etruscan vases" undoubtedly emanating from Athens. In teaching the Romans these people were passing on to their energetic neighbors much of the art of Greece.

Before long a new Hellenic influence came to Rome from Alexandria, by way of Campania. Patrician families had country estates on the Gulf of Naples. Here they met Alexandrian artists, dancers and comedians. The influence of Alexandria, highly-cultured, sensual, licentious, was resisted by austere Rome. Yet large collections of Alexandrian pictures and statues found their way into Roman homes. They were widely copied in Pompeii. Conquests in cities like Corinth and Syracuse netted fine works of art as part of an enormous quantity of plunder. This greatly helped in Rome's artistic education.

In Rome we will again direct our attention first to architecture. Architecture, in fact, is the best guide we have to a people's culture. Just as you may well be judged by the appearance of your home, so may a nation be judged by its buildings. New York's tenement houses, and sky-scrapers, and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, all are index fingers to our civilization.

If you have been laboring under the impression that Roman architecture was nothing more than Greek degenerated, revise that impression now. While Rome did

adopt Greek features, it took the arch, vault and dome from the Etruscans then combined the beam and arch with the column, and added some wrinkles all its own.

From the first Rome went after world power. It built accordingly. Instead of the delicacy and simplicity of the Greek we find in Roman architecture a seeking after vastness, magnificence. In the size and form of their public buildings, in their great aqueducts, are expressed the power and energy of that wonderful people.

Roman columns were fully round, for the most part unfluted. This was due not alone to the unsuitability of fluting to granite and veined marble but more to the fact that fullness and roundness were in keeping with the Roman spirit. Fluting, cutting grooves on a shaft, is suggestive of delicacy of feeling, self-suppression. These were not Roman characteristics.

Newly-discovered concrete helped make possible the kind of construction Rome needed to express herself. By means of concrete wide openings could be spanned. Vaults and domes could be built for variety and boldness. Because of its full-blown ornateness the Corinthian order was favored. "The characteristic of Roman art lies in its forcefulness. The Romans were rulers by nature, and Roman art was the outward expression of the national love of power." (Banister-Fletcher, *History of Architecture*).

Here temples are no more the principal architectural monuments. Religion is not as strong in Rome as in Greece. Public buildings appear everywhere, proclaiming Roman rule, world power. Roman architecture, in fact, tells of all that is important in its social life. Throughout the empire does this hold true.

We have the great thermae for games and bathing; the circus for races; amphitheatres for gladiatorial contests; theatres for dramas, basilicas for lawsuits. State temples fill religious needs. Home life is in the "domus." For public affairs, commerce and stock speculation we have the Forum. And everywhere we find evidence of an inherent capacity for obedience which made possible Rome's greatest contribution to civilization, law.

Project your imagination to an earlier day and stand with me at the Forum Romanum for a view of Rome. You are in the midst of the city's seven hills. All about are the principal public buildings, pillars, statues, arches, porticos, colonnades, temples, basilicas and shops. Few places anywhere can equal the sight before us in grandeur. The Forum itself is a general meeting-place. Here social appointments are kept and much business transacted. Great political meetings take place where you and I are standing; the citizenry of Rome come here to be regaled with oratory. From this very spot statesmen and soldiers present their case before the people.

Now come along for a glimpse of the Pantheon, the grandest of all circular temples. It is of three story construction and is approached by a portico of Corinthian columns in a triple colonnade one hundred and ten feet long by sixty feet wide. Round, unfluted, these columns rise to a height of forty-six feet and five inches on a base a trifle under five feet. Their shafts taper to four feet three and one-half inches at the top. The pediment over the portico originally had a splendid bronze relief of a battle between gods and Titans. These two niches at the back of the portico held colossal statues of Augustus and

Agrippa, and between them were huge carved doors of bronze plated with gold.

The great circular rotunda of the Pantheon has an inside diameter of a hundred and forty-two and a half feet and rises to exactly the same height. The inside lining of the building is of marble and porphyry. In this structure you see eight great arched recesses. One of them is the entrance. The other seven, now empty, once held statues of the Roman gods.

The immense dome, as you see, is a hemisphere. Its mass is broken and its weight relieved by five rows of squares. That unglazed opening in the crown of the dome, twenty-seven feet in diameter, lights up all parts of the building and also lends solemnity and impressiveness to the interior. The great "eye" may have been intended to convey the thought that worship in this temple of all the gods is under the direct gaze of heaven.

From the outside the lower story of the Pantheon in its original state was agleam with white Pentelic marble. The two upper stories were always stucco. Gilded bronze plates covered the dome. Without statuary, without marble sheathing, or bronze, or gold, this beautiful building—renamed St. Maria Rotunda, a Christian church, by its unity and severe simplicity still compels the admiration of the entire world.

Let me give you another example of Roman architecture, the Baths of Caracalla. They had accommodations for sixteen hundred people and typified Roman love of luxury. A fifth of a mile square, they stood on a platform twenty feet high. Under this platform were store-room, furnaces, piping and hot-air ducts for heating. Facing the street was a colonnaded two-story

structure with shops on the first story. The main entrance led into a parked enclosure for wrestling and games. Surrounding it were halls for lectures and dramatics. Beyond the stadium was a vaulted reservoir where water was heated and piped to the baths.

The main bathing building occupied an area seven hundred and fifty by three hundred and eighty feet, which, if you please, makes two hundred and eighty-five thousand square feet of building. In the center was a warm lounge a hundred and eighty-three feet long by seventy-nine feet wide, with an immense semi-circular roof rising to a height of one hundred and eight feet. A great dome also roofed the calidarium. The frigidarium, open to the sky, made a delightful open-air swimming-pool. Its interior was richly decorated with mosaic figures of athletes and geometric patterns. There were balconies, and richly ornamented vaults. Niches of colored marble in the walls contained the finest of Greek sculpture.

Marble and silver lions threw delightful streams of water into marble basins. Rome loved fountains and running water and never lost an opportunity of installing them. Roman baths were a sublimation of the Turkish variety of today. They had a warm lounge, hot room, hottest room, cooling-room, swimming-pool, dressing-rooms, rooms for shampoos, oils and unguents, a place for ball games, a library and small theatre.

At first a small fee was charged for admission to the baths. That was soon removed by emperors in search of popularity. Besides those described above, Rome had the Baths of Agrippa, the Baths of Titus and the Baths of Diocletian. The latter had accommodation for over

three thousand bathers. Its tepidarium, two hundred feet long, eighty feet wide and ninety feet high, was converted into the Church of S. M. degli Angeli by Michelangelo in 1563.

On a plot six hundred and twenty feet long by five hundred and thirteen feet wide stands the Colosseum. Overlooking the arena or bowl were the Imperial throne and the seats reserved for the Pontifex Maximus, the vestal virgins, senators, praetors and other state officials. Behind and above the reserved portion, tiers of seats accommodated eighty thousand people. All this was covered over by canvas with ropes attached to poles atop the uppermost tier. So well built was the Colosseum it used to be said, "When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall."

The outside façade of this structure is four stories high, different in orders at the various levels. Doric columns, indicative of strength, are at the lower level; then follow Ionic columns, conveying refinement; over these Corinthian columns lend ornamentation. Unusually impressive are the sweeping unbroken lines of entablature around the building. A great feat of engineering was here made possible by the invention of concrete.

When the Colosseum was built architecture was no longer simple, as in Greece. It was complex. Much of the design was hidden. Thanks to concrete, "there were columns above columns, entablatures above entablatures, and arches above arches; while radiating vaults round the whole building were hidden supports to the auditorium seats . . . Stupendous in proportion, complex in structure, and yet consistent in the constant repetition of the external design, the Colosseum compels alike the

BATHS OF DIOCLETIAN, ROME (A RESTORATION)

awe and admiration of a nation who conceived and carried to completion such an immense undertaking to serve popular amusement. The Colosseum is still magnificent, even in its ruin, and recalls the gladiatorial contests, the naval displays and the martyrdom of Christians which took place within its giant walls before it became a mediæval fortress or was plundered to provide building materials for Renaissance palaces and churches." (Banister-Fletcher, *History of Architecture*).

But by no means the largest building of its kind was the Colosseum. Of an earlier period was the Circus Maximus, two thousand feet long by six hundred and fifty feet wide, which according to Pliny held a quarter of a million spectators.

The Ara Pacis, or Temple of Peace of Augustus, is a highly decorative altar in the center of a square court. All around the inside of the court is a colonnade. The lower portion of the altar is decorated with sculptured sprays of acanthus leaves. A frieze along the upper part is one of the most important examples of Roman sculpture. On the front walls of both sides of the entrance are two groups. One represents in allegory the earth, air and water. The other, a powerful old man crowned with laurel and a mantle drawn over his head about to perform the ritualistic sacrifice, represents the people, or the Roman Senatus. A frieze on the side and rear walls depicts a procession headed by Augustus and the two consuls. Patricians and high dignitaries are portrayed with unsurpassed realism.

On the lower zone of the outer wall we have a fine example of the decorative art of the time of Augustus. A large cluster of acanthus leaves spreads into a system of

delicate spirals ending in palmettes, leaves and flowers. The swan, favorite bird of Apollo, splendidly drawn, is represented in various parts of the walls. Leaves and flowers in orderly arrangement complete this exceedingly rich and beautiful decoration.

Another frieze inside the shrine is of garlands and laurel leaves, with fruits and flowers supported on bullocks' heads. In the use of this motive as in everything about it the Ara Pacis is an excellent summary of Roman art to that time. It combines Hellenistic allegory and Etruscan richness with the garlands of the republic and the triumphal spirit of the empire. It is the grandest creation that the hand of man had achieved to that date —and all in a monument really small. Its handsome façade is but forty feet long and twenty feet high.

Military triumphs called for many arches. Their building began with the reign of Augustus. Rome wallowed in military glory. Great campaigns, conquests, hostages and booty kept the populace in a constant turmoil of excitement. Every achievement had to be suitably commemorated.

The early Roman home had for its principal feature the atrium, a central covered room with an opening in the roof for light. This opening naturally admitted rain as well, hence a cistern underneath. It is thought that originally the house consisted of this one room for the whole family, a development of the primitive Latin hut. Gradually it was enlarged by the addition of other rooms. In time we have rooms on all four sides of the atrium. In the more luxurious homes of the later republican period we often find the addition of another atrium with rooms around it and a garden as well as a colon-

nade. During the days of the early empire, when the home like everything else was influenced by Greek ideas, a court surrounded by columns was added. One of the finest Pompeiian mansions shows a combination of Roman and Greek features; its entrance leads to an atrium, while at the rear of the corridor is a court surrounded by a colonnade.

Marble was sometimes used for wall decoration in the atrium, but more often richly painted stucco. Frequently doors and pilasters were painted in. This is known as the first Pompeiian Incrustation style. The second is the Architectural style. It has columns and other architectural features painted to appear as though they stand away from the wall. Between columns you might also find landscapes, or figures before window outlines. Or the entire wall may be divided into panels between columns, each bearing some composition. The third or Ornate style, in use during Nero's reign, is developed on a wall of uniform tone of white, black or Pompeiian red with a great variety of miniature decorations. Friezes of garlands, masks, little baskets, hanging draperies were among the themes employed, all harmonious in arrangement and soft in tone. Vertical bands ornamented with frolicking cupids, popular with this style, may have been copied from Alexandrian paintings on glass.

Nero's Golden House, later the basement of the Baths of Titus, was a fine example of the Ornate style. Here during the sixteenth century were found paintings which exerted a considerable influence on the art of the Renaissance. They may even have inspired Raphael and Michelangelo. As the decorated rooms were below the level of

the ground in a series of grottoes, their ornamentation was called *grotesco*, or grotesque.

During the last days of Pompeii a fourth style of mural decoration appears, known as illusionism. Little columns, friezes or windows are still painted in, but all is intricate and fantastic and as far as possible from reality. Here imagination holds sway. Small animals support columns of fantastic little temples. Cupids climb about graceful spirals of leaves and twigs. Vivid coloring and a multitude of forms characterize the decoration. Pictures within the super-ornamented panels are almost always copies of Greek originals. Sometimes a copy from a copy, but Greek none the less. Thus, amid a superabundance of elaborate design Hellenistic simplicity is enshrined as the ideal.

Sculpture of this period is noted for its balance and detailed realism. Aside from occasional symbolic work, portraiture is of the utmost importance. A severity of style is combined with Etruscan realism. Likeness is maintained with a fine expression of personal traits. There are a great many portrait busts and statues of Augustus from the time of his early youth to the height of his glory. We also have a number of representations of Tiberius. Claudius is shown as a great deified monarch. Nero is most interestingly depicted, twisting his head on his enormous neck. There is an endless quantity of family portraits. A bust of Antonia represented as a nymph rising from the calyx of a flower is considered the most beautiful of all Roman portraits. It expresses every womanly grace. While one of her breasts is partly uncovered, it in no way lessens the patrician lady's modesty and nobility. Her hair is arranged in the prevailing

fashion. This work is a wonderful combination of realistic detail and idealism.

In the minor arts Rome at this time follows in the footsteps of Alexandria. Indeed, craftsmen from that and other cities plied their trade in this new capital of the world. Table silver left by Roman officers at Hildesheim, on the German frontier, shows that even in a military camp and at that distance from Rome a high standard of taste prevailed. A brazier supported by three fauns, found at Pompeii, is exceptional in line and workmanship. Each faun has one hand extended as if testing the air. The galley of Tiberius, sunk in the lake of Nemi, was ornamented with many handsome bronzes and marbles. These have been recovered and are the best examples of the kind we have. Marble vases and jars show exceedingly fine workmanship. Their ornamentation is built up along lines originally Greek.

CHAPTER VII

Rome in Its Prime and Decline

SIMPLICITY is the basis of art. It is natural expression, direct, powerful, beautiful. Man barely begins to learn its secret when he becomes complex. His designs grow one atop the other like fungi. Curve upon curve and line upon line cover the goddess of beauty with vermin. Then the birth of another day. Man sickens with too much sweets. He looks backward with longing eye. Our goddess receives a cleansing. Again refreshed, she is beautiful to behold. Once more we have purity, simplicity.

With the death of Nero and Vespasian's accession to the throne came the beginning of the most glorious artistic period of the Roman Empire. Vespasian had governed the Oriental provinces. Titus had campaigned there. Both had their schooling in the land of classic art. Domitian, third of the Flavians, carried their work forward with much building on the grounds occupied by the Golden House of the youthful Nero.

Towards the end of his rule Nero had been busy setting up fantastic structures. Much land was used by him for gardens, for statues of himself, for pleasure palaces. On that part of the Golden House which lay on the Palatine, Vespasian built a small palace for public functions. The Flavian amphitheatre, since known as the

Colosseum, was built by him and Titus where the Colossus of Nero had stood.

Opposite the Colosseum stands the triumphal arch built toward the end of the first century A.D., commemorating the many victories of Titus. Inside the arch are two historical reliefs of rare artistic value. One represents the goddess Rome and the Senatus leading the emperor's horses and chariot. The other shows a triumphal procession with attendants bearing the war trophies of the Jewish Temple of Solomon, including the holy vessels and the huge seven-branched candelabra. In both these reliefs we see figures in the full round in the foreground and in low relief in the background. Rarely had sculpture been done in this manner, and never as effectively as in the Arch of Titus. The arch seems to have been originally polychrome, which would further strengthen the effect of perspective attained by this method of modeling.

Besides a number of great arches, the Flavians built what are now known as the Baths of Titus; an Imperial Mausoleum; a large equestrian statue in the Forum in honor of Domitian. They also restored the temple on the Capitoline. Trajan, 98 to 117 A.D., continued the magnificent building program. If you are under the impression that Roman art was tied to the apron-strings of Greece, study up on the work of this period. Better still, go over to Rome and look about. What is left of the great monuments of the time holds thrills aplenty.

Trajan's Arch at Beneventum, built in the year 114 A.D., is a splendid example of the art of that day. On its walls is depicted the glory of Trajan, perfect ruler, the just, generous father of the people of Rome. He is repre-

sented as the noble lawgiver from whose hand great blessings flow; while Jupiter, Juno and Minerva look down upon his noble deeds. Nude figures representing some of the lesser gods also view the emperor's liberal acts. Here he is granting lands to veterans, there giving concessions to provinces. Within the archway we see him making a sacrifice in honor of peace, while the Roman people acclaim him.

At the foot of the Capitoline stood the magnificent Forum of Trajan. In this he was glorified as a military leader. Apollodorus, a Greek, was the architect. Scattered among the churches and museums of Rome are fragments of this structure, all of great beauty. Almost Oriental in grandeur was Trajan's Forum. A triumphal arch was the entrance to a colonnaded court, with an equestrian statue of the emperor in its center. On either side was a semicircular structure, and to the rear the Basilica Ulpia, formed of a central nave and four aisles lined with rows of columns. At each end was a tribune. Beyond the basilica was a court with a library on either side, and in its center a great column. A small chamber at the base of this column held the sarcophagus of the emperor. Behind the column was a temple dedicated to the emperor. The entire structure stood intact up to the time of the barbarian invasions.

Trajan's Forum was completely destroyed, except for the column over his tomb. Bearing in mind its relation to the rest of the structure, the size of this column may give you some idea of the vastness of the original Forum. As to the column's decorations, I have not the words to describe them. Six hundred and fifty odd feet of reliefs bear the record of Trajan's campaigns on the Danube.

The pedestal depicts military trophies in delicate carving. Above it a series of spiral reliefs wind upward like a tape, representing one after another the campaigns of the great emperor. Events are portrayed with minute detail. Many of the figures are actual portraits. Episodes and battles are merged into one another; yet though the action moves steadily on the meaning of each portion is quite plain. There is remarkable realism in some of the scenes. Barbarians in the forest are discussing and bewailing the struggle. Women are seen taking part in the fight. Decebalus, the barbarian king, dies in battle as the moon, the barbarian's deity, appears through the clouds. Peaceful scenes follow. Vanquished chiefs pay homage to the emperor, who treats them with his usual generosity. Every episode has the emperor for its principal actor.

These reliefs on Trajan's column form the finest eulogy imaginable. The emperor's campaigns are shown in great detail. He is in the midst of every crisis, instilling courage, inspiring his men with the serene comfort of his great personality. In the *Divine Comedy* Dante says of this column, "There was recorded the lofty glory of the Roman prince." Michelangelo remarked that the Venetians could never achieve perfection in art, not having before them the Column of Trajan for inspiration.

Hadrian, who like Trajan was a Spaniard, was also a lover of architecture. He even drew plans and supervised construction during his reign. An enthusiastic traveler, whatever he saw in the ancient world he strove to imitate in Rome. He also influenced the construction of splendid monuments in Egypt and the Oriental provinces. Hadrian's Arch at Athens still bears testimony to his love for Greece. He tried to build it in purely Greek

design, yet the semicircular arch of the lower part is Roman. His villa near Rome is in imitation of Egyptian and Oriental architecture. This royal residence included a theatre, large libraries, baths, guests' quarters, and temples. Its ruins furnished a vast number of art objects for museums, likewise an inexhaustible supply of precious marbles for the builders of the Renaissance.

Let me now point out another commemorative column, quite different from Trajan's. It is one dedicated to the emperor-philosopher Marcus Aurelius. Its reliefs represent his campaigns. Also the apotheosis of Antonius and Faustina, whose adopted son he was. A winged genius accompanied by two eagles carries the latter aloft. The scene is witnessed by the allegorical figure of Rome seated on a pile of war trophies. In this work is a marked decline in quality of reliefs, which began with the middle of the second century.

Yet reliefs of the same period found near the ruins of the ancient library at Ephesus are of exceptional merit. These commemorate Marcus Aurelius' campaign against the Parthians. They show much vigor, and the traditional Hellenistic Asian expression. The emperor steps upon his chariot; Rome leads the horses, Victory holds the reins. The Sun casts his rays on the scene. Mother Earth with horn of plenty reclines on the ground. Both action and grandeur are here.

Excellent work is displayed in portrait sculpture throughout the second century A.D. In the Vatican is a statue of Nero, seated, with mantle draped over his left shoulder. This abnormal emperor is seen in all his ugliness and vulgarity. Portraits in marble of Trajan and Hadrian have come down in great numbers. Rome was

at the height of its power; its provinces, exceedingly prosperous, wanted statues of the emperor. Hence the quantity. Modern equestrian statues follow along the lines of that of Marcus Aurelius, the only one of the kind known to the sculptors of the Renaissance.

Much sculptured was the handsome Asiatic youth Antinous, a favorite of Hadrian. He achieved immortality by drowning himself in the belief that his sacrifice of himself would perpetuate the emperor's good fortune. Hadrian ordered a city built in his honor. An endless number of portrait statues were carved of him. He became an idealized type. His beautiful curly head set upon the broad shoulders of an Apollo, he was in all manner of positions and attitudes a rare combination of manly vigor and effeminate sensuality. Another idealized type was the barbarian prisoner. With flat nose, long hair and long beard this allegorical representation of the conquered peoples, in belted tunic and cap and with hands bound, was a popular figure in Rome. A companion piece was a long-haired German woman with bowed head in whose face was the intense grief of the captive. These three figures were the last classic types ever created.

More interesting than the idealized and multiplied royal figures are the great number of sculptured portraits of patricians and of the middle class. Dress and style of hair in each of these tell us the period in which it was done. Invariably they follow the fashion established by the emperor of the time and his family. Thus we see women wearing their hair in coiffure during the reign of Trajan; a little later it is in pompadour. In the time of Marcus Aurelius it is parted and waved. Still later we

find the hair smoothly parted, a style presaging the simplicity of the early Christian period.

Sculptured heads of great interest and variety were produced at this time in the provinces as well as at the capital. Often they show an analysis of the face and character of their sitters comparable with that of sixteenth century Dutch and Spanish painters. Amazing, lifelike, audacious portraits are here. Types are represented—German, Spanish, Venetian, Greek. They have individuality besides. Realism is here in full array; a new realism, born of a broad knowledge and keen appreciation of individual traits.

In friezes and reliefs simple designs give way to others more complicated. Combined high and low relief for illusion of perspective is developed to a very high point. Finally there comes a breaking away from realism and a definite tendency toward impressionism; a change making for marked increase in richness and decorative effect. Roman art ascends in a spiral curve. It never stands still, and never falls into vulgarity. By this, however, I do not mean that it always retained its highest quality. Far from it.

Painting follows reliefs in gradually getting away from sharp outline. It tends more and more to producing depth by a skillful combination of masses of color. Here, too, we find the "continuous style" seen on Trajan's Column. Scenes run into one another "like a succession of dissolving views." An illustration in a fifth century manuscript of Virgil shows two episodes from the story of Laocoon. On the left is Laocoon, the priest, about to make a sacrifice before the temple; while in a corner, in the sea, are the two serpents who later strangle

him. Before the same altar on the right is depicted the death of Laocoon and his two sons. Not a line divides the two scenes. In this manner were religious stories to be portrayed in the Middle Ages, one picture making up an entire narrative.

The full story of Roman road building has never been told. It is an historical epic, one of the outstanding achievements of mankind. About the middle of the second century A.D. the entire Roman world was covered with routes of communication. Starting at the gates of Rome were many great highways paved with bricks and stone, forking again and again as through various ramifications they reached out to all parts of the empire. In the museum at Vienna there is a mediæval copy of a Roman road-map showing the principal cities of the empire and stopping places along the road, like the Inn of Apii Forum where the Christians went out to meet St. Paul. Across the Alps, into Gaul, Spain, Germany and throughout Britain, through western Asia and northern Africa wound and intersected the great highways of Rome. Bridges along them were remarkable feats of engineering.

So were the huge aqueducts for bringing water to the cities. An interesting example is the Pont du Gard, a bridge in Provence crossing the Rhone. Here is a Roman aqueduct with three colonnaded stories, the water conduit running through the upper one. The bridge towers over the Rhone, its enormous mass and height the most prominent feature of the landscape. Other remarkable examples are the three-storied aqueduct at Sagovia, Spain, and one at Merida, the huge remains of which are still standing; the Peunte del Diablo at Tarragona and

the aqueduct at Seville. In Roman Africa, where water supply has always been a vexing problem, were many aqueducts in which the water from winter rains flowed through complicated canals and was stored in reservoirs. Precautions taken not to lose any more of the precious liquid than absolutely necessary show remarkable ingenuity.

City gates were important artistically as well as from a military standpoint. Cities of strategic importance had gates colossal in size, with two towers for defense. As you travel through various parts of Europe you may still see many Roman city gates. The state of preservation of some of them is amazing. You will find the Prata Nigra at Treves, Germany, with its three colonnaded stories, an interesting example. In Barcelona some of the towers of one of the gates are still Roman originals.

Among Rome's provinces during the third century A.D., Egypt showed the greatest amount of intellectual activity. Ivory portraits bear witness to the fine art of the Egyptian school as well as the refinement of the people. Youths with crisp hair are seen, and women with elongated faces and large black eyes. Egypt at this time exerted a very strong influence on Rome, not only in art but in religion. The Roman Jupiter became a horned Ammon. Minerva took on wings. The Syrian Diana of Ephesus, with her many breasts, took the place of the Roman Diana. Strange Oriental religious groups boldly sought converts in Rome.

Rome itself continued with the even tenor of her way. That is to say, she maintained the same general style in architecture and sculpture, except for an appalling decline in quality. You may still see two early third cen-

tury arches at Rome. One commemorates the tenth anniversary of the accession to the throne of Septimus Severus. It is elaborately carved with a confusion of crude reliefs. The other, the "Arch of the Silversmiths," erected in honor of this emperor by the money-changers of Rome, no better in line, is overloaded with ornamentation decidedly lacking in merit.

In the baths, basilicas and palaces built from this time on vaulting shows the old creative tendencies of Roman architecture. But it expresses itself in enormous size rather than beauty. The Arch of Constantine, built in 313 A.D, is perhaps the most important monument of the period of Roman decadence. It possesses a certain elegance of proportion. It has the usual three gateways, the principal one in the center and two small ones on the sides, with reliefs over the arches. The sculpture of the reliefs, however, is borrowed from an earlier and better day. This is literally true. For the adornment of his own Arch of Triumph Constantine despoiled the monuments of his predecessors. Such reliefs as were originated with this arch serve as an illustration of the depths to which Roman art had sunk.

Yet though sculptured ornamentation of this time is crude, grotesque and expressionless it seems to have a new spiritual force. Compared to classic types of earlier periods there is decadence indeed. We find neither the calm beauty of Augustine art nor the strength of that of Trajan's time. Yet there is something about it which seems to presage the spirit to follow during the Middle Ages.

In portraits fourth century sculptors show personality combined with intensity. Busts grow larger and larger,

until they take in almost half the figure. In the Metropolitan Museum of New York is a portrait of Treboniannus Gallus in which the attitude is somewhat ridiculous and the statue stiff-kneed, yet the head is full of life.

Mosaic became the principal element of ornamentation by the end of the fourth century. Floors, walls and vaults were covered with it. Glass, too, now achieved real merit. Much of it seems to have come from Egypt and the other Oriental provinces.

During the fourth century we see in Rome a new trend of thought and ideals. Religion and ethics take on the hues which were to develop centuries later. We find artistic allusions to a life beyond the grave. Stories of gods give way to problems of the soul. Rather than licentious pleasure-seeking there appears to be a desire for another and more spiritual life—the life which later was to be considered the only true and eternal one.

CHAPTER VIII

The Dawn of Christian Art

WOULD you see the face of your God? Then look deep into the heart of your fellow man.

Why do men paint pictures, build cathedrals or whittle with a jack-knife? Pray do not tell me it is for pleasure, or profit. Nor prate of an urge to satisfy the ego. The answer is well down in the human heart, in the intangible fibers that make up the human mind, in the utmost depths of the human soul.

Religion was ever the fountain-head of art. No greater force entered into the development of Western art and civilization than Christianity. Yet how does art grow out of religion? Is it through inspiration, through holy zeal? Is it God-inspired? Or is it but nurtured on the golden purse of a church grown fat?

There is an ancient, picturesque and rather poetic sect among the Jews, called Hassidim. Their colorful rituals are built on a belief in the omniscience and omnipresence of God. God is everywhere, in all things, in all beings. God is within the breast of kings and in the heart and blood of the lowliest serf. He is in the eagle that soars the air, in the rock or cliff, and in the fallen log.

Hassidic belief might explain the relation between religion and art. Art would be the expression of the divinity reposing within us. A little further delving and art becomes the expression of our innermost depth, call it

the soul or what you will. And that same depth may in turn become the source of our religion, our God, and all our highest aims and aspirations. But to go back to Christianity.

In the record of world events accidents are few or none. Effect follows cause and cause begets effect. Art is born of human experience. All great movements are reflected in contemporaneous art. Religion makes art. In turn art becomes a vital factor in keeping alive the faith which gave it birth. Why, then, did it take so long for the art of Christianity to reach its fullest flower? Why were not the great paintings of the Renaissance done one or two centuries after the birth of Christ? Why did it take a thousand years for Gothic architecture to make its appearance? When Buddhism first came to China it was quickly followed by Buddhist art. Yet centuries passed before Christianity began to express itself in anything but words. For Christian art to attain its highest development took fifteen hundred years. Why?

A proper answer to this question would require a good-sized book. Nor is it at all certain that it would satisfy. Much of the history involved is clouded by the Dark Ages. We do know, however, that the Christian religion was born under highly unfavorable conditions. The Crucifixion, which was to prove so great an influence in building up the faith, is evidence of its early handicaps.

Pitiful is the story of the followers of the faith in Nero's day. Like hunted rats they would slink into holes. Catacombs, underground chambers and passageways of Rome, were their places of worship. A Roman law forbade secret meetings. Severe punishment was

meted out to these zealots for breaking that law. Much too severe for the crime—even in Rome. The fact is, Christians were despised. But why? Stray creeds were no novelty. The East had many new cults. All of them sought converts in Rome. Why, then, were the followers of the Nazarene persecuted?

For one thing, this particular little cult originated from the hated Jews. There was something sinister in its belief. Like the stubborn incorrigibles in Jerusalem, the proponents of the new faith were proclaiming the one God. They offered the only serious challenge to Jupiter. How was this to be met? How, indeed, is religious difference in any age met?

Jesus preaches peace on earth. So does Mohammed. "Down with the infidel!" cry devout Mohammedans. And Islam, inspired by the Mohammedan version of peace on earth, covers all Europe with Christian blood. From far and wide come Christian Crusaders to rescue the tomb of Christ. Mohammedan non-believers in their brand of pious peace shall be made to give up the sacred shrine. Do they ask for it, attempt to regain it peacefully? No, indeed. It must be got by the sword. And along the way they do the proper thing by others who do not subscribe to their particular religion of peace. In cold blood Jewish men, women and children are slaughtered, by the thousands and hundred thousands. By no means extinct even now is this formula for settling religious differences.—"Forgive them, oh, Lord. They know not what they do."

Christian doctrine must have lent itself to ridicule at Rome. Humility was of its essence. The humble are ever favored with contemptuous kicks. Picture the jeers and

jibes which must have met disciples of meekness in a land of might, of fistic glory. The jingo Roman spat at deluded, ridiculous weaklings who hid under the ground to kneel and pray. And the poor cowed fools—sneaking out of range of the oppressor's boot they break a law of Rome! Witness, then, the delightful spectacle in the Arena of shivering Christians mumbling prayers before ferocious beasts.

No fertile soil here for artistic expression. Art does not thrive on persecution. Furthermore, most of the art of the time had to do with Roman and Greek gods. Christians would have none of them. Nor of their art. Nor of any art. Associated with an abhorrent religion, art itself was despised.

Yet thought must find outlet. Neither chains nor dungeons nor catacombs of Rome may fetter the human spirit. Gradually, haltingly, Christianity in underground tunnels and labyrinths begins to express itself. Symbols of the faith, like the PX, denoting Christ and the cross, appear on cavern walls. Imagery soon creeps in. We find Jesus represented as the Good Shepherd—the original emanating from the pagan Greek.

Christian art, however, is not built upon previous achievement. There is a complete breaking away. Outer beauty is discarded. Crude attempts are made instead at depicting something of the spirit of man. This art of the catacombs, little more than childish in execution, ridiculous by comparison even with that of decadent Rome, is nevertheless possessed of a fine something which transcends technique. In place of the Greek ideal of physical perfection we see here a groping for the expression of abstract spiritual concepts.

Nurtured on persecution, the underground religion grows and becomes a power. His empire crumbling, Constantine recognizes in the Christians the largest organized group in his domains. Accordingly, in the year 313 A.D., he adopts the faith. Christianity now replaces heathen gods. It becomes the fashion in the Roman Empire.

Does art now spread its wings and soar? Oh, no. Oppression takes queer turns. Who is himself newly freed may become the most cruel despot. The Church now assumes power. It sets up laws on art. "It is not the invention of the painter which creates a picture, but inviolable law, a tradition of the Catholic Church. It is not the painters, but the holy fathers who have to invent and to dictate. To them manifestly belongs the composition, to the painter only the execution." Thus are laid down rules dictating religious subjects and the exact manner of their portrayal. Rules for preparing and applying color, for grouping of figures in sacred subjects. Types, attitudes, color of dress and mental qualities of holy personages are enumerated. The Church dictates exact lines and shadows to be used in expressing youth or age.

This brings us to the Byzantine period. Constantine had moved his capital to Byzantium, on the Bosphorus. Growing in size and magnificence, that seaport came to be known as the "City of Constantine," or Constantinople.

At the new capital the emperor built one of the world's most famous churches. It was dedicated to "Hagia Saphia," Greek for "Divine Wisdom"—since

corrupted into "Saint Sophia." Four transepts opposite and at right angles to each other formed a Greek cross. Over the central space was a huge dome. Many such churches were built throughout the eastern empire. Later ones had smaller domes over each of the transepts. This is a feature of Byzantine architecture.

Saint Sophia is one of the most impressive domed buildings in the world. Over a square space bounded by four semicircular arches rises the great dome, one hundred and seven feet in diameter and a hundred and eighty feet in height. Around the dome is a belt of forty windows. Saint Sophia's interior is profuse with colored marble and mosaics of gilded glass. Its altar originally was heaped with gems and enamels. In profusion of color its effect is Persian.

Early Byzantine painting was characterized by extreme stiffness and monotonous repetition of unnatural attitudes. Faces and bodies appear like caricatures. Correct drawing is absent. But there is an abundance of gold and brilliant colors. The background is almost always in gold. Representations of Christ, the Virgin, Mother and Child, became traditional types. The Nativity, Crucifixion, Baptism and other Christian scenes were conventionalized. Figures were inert and helplessly feeble. Imaginative power was totally lacking. The Church, custodian of the Christian faith, had crushed all inspiration in this field of Christian art.

In the year 475 A.D. civilization suffered its greatest setback—the fall of the western Roman Empire. Chaos and ruin came with Goths and Huns. Destruction followed destruction with vengeance unparalleled, with unhuman ferocity. For the time being the light of

civilization in the West was quite dim. Utter confusion followed. Six centuries were engulfed in darkness—the Dark Ages. Gone were emperors. Nations were no more. No replacement of one ruler with another, mind you, but complete and utter disintegration. Every city and town became an independent government. And within its own gates was a bedlam of confusion. A most unhealthy soil here for art.

Byzantium was now the art center of the world. In architecture it produced the pendentive, a means of covering a square space with a circular dome. It developed the arch along correct scientific lines. It introduced elaborate modifications into the Corinthian capital, adding rosettes, animals and birds to the traditional acanthus leaves. Mosaics brought marvelous effects to decoration. Marble and gold were used in profusion. Geometrical patterns were emblazoned in brightest hues.

Byzantine churches and Byzantine art spread throughout the eastern empire, and as far north as Rome itself. In Ravenna we find elaborate mosaics in the manner of the Greek frieze, depicting processions of saints. The Emperor Justinian is seen surrounded by ecclesiastics and dignitaries. Their poses are crude but their costumes most sumptuous. Everywhere are themes from the New Testament elaborately done in mosaic.

Between the late eighth and middle ninth centuries the Iconoclasts, or image breakers, destroyed a good many mosaics and other Byzantine works of art. They contended that sacred images had been abused and tainted with idolatry. The result of this quarrel over images, strangely enough, was the return to prominence

of Alexandrian pagan art. Exotic Persian influences were also brought in.

Ivory carving was important in Byzantine art. Astonishing in fineness, it embraces both Greek and eastern influences. Great skill was likewise shown in enamelling and in the working of precious metals.

In its dress Byzantium showed its love of luxury and ostentation. The simple Roman toga was replaced by richly ornamented dalmatics. The Bishop of Damascus writes, "When men dressed thus appear in the street the passerby regards them as painted walls; their clothes are pictures to which children point. There are lions, bears, panthers, rocks, wood, huntsmen."

Byzantine art is the foundation of Russian art. It exercised its greatest influence on Kieff. From there it spread to Moscow and the other Russian cultural centers.

The second great blow to Christian art was the conquest of the eastern empire by the Saracens. Eastern Christian art was now nipped in the bud. Converted basilicas and Christian churches were given over to the Mohammedan religion. Christian civilization was temporarily checked. Byzantine traditions, however, influenced Saracenic art. The mosque became a combination of Persian, Sassanian and Byzantine. Saracens adapted to their needs arcades, capitals, domes and gilded ornamentation. Their own architecture contributed the intricate arcade carried on slender columns. The Koran forbids the imitation of the human form, hence their highly elaborate arabesque floral and geometrical designs.

Mosques are of considerable interest. The term mosque means gathering place for the faithful. Prayer is at the wall facing toward Mecca, before a niche called

the mihrab, which in large mosques is covered by a dome supported on four columns. At its right is the preacher's pulpit, or mimbar. Opposite the mihrab is a dekka, or stone tribune. The center of the court holds the Meidaah, or water basin for the ablutions of believers. Minarets of slender towers rise from the sides of the mosque, with circular balconies and galleries from which the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer. Throughout Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor and Constantinople you may find excellent examples of mosque architecture. But the leading monuments of Saracenic art are in Spain. The celebrated mosque in Cordova, begun in the seventh century, has a veritable forest of columns.

The Alhambra, at Grenada, is the finest example of Saracenic or Moorish art. "It is a palace of the Arabian Nights which has remained untouched through the centuries, with courts, pavilions, terraces and towers, in which arcades, doors and windows are cut like lace. The walls and ceilings are covered with ceramics of blue, green, silver and gold, in simple but varied designs. The hall of the two Sisters, the hall of the Abencerrages, the court of Lions are fairy visions which only the Oriental mind could conceive, evoking the magic castles which fairy tales attribute to enchantment." (Blum-Tatlock, *History of Art.*)

Mohammedan industrial arts combine Persian, Syrian and Byzantine influences. With these runs a fine strain of Saracenic originality, a unique harmony of line and color. Great technical skill is shown in chiseling of complicated subjects on copper, in astonishing minuteness of ivory carving, also in weaving of silks and tapestries. Damascus and Kaironan had famous textile factories in

the tenth century. Saracenic civilization, felt as far as Sicily, was entrenched long after the expulsion of the Moslems.

Now comes the early dawn in the West. Europe is seen rubbing its eyes, stretching its arms, opening a cavernous mouth in a waking yawn. Charlemagne is making a desperate effort at civilizing the Germanic cities and states. At last Christianity is able fully to express itself.

Romanesque art is ushered in—a combination of Roman features with a modified and purified barbarian style. The result was not at all bad. With the re-establishment of the western empire came the separation between the Greek and the Latin Church. There followed the struggle for supremacy between popes and emperors, the emperors losing out. These events helped to mould the new European art.

The Roman Church had triumphed in Italy. Free and independent cities, encouraged by the popes, showed a new kind of patriotic enthusiasm. The Florentine, for example, loved his city with a boundless passion. Eagerly he put on armor to fight for her. Loudly he proclaimed his city to be the most beautiful on earth. He would do anything to make that boast true.

The Church was now at the height of its power. Popes were busy adding to their territories and mending political fences, to the sorrow of soul-starved religious flocks. Saint Francis of Assisi, forsaking family riches and making poverty his "bride," set out to resurrect Christian humbleness. To offset the lust of power in the

official Church monasteries sprang up. These in turn developed a power of considerable magnitude.

Monks were the intellectuals of the time. Their establishments were the finest buildings in the Romanesque period. Monasteries were self-sufficient. They had their own industries as well as churches. As the monks grew in power they too deviated from simple ways. The Cluniac order in France, for instance, had nearly two thousand monasteries, all richly decorated and fantastic in detail.

Romanesque church architecture began as a simple development of the Roman Basilicas, which Constantine had transformed for Christian use. The ground plan of the Romanesque church was usually in the form of a Latin cross with a nave. Sometimes it had no aisles; at other times there was a double aisle. At the entrance was a porch, or narthex. Naves were covered with vaults. Some churches had a series of transverse barrel vaults. The dome was at first placed over the square of the crossing, vaults being used for the rest of the church. Later examples show the entire length of the nave covered with a series of domes. Like the barrel vault, the dome usually had a solid roof over it, no carpentry being employed. Towers and steeples became an important feature in the Romanesque church. Pisa Cathedral in Italy, with its famous "Leaning Tower," is one of the leading examples of Romanesque architecture. Bridges, aqueducts, fountains and baths also occupied the builders of the time.

Romanesque sculpture was influenced by Roman, Saracenic, Persian, Byzantine and barbarian elements. Motives include beading, scrolls, geometric designs,

flowers, the Roman egg and dart and rosette, animals and birds. In spite of occasional awkwardness and distortion it shows considerable skill and imagination. In the "Second Coming of Christ" in Angoleme Cathedral and on the façade of Notre Dame la Grande in Poitiers we see a pronounced vivacity of movement.

Painting was not on a par with sculpture. Yet the French school of miniaturists, inspired by the Anglo-Saxons, did some creditable work. So did a number of German groups. The most interesting murals are the frescoes of St. Savin, of the eleventh century, depicting history from the Creation to the time of Moses. Their colors are laid on flat inside of hard outlines. Considerable skill in figure composition was shown in painting on glass. The windows of the Abbey of St. Denis, 1140-1144, are the best preserved Romanesque windows in existence. They show a Tree of Jesse and scenes in the life of Moses.

In Romanesque art we are impressed with its background of religious inspiration. The true expression of Christianity, so long retarded, is here keenly felt. Architects, imbued with the monastic virtue of humility, did their work anonymously. No fame nor rewards did they seek, but solely to express the glory of their God. Yet they were slaves to convention, even as their Byzantine predecessors had been. Their churches lacked light. This produced an effect of mystic beauty. But it grew unpopular with worshippers. That is one reason for the rise of Gothic architecture; though it is infinitesimal compared to the deeper reasons. Fully to understand these you must reconstruct a complete picture of the times, scan all movements, sense the thought of a changing world,

thrill to the dreams and aspirations of millions newly awakened.

My one regret in this effort at presenting a bird's-eye view of a vast subject is the limited space at my command for this part of my story. Gothic architecture is deserving of many volumes. Endless are its lessons for the student of art. Humanitarians find it an ever-flowing fountain of inspiration. Much of history, philosophy and religion are intertwined in its development. Yet, stressing relations and underlying principles rather than facts of art, I must not give way to temptation.

Slowly evolved by Romanesque builders, Gothic architecture is the universal monument of the Church at the height of its power. Also it is a symbol in stone of man's aspiration toward freedom. It is the prophecy of the Lutheran revolt, of the Huguenots and of political democracy. "Gothic" was a term applied to this style of art during the Renaissance. It meant barbarous, the work of Goths. Yet it brought new grace to church architecture, and much besides.

The first point of departure of Gothic architecture from the past was in the ceiling vault. Barrel vaults were liable to cracking, hence the evolution of the somewhat pointed Gothic vault formed of two segments of a circle intersecting at the summit. The pointed arch and flying buttress are important Gothic features. Not only did they give added support to the structure, but they made possible thinner walls, larger windows and taller buildings. Gothic builders enlarged the naves, pointed and raised the vault. By an imposing interior they sought to raise the imagination of worshippers. The new-style vault was intended to lift the eyes of the multitude to heaven.

It was symbolic of the lofty aspirations of the artists who worked on it and of the community they served.

Here was a free religious art. Monasticism had begun to lose power. The populace demanded churches and cathedrals. Free cities were in keen competition for the erection of magnificent edifices. Vast projects were undertaken by combined groups of towns. Enterprises most daring were conceived and carried out, despite heartbreaking handicaps of labor, expense or transportation. Enthusiasm was unbounded. Talent was unearthed by open competition. Royalty encouraged the movement. The guilds sprang up. Workmen banded together under a "master builder" to increase their own efficiency and raise finer structures.

The feudal system brought a need for fortified castles. These began to appear in the tenth century and by the twelfth were quite numerous. Here, too, Gothic architecture played its part. Every hill was crowned with a fortress. If natural elevations ran short artificial terraces or mounds were piled up to hold new strongholds.

Ramparts and fortifications were built for the defense of cities and towns. The Abbey of Mont St. Michel is a type of monastery built almost like a fortress. It was an age in which fortifications were needed everywhere. Bridges of the time show marked achievement in engineering. Some of these, too, were fortified. We have belfried town-halls, fountains and hospitals of Gothic origin. The thirteenth century also saw the construction of many richly sculptured dwellings.

English church architecture was under French influence up to the first quarter of the thirteenth century. Then it started along lines all its own. As against the

ROUEN CATHEDRAL. GRAND PORTAL

French aim at breadth, height and daring, English builders, through solidity of construction and modest height, sought an effect of peace and repose. The English tried to enrich small sized churches with beautiful mouldings and other ornamentation rather than to raise vast monuments. In fact, every country modified Gothic architecture to suit its own taste and purposes. In all of them these wonderful buildings stand as monuments to the supremacy of the Christian Church. Gothic architecture continued in prominence to the sixteenth century.

Thirteenth century sculpture aimed at unity and simplification. Sculptors tried to translate into stone the lessons of the Church—the Original Sin, the Redemption, Judgment Day. In plastic rhythm they sought to teach piety to the people. Their theology was directed both to the reason and the emotions. Suffering on the part of the damned was widely portrayed. The Coronation of the Virgin, often a smiling, vivacious Virgin, is a favorite subject. The lives of the saints came in for a good deal of representation.

During this century sculpture also sought to portray the entire range of human knowledge. Moral allegories, vices, virtues, seasons, months, the signs of the zodiac, agriculture, industry, all are represented in plaster and marble. Yet teaching and preaching did not keep the sculptors from a proper study of nature. Realistic gargoyles of animals testify to that.

Painting is noted mostly for its miniatures. In these the northern schools showed a freedom comparable with that of contemporary sculpture. Some good work was done by English artists. But the finest miniature painting of the thirteenth century was of the Parisian school.

Subjects were for the most part illustrations of biblical stories and decorations of religious manuscripts.

Stained glass formed the chief ornamentation of buildings. Immense church windows were elaborately painted. You may see some fine examples of thirteenth century windows at Chartres Cathedral. The glass workers of Lyons worked in the same colors as those of Chartres and added considerable individuality of technique. Later the best productions were Parisian. The celebrated windows in the Sainte Chapelle are the finest examples we have. All this time stained glass followed the lines of mosaics. By the end of the thirteenth century colors improve, draperies no longer cling to the figure. We see rich garments floating on air. Fourteenth century windows are more like paintings than mosaics. Mural decoration was either borrowed or copied from the windows.

Metal work was important at this time. Its tendency was very decorative. Many silversmiths' shops were set up in the time of Charlemagne. Grace and beauty were put into goblets, shrines and crosses. Enamel work for shrines and reliquaries showed imagination and originality, particularly in the district of Limoges. Tapestry weaving became a popular art. Tapestries were to be found not only in churches and palaces, but decorating the streets on holiday festivals. Subjects are from the New Testament, from romances of chivalry and from history.

The finest ivory carvings were produced by French artists. Early examples are the Coronation of the Virgin in the Louvre and the Virgin and Child in Cluny Museum. Thirteenth and early fourteenth century carvings

are mainly diptychs. One in Soissons Cathedral depicting the Passion is a worthy example. The Equestrian in the British Museum and the Jeu d'Amour in the Louvre are excellent fourteenth century examples of ivory carvings of secular subjects.

Outside of architecture Gothic art had about it an air of timidity and awkwardness. Representation of the nude was forbidden. This may have hindered the fullest development of art. Sculpture became mannered and complicated. But all was soon to be restored to renewed vigor. Art was to be re-animated by the breath of a new spirit, the spirit of the Renaissance.

First Interlude

THE ARTS OF CHINA AND JAPAN

The Arts of China and Japan

ARISTOTLE defined art as an imitation of nature. That is obviously wrong, though many still believe it. Art has its origin within the human soul, not outside it. The Greek idea associates it with a sense of order. Such a view might lead to formalized art. Order is deadly to inspiration. Let us see what the Chinese thought about it. Rather I should have used the word felt—that gets to the root of the matter.

Some fourteen hundred years ago Hsieh Ho formulated six canons or tests of a painting. The first was—rhythmic vitality, "the spiritual rhythm expressed in the movement of life." Next—the art of rendering anatomical structure with the brush. Third—drawing of forms corresponding to natural forms. Fourth—appropriate distribution of color. Fifth—composition and subordination, or grouping. Sixth—the transmitting of classic models. All important, however, is the first—rhythmic vitality.

Okakura speaks of it as "the life-movement of the spirit through the rhythm of things." In other words, as Laurence Binyon puts it, the artist must break through the mere aspect of the world and grasp that great cosmic rhythm of the spirit which sets the currents of life in motion. And it is that we sense as the goal in the typical Chinese masterpieces. The Chinese painters are not, like the Persians, absorbed in the sensuous delights of the world. Nor do they, like the Indian

artists, leave the spiritual meaning to be recognized from the subject matter. They fuse the spiritual and the material.

I take the liberty here of freely quoting from Laurence Binyon's excellent work *The Flight of the Dragon*. No other writer to my knowledge shows so thorough a grasp of Chinese and Japanese art philosophy.

The Chinese idea of rhythm, according to Binyon, is the essence of graceful motion, as in the human body in games or in the dance. It is the "related, co-ordinated order of movement." In the dance the body itself is a work of art. While paint cannot actually be set in motion it should suggest rhythmic movement. Line and color are energies capable of acting on each other. When put into proper relation the resulting design draws the imagination and becomes animated or charged with the capability of movement and life. When we discover rhythm we feel that we are in touch with the life of the entire world—"as if we moved to a music which set the stars in motion."

Art is not a copying of actualities, but a hint of perfect rhythm and the ideal life. Subject matter need not be like anything in nature, but it has to be alive with a vitality of its own. Wu Tao-tzu when he wielded his brush was said to be possessed by a God.

The highest Chinese art had little use for reproducing the particular beauty in an object or face, but for the beauty which comes from the play of object on object, color on color and person against person—and of all as parts of the infinity of the universe. In portraying man's relation to nature, Chinese and Japanese painting reaches its highest point.

Landscape painting in both countries makes its appearance at a very early age. The spirit of these landscapes is far different from that in European painting. There is greater depth and poetry in them. Binyon thus speaks of the Chinese landscapist: "The winds of the air have become his desires, the clouds his wandering thoughts; the mountain peaks are his lonely aspirations, and the torrents his liberated energies. Flowers, opening their secret heart to the light and trembling to the breeze's touch, seem to be unfolding the mystery of his own human heart, the mysteries of those intuitions and emotions which are too deep or too shy for speech." Not mere beauty, not mere surroundings, but the universe, which is the artist's spiritual home—the universe is his theme.

In the Western world we are prone to overwork the view of man as master of all creation. Turgenev writes of a man in a dream finding himself face to face with a figure which he recognizes as Dame Nature. He cries out: "What deep problem knits your forehead? Doubtless you ponder the great future of man, you scheme the steps by which he may arrive at his ultimate perfection. Unfold, then, his glorious destiny to me." To which Nature replies: "I know not of what you speak. There is a point at which the equilibrium between attack and defense is lost, and the balance must be restored. The problem that absorbs me is how to give greater strength to the muscles on the leg of the flea."

The Chinese philosopher-painter knew his place in nature. He approached all life with due reverence. Germany some years since recognized the weakness of the domineering attitude in our Western civilization. Hence

the slogan, *Ich Dien*—I serve. Yet that is contrary to the meaning it intends to convey. It savors of condescension. And condescension is not humility. The humble in spirit do not so label themselves. Meekness does not advertise.

The Chinese artist avoids display. He prefers suggestion. He considers landscape painting the highest art; through it, by subtle means, he is ever suggesting infinity. In the eleventh century Kuo Hsi said, "Landscape is a big thing and should be viewed from a distance in order to grasp the scheme of hill and stream. Figures are small matters, which can be seen closely and taken in at a glance." Centuries earlier Ku K'ai-chih records that he painted an eminent man against a background of lofty peaks and deep ravines as kindred to his lofty spirit.

Chinese and Japanese artists felt a deep tenderness for flowers. Under the guise of flower and bird they tell allusively of their emotions and experiences. Life's transitoriness is an inspiration for the artist. The soul's merging with wind and cloud and its ever-changing aspect took form in the symbolic Dragon. The Dragon is associated also with water, which is weak and soft yet strong and hard; which penetrates subtly and without effort, and is typical of the spirit. Through its power of fluidity the Dragon further becomes a symbol of the infinite.

The waterfall comes in for considerable attention in Chinese and Japanese painting. As a Chinese poet writes, it is "always the same, while we men and women fade away and decay." The entire treatment of nature is on a much higher plane than that of the European artists.

Nature is not merely depicted, it is felt. In the Chinese or Japanese landscape the sublime grandeur of nature sinks into our deepest consciousness.

Chinese art at first deals largely with nature's terror and mystery. Paintings both in China and Japan dating before the Christian Era deal with heroes and sages and subjects of history. Then comes a change to Buddhist subjects. Wu Tao-tzu in the eighth century is said to have made a painting of Purgatory so vivid, it put all its beholders in fear, and caused the butchers and fishmongers to abandon their trades for others more in keeping with Buddhist teaching.

Creating of sublime figures was the vogue. A popular example is the image of the Kwanon, embodying mercy and loving-kindness. It is widely portrayed in sculpture as well as painting, usually in attitudes of deep meditation and compassion. Buddhist influence brought about a change from conceptions of ruthless power in nature to those of divine beauty. In portraiture, however, do we find the highest Buddhist art. Exquisitely sculptured and painted are posthumous and idealized sages, heroes and saints. They are remarkable for intensity of expression and rhythmic vitality. As time goes on this work loses its fervor and becomes more formal. Religious inspiration is then expressed in the depth in nature, in wild animals and the flowers.

Japan during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries broke away from Chinese tradition. The martial spirit of the country expressed itself in the portrayal of action, heroism and adventure. Warlike figures of Raeion are said to "tingle with energy: their muscles are tense, their minds alert; we can hear them shout to their com-

rades." Burning palaces, and bulls in mad flight drawing the chariot of courtiers, are portrayed by this artist with a vehemence which has no equal in European art. Court scenes and the every-day life of the common people all come in for representation in the art of the time.

Once again came a period of Chinese domination over Japanese art. The simple landscape, the bird and flower, returned as leading themes. Yet even in these the country's martial spirit found outlet—in vigor and decisiveness of brush strokes. We are in the glorious Renaissance of Japan of the fifteenth century, when under Chinese influence Japanese painting was at its highest. Unfortunately, as some writers have pointed out, not one in twenty of the leading painters was inspired by the works of nature in his own beautiful country.

During the latter part of the seventeenth century there arose as out of the heart of the people a great wave of colored woodcuts. This movement was in the hands of a horde of artisan-artists, no longer "representatives of ancient aristocratic families, but commoners who drew pictures of the life around them to suit the general taste of the public of their own kind and class." Colored prints portrayed the life of the work-a-day people with a beauty and thoroughness greater than in the art of any other country. Dignified Samurai frowned on these popular prints as frivolous and vulgar. Artists who made them were held in disgrace. Yet the quality of the work was exceedingly high. Breaking away from all classic convention, these artists nevertheless produced real art. And though they were despised by their own

aristocracy they carried the fame of Japan around the world. There was a great demand for their prints. The Japanese people awoke to a keen interest in things beautiful. Artists who undertook the task of supplying the demand for prints at home and abroad went at it with a vim. All manner of lowly scenes were depicted, as well as grotesque figures of men and women, with rare simplicity, naturalness and charm. Rhythmic vitality, the underlying principle of all Chinese and Japanese art is here adhered to. Yet of necessity it cannot equal in depth and meaning the rhythm of more serious works. Color prints continued in vogue until about the year 1850.

Japanese art is distinguished by its directness, facility and strength of line. All art motives have a reason behind them in legend or convention. Objects are not combined merely for pictorial effect, but because of definite allegorical or mythological association. To understand the full meaning of Japanese art one must know all of the history of Japan; its religious beliefs; its famous places and men; and its most picturesque events.

During the classic period Chinese and Japanese masters were poets, given to contemplation and meditation. Art for art's sake did not interest them. They had ideas about life to express. They sought largeness and simplicity. Chinese landscape painting stands out above any in the world for the "suggestion of infinite horizons, for mountains beyond mountains melting away into remote sky."

The chief medium in Chinese and Japanese painting is water-color. Perhaps because of its limitations great stress is laid on outline. Modeling and shading play

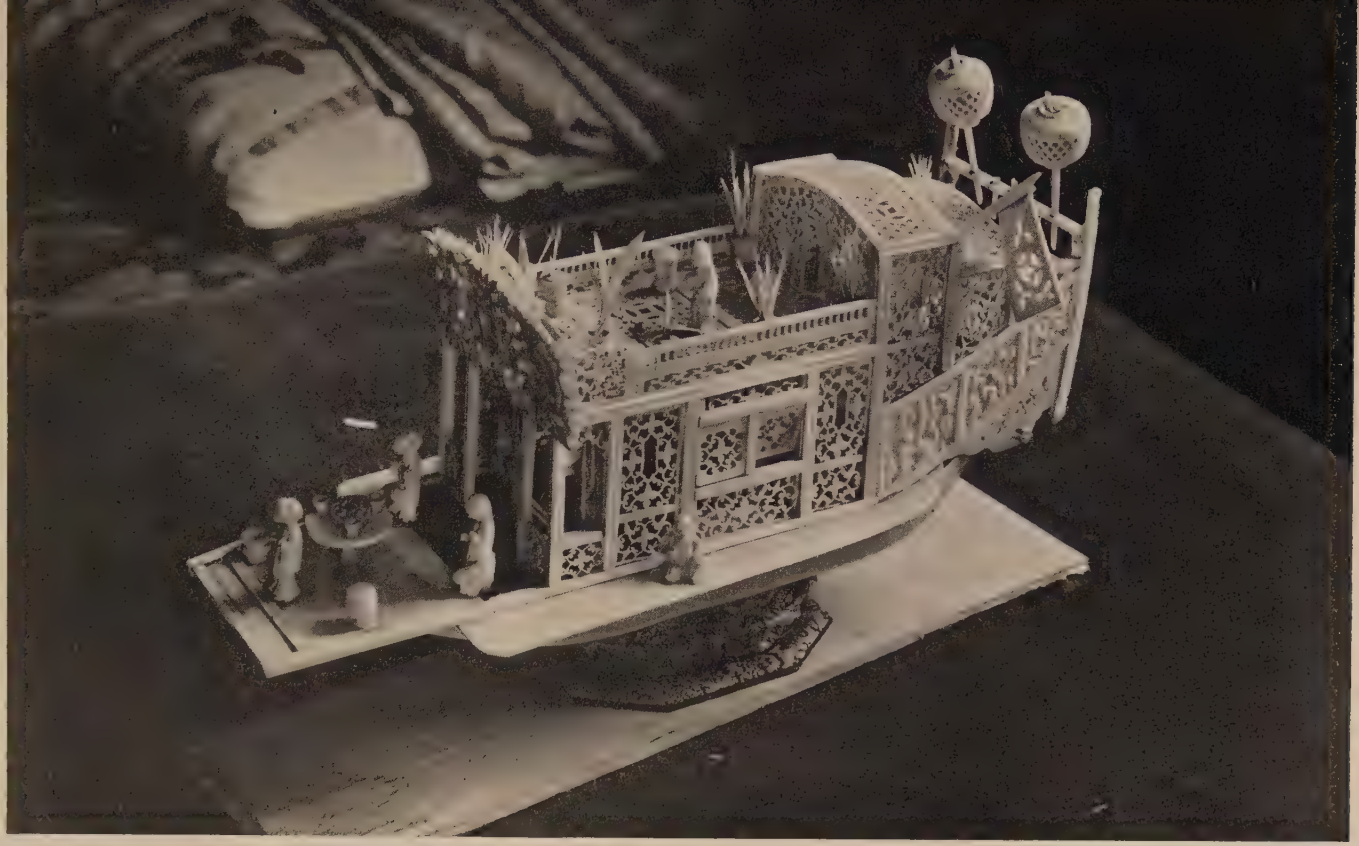
a very small part. But line-drawing is made to produce incomparable strength and beauty.

Framed pictures are rare. Nearly all paintings are either Kakemono—hanging-pictures, or Makimono, long scrolls. Some paintings are on folding screens and on sliding panels. Pictures are not used as part of the furniture. Each in turn is unrolled and enjoyed for an hour or a day and again put away.

In considering what we generally term the minor arts, bear in mind that in China and Japan these are of great importance. If a thing was worth doing at all it was worth doing well. Wood carving is mainly confined to religious subjects. Ivory birds and flowers are executed with minuteness and great skill. Many other subjects are in this medium treated with masterly precision. But the Japanese carvers excel mainly in the fine delineation of small things rather than in making great things.

Cloisonné, or enamelling on copper, brass or silver is known in Japan since the sixteenth century. Its highest development, however, was not reached until comparatively recent times. The design is usually outlined with a thin metal network soldered to a foundation of solid metal. Resulting spaces are filled in with enamel paste of various colors. A number of bakings, rubbings and polishings make the surface smooth as well as hard.

There are three centers for the making of Cloisonné, Kyoto, Tokio and Nogoya. The Kyoto school works in copper or brass, leaving the delicate arabesque designs of metal visible on the surface. At Tokio the metal outline is concealed and the object made to resemble old Chinese porcelain. At Nogoya beaten or wired silver is



JAPANESE CARVING ON IVORY

used for the design; the enamel is often transparent, the silver shining through the glaze. Good Cloisonné possesses a wealth of ornament both in design and in harmony of color. In this one field the Japanese are beyond praise.

Bronze casting reached a high stage in Japan over a thousand years ago. Armor, the temple bell, the gong, mirrors, vases, lanterns, and representations of divine personages were of bronze. The Great Buddha, at Komakura, is the finest example of Japanese bronze-casting. The calm, intellectual, passionless face seems to embody all Buddhist philosophy—"the triumph of mind over sense, of eternity over fleeting time, of the enduring majesty of Nirvana over the trivial prattle, the transitory agitations of mundane existence." (Chamberlain, *Things Japanese.*)

In the Japanese view of life most articles of daily use should rejoice the eye and feed the mind. This is particularly evident in porcelain. Porcelain came into Japan from Korea at the end of the sixteenth century, with the ruthless overthrow of that country by Japanese invaders. Korean captives became Japan's teachers in this art. Of earlier days we have coarse clay vessels in the eighth century, the black or chocolate-colored tea jars of Seto in the thirteenth century, and Shonzui's imitations of Chinese blue porcelain in the early sixteenth century. But not until after the conquest of Korea did porcelain-making in Japan become a real art. It reached its zenith between 1750 and 1830. From 1800 to 1850 dates the Golden Age of Satsuma faïence. Mention may be made of Kutani porcelain from Kaga, richly decorated in red and gold; the Raku and Awata

faïence from Kyoto, and Seto ware from the province of Owari. In Bizen ware we have humorous figures of gods, birds, lions and other creatures. There are also the Soma pottery, the egg-shell cups of Mino; the Takatori, Isumo and Yatshueshino wares.

Sobriety and distinction, so characteristic of other things Japanese, are particularly noticeable in their ceramic art. Ceramists were artists, not mere hired workmen. Also they were faithful clansmen of a feudal chief. By him fed, they worked for him and for the love of their art. Time was no object. They did not need to cater to a public of mediocre taste. The art was perfectly and essentially aristocratic. Hence the delicacy and subdued harmony of Satsuma ware. The painter, lacquerer or metal worker, likewise, had no thought of money-making. Each was concerned with his art. And they fulfilled the requirements of a small and highly cultivated class of the nobility.

Beginnings of Chinese minor arts are lost in antiquity. The date generally given to the opening of the legendary period is 2852 B.C. Yet in Honan and Kansu Dr. Anderson in the present decade discovered some examples of pottery which seem to go back beyond 3000 B.C. These show a fairly advanced state of development. Of finely prepared material, they are also of good shape and coloring.

The Chou Dynasty, 1122-255 B.C., is highly important in Chinese history, even though the country was but a group of small semi-independent states on the Yellow River. Confucius comes of this period, and Lao Tzu. Of this age are the Chinese classics. Its thought and philosophy have influenced the life of China to

the present day. So has its art. Of Chou origin we have tomb potteries, bronzes and jades. Hieratic in design, bronzes and jades particularly are highly impressive, worthy of an age which produced so many of China's greatest men.

Under the great Ch'in conqueror in 255 B.C., the scattered feudal states became an empire. Seeking to destroy every trace of the Chou Dynasty, Ch'in ordered all books burned. Lest their inscriptions have historical significance, he decreed that all bronze objects be melted and re-cast into statues. But these were in turn doomed to destruction, as Ch'in's dynasty lasted only fifty-five years. It was succeeded by the Han.

Art now took on new life. Rules were relaxed, the shackles of convention eased. Artists were allowed to give free rein to their fancy. Imagination was set free. This spirit is seen in bronzes and jades. Also in the new art but lately learned from western Asia, glazing on pottery. Rich designs are painted or incised on red or black lacquered woodenware. Textiles, too, show a highly advanced technique. Little is known of the sculpture of the time, though the few examples which have come down show power and vitality.

We skip several chapters in Chinese history to the Tang Dynasty, 618-906 A.D. Here we find jades, pottery, metal work and textiles of great vitality. Pottery shows a mastery of the wheel and a genius for form. Blue, green, amber-yellow and yellowish-white colored glazes, some with incised designs, delight and astonish all their beholders. Porcelain likewise makes its appearance.

Of the porcelain and pottery produced during the

Sung Dynasty, 960-1279, China still speaks with reverence. High-fired glazes and stoneware porcelain colored in monochrome brought fresh delights with new tints of ivory and cream-white, subtle greens and grays, deep browns and blacks, gorgeous crimson reds and purples. Outlines are simple, refined. Only an occasional bit of incising or carving varies the purity of rich tone of colored glaze. Here is seen the exquisite taste of China. Bronze-workers, jade-cutters and other craftsmen were doing excellent work. But they were reproducing ancient Chou and Han types to satisfy the prevailing passion for the antique. The potters, on the other hand, were forging ahead, originating. They were creating fine works with that perfect sense of line and shape which has been the wonder of the ages.

Bernard Rockham has this to say of the Sung Dynasty: "The craftsmen of this age must have been encompassed by beauty as by the air they breathed. To them purity of curve, well-ordered balance of proportion and fresh vigor of drawing were as easy and natural as practical good craftsmanship in their handiwork. They may have been half savages, as we reckon things in these materialistic days; their table manners doubtless left much to be desired. But spiritually they were great. Their work remains to prove it." (*Chinese Art,* Macmillan 1928.)

Mongol invasions brought confusion, and left China but a wing of a greater Asiatic empire. Then followed the Ming Dynasty, 1368-1644. The Mongols, driven back beyond the Great Wall, remained a menace between China and western Asia. Chinese art was obliged to feed upon itself. Yet while painting was occupied

largely with copying old models, the minor arts showed freshness and strength. Bronze vessels and statuettes, red and brown lacquer, jades, carving on wood and ivory, all display great skill.

Ming porcelain is world famous. Polychrome now replaced monochrome. Pictures and brocades furnished designs for enamels colored on glazed ware. Matchless three-colored glazes were produced, with such shades as dark violet-blue, turquoise, leaf-green, yellow, aubergine purple. Designs were produced in threads of clay, by incised lines or by carving or piercing. Here color reaches its full glory. It produces a wealth of harmonies unknown before. Porcelains are noted for their well-balanced shapes; but it is their exquisite coloring that distinguishes them from all other pottery and gives them undoubted world supremacy.

To produce one of these fine vases requires much patience and care. Hundreds of separate coats of paint are often needed to attain the desired color. Consider the delicacy of the brush-work. To complete the coloring may take two, three or four years. Another year or two may be required for almost microscopic carving. But that is China. Time is endless. The craftsman's love of his art gives him an almost superhuman patience. What are years, or ages, compared to a work of art?

Porcelains of the greatest delicacy and refinement were made for the Ming emperors and nobility, especially in the fifteenth century. The more familiar ware produced for export is not of this caliber. While the latter has considerable vigor and freshness, it is far from the real Ming porcelain.

The Manchu, or Ching, Dynasty (1644-1912) is

on the whole a period of decadence. Mastery of materials and technique had been achieved. But there was little or no inspiration, no spontaneity in decoration. This is especially true of ceramic art, in which only the finish reached anything like a high development. Yet even during this period the Chinese produced some exceptional monochrome glazes. K'ang Hsi red and peach-bloom are full of character. Other original effects are mirror-black, powder-blue, iron-rust, tea-dust, souffle-red, mustard-yellow, apple, sage and camellia-leaf greens, as well as opaque colors like ruby-pink and "birds-egg" glazes. An academy of applied arts, established in Peking by the Emperor Cor Hsi, flourished for more than a hundred years. Enameling, wood and ivory carving, glass-making, metal-work and jade-cutting were studied with great diligence. In all of these we see skill and fine detail, but it is over-ornamented. There is wonderful technique, but no genius. An abundance of craftsmanship, but no inspiration.

The last hundred and fifty years have seen the complete decadence of art in China. Craftsmanship is engrossed in imitation. Nowhere will you find a higher development along either line than in China. But the divine spark which produces masterpieces seems to be extinguished. That brand of artistry which made China the most gifted nation in the world lies dead or dormant.

Yet we must not lose sight of these facts. China has contributed much to the world's treasure house in every branch of art. It ranks very high in painting. In ceramic art it stands supreme, also in carving on stone and jade. In lacquering and wood and ivory carving it shares the

highest honors with Japan. In metal-work and textiles it ranks with the best in the world.

It is interesting to note that China first became known to the Western world through its silks. Vaguely aware of the existence of this strange people the ancients along the Mediterranean daubed it with a variety of names. Most prominent among these was Seres. From that came Serica, or Seric garment. Various mouldings to fit a variety of languages developed the English word silk. From earliest historical times, then, the Chinese were known as producers of that cloth. In China two thousand-year-old silks have been found. The earliest woven and embroidered silks show the same formalism of design and pattern that runs through Chinese art of all times—the same dragons, animals, birds, horsemen, flower arrangement and all the rest. Designs and characters are always symbols. They have definite meaning. And in mythology the artist must not deviate from accepted tradition. Motives, even colors, interpret religion and philosophy. Ornamentations are classified into series according to their appropriate usage. Under no circumstances may these be violated. There are designs and colors reserved for royalty, others for the nobility, and so on down the line.

From the T'ang Dynasty onward we find a great quantity of silk embroidery. All manner of subjects are represented. Between the seventh and tenth centuries A.D., China had more traffic with western Asia than at any period since. Decorative themes were exchanged with Persia and its neighbors, to their mutual advantage. Fear of the Arabs checked this interchange of ideas.

When Kublai Khan took China into the great Mongol empire, which covered much of Asia and even stretched out into Europe, there was greater safety for travelers than ever before. It was then that Marco Polo and others spread the astonishing tale of the great Chinese people and their art throughout Europe. A lively demand for Chinese silks grew up in European churches.

Gold and silver brocades follow the same general lines as the other arts. Tapestry weaving in silk and gold is carried to the highest degree of technical perfection. A great quantity of textiles were made to the order of foreign patrons. To designs ordered the Chinese added curious embellishments of their own. Thus we see Christian saints surrounded by phœnixes and spotted deer among Chinese floral motives and fantastic rocks.

Rug weaving in silk and gold or in wool is of very early origin. Exceptional work in this field was done in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Since then the tendency has been downward. In recent years rug weavers have been turning out for the European and American markets a brand of Chinese rug far different from earlier types. The weaving is loose and coarse. Dyes are inferior. Designs are clumsy imitations of earlier ones. These weavers have also been helping to supply the great demand for Persian rugs. Master imitators, they blithely grind out inferior duplicates of Persian originals and add their bit to the flood of cheap imitations for the American and English markets.

In architecture China has much to offer. Of outstanding interest are the Buddhist temples. Likewise quaintly picturesque bridges. Temple roofs, and roofs of the

better-class homes as well, leave a lasting impression on the traveler. At every turn of a road one is fascinated by bright colored tiles, mostly in yellows and blues, dazzling in the sun. Fascinating are native clothes, with all their colors and embroideries. One is impressed likewise by the fine taste of better-class Chinese.

Japanese architecture does not come up to that of the Chinese. The Japanese excel in the making of small things. They are therefore more successful in the other arts. At ivory-carving and pencil drawing they are masters. None may surpass or even equal them in making a cup, a dish or a pot a work of art. But in architecture they fall far short of European standards. A sky-line view of their cities is flat and monotonous. No grandeur is there, no inspiring structures, no heaven-soaring towers or spires. Their homes possess delightful bits of ornamentation; pretty metal fastenings, tiles, sliding and folding screens, dwarfed trees in dainty gardens. Temples like Nikko and Shiba are pleasing in detail decoration of geometrical figures and birds, beasts and flowers; but not so much in architectural line.

The Japanese house is generally of light framework. A roof quite heavy in proportion to the main structure is supported on stone. There is no foundation. The house stands on top of the ground instead of partly in it. For walls there are portable sliding doors called *amado.* These are removed in the daytime. Thus in summer everything is open. In winter semi-transparent paper slides, called *soji,* replace the sliding doors during the day. Rooms are separated by opaque paper sliding screens, which can be removed to make larger space. All floors are covered with thick mats.

The best rooms are toward the back, close to the garden. They face south—away from winter's northern blasts and towards cool summer breezes. There is generally an alcove where a scroll painting, or *kakimono*, is displayed together with a vase of flowers. Little or no furniture is in the home. No beds are required; quilts are placed on the floors for sleeping. No table, as each member of the family is served on a separate tray. For cupboards there are openings in the walls screened in by paper slides. Family treasures are stored away in a separate fire-proof structure of mud or clay.

Far different is this Japanese home from yours. There is nothing to sit on. There is no adequate heating system. There are constant drafts. There is not much privacy. There is danger from fire. When rain necessitates shutting in the house there is insufficient light. But the houses are cheap. And Japan is a poor country. Then, too, the Japanese are not used to comfort in our sense. They are accustomed to drafts. They are accustomed to much else that you might not stand for.

But the Japanese home shows taste. And the taste of this people is one of sobriety. There is no bluster, no ostentatious vulgarity. The one picture in the alcove is of the best, and is changed frequently. Possessions are not sown broadcast to proclaim one's wealth. Nor is money lavished on transitory pleasures for display. And this moderation makes for happiness and a real spirit of equality. The rich are not blatant. There are no paupers.

In simplicity, sobriety, balance and a sense of fitness we have much to learn from Japan. This energetic country might teach us the wisdom of discarding frivolity and bombastic luxury.

Unfortunately Japan has in recent years been making a strenuous but ludicrous attempt at adopting Western customs. From misfit clothing to misfit Europeanized homes the attempt is as unsuccessful as it is unworthy. If people would only learn to appreciate and perfect the beautiful things that are theirs!

Book II

PAINTING

From Renaissance to Renaissance

Appreciation of Art

Foreword

ARE we living in an age of artistic decadence? If we are, we deserve no better. Think of the knowledge at our command. Science joins with history in opening to our view the vast panorama of civilization's onward march. How people lived, their customs and tastes from earliest times—all this we know. Good taste ought to be a common possession. It is. And to a larger extent than prophets of snobdom realize.

In the foregoing chapters I mustered up as much information as space would permit on man's artistic expression to the Renaissance. This array of facts is passed along not to enlarge your stock of small-talk, nor to help you pass an examination. Far from it. I should like this book to help in your enjoyment of things artistic. I trace tendencies in balance, fitness, art values, taste; to the end that from these pages you may derive some hints on how to make your surroundings more harmonious and your life the more worth living.

With this in mind, let us now review Western art from the Middle Ages onward. We shall discard historical outlines. Since painting now becomes of prime importance, I will segregate this branch of my subject. Later I will get you back to other things.

CHAPTER I

The Italian Renaissance

ITALIA, wherein lies the secret of your artistic greatness? Do your azure skies make clear the vision? Does your sunshine cast creative spells? — Alas, Giovanni Cimabue learned painting from a Greek.

Vasari, the whimsical chronicler of Dante's time, writes of Cimabue as one of the greatest painters of his day—the latter part of the thirteenth century. He tells how a Madonna by this artist was borne in procession amid such loud acclaim that one street through which it passed was named the "Street of Joy." Cimabue has been credited with ushering in the Renaissance. The allegation is generally denied, although he was undoubtedly a leading artist of his time. Immortality is his, however, because he taught Giotto di Bondone. Giotto broke completely away from the past and revolutionized Italian painting.

Yet Giotto was not altogether free. Like other artists of his time he was still bound to the Church and its dogmas. Nature had no place in art. Painting was a means of presenting to the people the doctrines of the Church, whose importance was supreme. The Church was the influence, the inspiration and the task-master of art. The business of painting was to recount the story of Christ, the glories of Heaven and the horrors of Hell. Truths and beauties of nature meant but little; also such

considerations as line, tint, mass, composition and color. Yet these are in Giotto's work developed to a marked degree.

I shall not dwell on Memmi, Lorenzetti, Fra Angelico and other followers of Giotto. You may find them in many a book. We pass on to Masaccio, in the early fifteenth century. Masaccio is said to usher in the Renaissance, or "New Birth" of art. In the art of his time, incidentally, once again we see a striving after simplicity. Classic models had been newly rediscovered. They created a desire for naturalness, purity, refinement.

In his personal habits Masaccio was notoriously careless and slovenly. Yet he was the first painter to put genuine beauty of attitude, natural movement, expression and reality into his figures. The modeling of nude figures in his "Expulsion of Adam and Eve" served as an inspiration to Michelangelo, Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci. Here for the first time was a painter who recognized the everyday world as a mine for his art. Yet this great genius, who pointed the way for the tremendous development of the art to follow, received the reward that many a great artist was to get in succeeding ages. After opening the eyes of the world to glories hitherto unseen, and while his great powers were still in their first freshness, he died in misery and extreme poverty at the age of twenty-five.

Now let us get a "close-up" of the work done by these men and their glorious successors. For this purpose I have gathered quite an array of "Old Masters," and placed them in one immense gallery for your pleasure and instruction. Please project your imagination with

me and get the most out of them. I will not tire you with too many pictures. But I must have your attention.

The sizable fresco you are now looking at was brought on from the Bardi Chapel, Santa Croce, Florence. It is about fourteen and a half feet in length and nine feet in height. This somewhat primitive painting is the "Death of St. Francis" by Giotto. Yes, it has a number of technical imperfections. But you must remember it was done in the early fourteenth century. Instead of picking flaws, marvel at its power. See those figures, for instance. A bit stiff, you say? Perhaps. But how impressive! This man Giotto was in earnest.

Surrounded by the brothers of the Order in grayish-brown robes the saint's body reclines on a bier. His soul is borne heavenward by these angels. White-robed monks read the mass. A cardinal in a robe of red trimmed with ermine kneels at the bier. A number of the brothers are kneeling. Some kiss the hands and feet of the great man. Here is stirring and passionate grief in a perfectly arranged composition.

This work is remarkable for its vigor and freshness, its sincerity, its depth. Also for the refinement of expression in all the faces. On the other hand, the vivid colors, as you see, are not properly modulated. There is brilliancy without gradation. It lacks the subtle and almost imperceptible stages of tone development from highlight to shadow. Giotto was no doubt the greatest painter to his day, but there was still a good deal before him. He painted in tempra, or with colors mixed with the white of the egg. This medium was limited in color possibility. Oil was to come much later. Perspective, too, is noticeably lacking. All his figures are on the same plane and of

equal strength of outline. The art of depicting objects or persons in proper relation to each other was also to be of later accomplishment. All the more praiseworthy this achievement of the superb Giotto.

Sincerity and simplicity are outstanding features in Giotto's painting. In his work one feels the simple piety of the man. And what an appeal there is in simple piety! One of the most impressive sights that I have ever witnessed was in a little chapel in Quebec—a nun kneeling in prayer, her face covered with tears.

Step over to this fresco by Masaccio, done about a hundred years later. It is more than eighteen feet long by eight feet in height and comes from the Brancacci Chapel at Florence. Its title, as you may have guessed, is "The Tribute Money." Here is the taxgatherer in the foreground, his back to us and his hand held out. Jesus is telling Peter to get the money from the mouth of the fish. All the figures, as you see, are almost life size. In the background at the left you see Peter crouched down by the water, his weight on one leg and the other extended, taking the coin from the fish. On the right we again see Peter, this time handing the tribute money to the officer. Both are in front of that arch.

The background here is an advance over previous painting. It is a praiseworthy landscape. Mountains and sky are rather well done, so is the flowing river. Trees recede in correct perspective. Well may you marvel at the colors. The red in the drapery of Jesus contrasted with the fine blue of the overrobe is pleasant and soothing. Beautifully blended and harmonized in a low key against soft, warm gray tints, the color of the other draperies is remarkably well handled.

Please note the quiet dignity and grace of the figures, the magnificent attitude of Christ. See the broad play of light on his outstretched arm, the air of command blended with fine dignity, the manly beauty, nobility and strong personality in his face. Observe, also, the admirable drawing of the other heads, the excellent grouping of figures, the ease and grace of composition. Note the play of light, the life-like attitudes, the spirit in the figure of Peter as he looks inquiringly at Jesus.

Masaccio was the first naturalistic painter. His predecessors were given to creating people out of the imagination. He saw the art values in the world around him. Instead of painting dream figures he drew types from everyday life. To be sure, he was no slave to the model; but he was the first of a great line of painters who drew what they saw. He was also first in painting from the nude and from it to learn the secret of natural movement and flexibility of the human form. Masaccio was the first master of group figure composition. With him art begins to take on an importance of its own apart from the story it tells or the moral lesson it teaches. From Masaccio on there is a growing tendency of art for art's sake. And there is more in that than at first appears.

The altarpiece before you is the "Madonna and Child Enthroned" by Giovanni Bellini, painted in the year 1488. It came here from the Frari Church at Venice. It is about eight and one half feet wide. The middle panel is six feet three inches and the two side panels are a trifle over four feet in height. I notice you pass lightly over the four evangelists on the side panels and gaze on the Madonna and Child under the canopy. The Madonna's dignity and beauty hold you spellbound. Look at those

slender, shapely fingers supporting the Child standing on her knee. Quite charming are these angels at the foot of the throne.

Figures and drapery here are exceptionally well drawn. Also incidentals and architectural background. Observe the sureness of stroke, the power and beauty in this work. This picture is in oil on wood. Its coloring as you see is rich and mellow. For it is by a great Venetian. And the Venetians raised color to heights which no other school ever equaled. Notice the golden clouds parted in the middle—they unfold a glory of light which is the opening of heaven itself. How this light brightens and mellows the flesh tints and gives added richness to blue and bright red of drapery! See the ruby-like background behind the Madonna, rich carmine ornamented with red. Observe the soft sparkle and quiet lustre where the light from the dome strikes it.

Now turn to this example of an entirely different type of painting. It comes from the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence—"La Primavera," or "Spring," by Botticelli. It was done for one of the Medici family. Lorenzo di Medici, as you know, was then the leading patron of art. This picture was made for him about the time when Columbus stumbled upon the Western Hemisphere. It is six feet nine inches high and eleven and one-half feet long. Does it puzzle you? Well it might. Students have pondered its meaning for some few hundred years.

The picture is generally called "Spring," though there is grave question if that was the artist's intent. That tall, beautiful maiden in the center who seems to be the presiding genius over the dancing and running figures, above whose head Cupid shoots his dart, has been called

GIACOMO BASSANO, A PORTRAIT
(From the Author's Collection)

Venus. There is some doubt of Botticelli having called her that, even if he was strongly influenced by the newly discovered classic Greek art.

Yet here is this exceedingly graceful lady. At our right a shy nymph by some called the Spirit of Spring is fleeing from the grasp of a muscular, half-naked youth said to represent Boreas, or the North Wind. A charming, flower-bedecked goddess lightly springs before them and scatters blossoms in their path. On the other side of the canvas these scantily clad young ladies, called the Three Graces perhaps because of their number, form a circle in a dance. That male figure posing with an air of importance and looking away from the entire scene is Mercury, touching a cloud with his wand.

Whether this work was intended to portray Spring or to glorify one of the ladies of the Medici household is really of little importance to us. We are concerned with its great beauty and the classic perfection of the composition. No overmastering wealth of colors here, as in our previous painting, but rather the æsthetic restraint of the more intellectual painter. Study, for example, the cold greenish monotone of the figure supposedly Winter. Yet the artist's self-restraint in the handling of color does not detract one bit from the wild action of the running figures on the right or the enchanting grace of the dancers at the left.

The fact is, Botticelli had none of the instincts of the colorist. He was what is known as a purely intellectual painter. With him color was an incident in portraying what is before him or possibly a means of producing finely mystical effects, not a direct medium for raising the beholder to heights of ecstasy. But Botticelli was the

first real portrait painter. He was a story-teller on canvas. He was also the first to sever art from being a mere vehicle of the Church and make of it an instrument of general culture. Subjects with him were religious or profane, as occasion or whim demanded.

Naturally you would stop before the "Mona Lisa," by Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519). It was hung here by the kind permission of the Louvre at Paris. While you look upon this masterpiece let me read you an account of it by the imaginative and sometimes truthful Vasari:

"The eyes had that moisture and sparkle which we see continually in Nature. The lashes, showing how the hairs grew in the skin, in one part thicker and another thinner could not be more natural. (You probably do not see any eye lashes, and there is considerable doubt about there having been any). The nose with its nostrils, pink and tender, seemed to be alive. The mouth, the red of the lips united with the carnations of the face, seemed not color, but really flesh. In the dimple of the throat, if you looked carefully, you saw the pulse beat. Madonna Lisa being most beautiful, he had someone who, while he drew her, sang or made music on some instrument, and buffoons who kept her merry so as to relieve that gravity which painting gives to portraiture; and in this work of Leonardo was a smile more divine than human to see."

Let us now pause before Leonardo's even more famous "Last Supper." It is here by courtesy of the Convent of St. Maria della Grazie, at Milan. Note the animation and character portrayal of the twelve apostles at the table. According to Goethe, Leonardo has chosen the

dramatic moment after Jesus had said, "One of you shall betray me." Sorrow, indignation, amazement are registered on the faces of the apostles as they rise with the question, "Lord, is it I?"

At our left in the group next to Jesus see the furious look on the face of Peter, who grasps the knife as if to seek immediate revenge on Judas. The latter, clutching the money-bag, upsets the salt in his excitement—an ill omen. See the quiet grief on the face of St. John. The hands of Jesus outspread in repudiation of so horrible a thought. The gentle, half-reproachful affection with which Philip pleads his innocence. Study the faces of Matthew, Thaddeus and Simon on the extreme right. Full of animation is St. Matthew as he points at the traitor. Thaddeus is furious with rage. Simon's face expresses quiet scorn. No arbitrary symbols are used in this work. The standing figure of St. Peter casts a shadow upon Judas. The small open window admits a light which forms an aureole about the head of Christ. The "Last Supper" is especially noted for its action and realism.

Having taken liberties in transporting these works of Leonardo to our imaginary exhibition hall I took liberties also with the time of their presentation. I tried to depict them as they appeared when in perfect condition. Unfortunately they are much different now. The "Mona Lisa," while still shedding her inscrutable smile and leaving a haunting impression upon the multitudes who come to see her in Paris, is greatly marred by restoration. The "Last Supper" is almost a total wreck. That is due to Leonardo's use of oil. It gave him the chance of con-

stant alteration and revision over a period of years so necessary to his finicky nature and fastidious tastes. He could not have done so with the less flexible medium of tempra. But it ruined his work. Oil is not suited to fresco painting.

On the merits of Leonardo da Vinci as a painter there is considerable difference of opinion. Yet there can be no doubt that he was the first Italian realist. Here, by the way, is his own version of realism: "I say to the painters that no one should ever imitate the manner of another, because he would thus be the nephew and not the son of Nature; because, the material of Nature being so abundant, they ought rather to go to her than to the masters who have only learned from her. And this I say not for those who desire to become rich, but for those who desire by art to acquire fame and honor."

This maelstrom of masculine anatomy is the cartoon entitled "The Bathers," by Michelangelo. It was done about the year 1500 for a commission of a fresco which was never even begun. These soldiers of Pisa were bathing in the stream when word came of the enemy's approach. An ideal subject indeed for the master sculptor, the lover of the nude figure.

Note the muscular development of dripping bodies clambering to the shore. The play of anatomy as Apollo-like troopers grab for clothes and cast apprehensive glances over shoulders in the direction where the enemy was sighted. See the superb delineation of vibrant flesh and tightened muscles in the figures of the two men leaning over to where the hands of a companion in distress appear in the water. Facial expression in this work

is full of interest and variety. See the fear of the older man in the middle foreground as he cries to his companions to make haste. And the sardonic smile of that hardened trooper pulling at a trouser-leg in the right background, he with shield upraised.

The rhythmic action of these twenty male figures, mostly nude, is one of the marvels of painting of all time. And the draftsmanship is of the finest known to art. The effect is astounding. It is as if all the gods of Greek sculpture had come to life in a maze of furious motion. As you look upon this work bear in mind it is by the great master of movement and life, the modeler of the human form in all its physical splendor, the creator of super-men in art. Yet Michelangelo cared little for painting. He was a sculptor. All his leanings were toward creative work in that medium. With all that he has given to painting, the world might have been the gainer had he been left to follow his inclinations. But this genius, one of the greatest men of his time, was obliged to do the bidding of patrons and obey orders of popes.

Yet if there is any justification for his neglect of sculpture in favor of painting, it is in the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. That work, completed in 1512, more than justifies his employment as a painter. Undertaking it with great reluctance, pleading that he was but a sculptor and unequal to the task, he nevertheless created what is undoubtedly the finest piece of decorative painting in existence. With mighty sweep of the brush, in a style full of the character and charm of Greek art, he painted on this ceiling a sublime visualization of human life from the Creation onward. In a space covering some

twelve thousand square feet, Michelangelo, with the combined genius of the sculptor and mural painter, tells his great thoughts about man and his relations to the earth and the eternal powers. This, the greatest intellectual feat ever achieved by a painter, stands as a lesson for all time.

And here we have a Raphael Madonna, one of a family of forty. It is the Sistine Madonna, or Madonna di San Sisto, done in the year 1519, and comes here from the Royal Gallery, Dresden.

Against a background of myriads of faintly outlined cherubim, standing on a cloud-covered globe, is the Madonna with the Child in her arms. A little below are St. Sixtus on the right and on the left St. Barbara. Beneath the cloud and directly under the feet of the Madonna two cherubs with chins on folded arms gaze upward in adoration. St. Sixtus looks up at the holy ones in rapt worship while St. Barbara, one knee partly bent and a hand over her bosom, is deeply interested in the cherubs below. See the flowing robe and veil of the Madonna. Also the wide drapes of the saints and the parted curtains on either side. As the Virgin looks at us her calm face reveals something of the suffering through which the world is to be saved. But notice the difference in the look on the Child. Agitated, restless is he—as if the Saviour is fully conscious of the task before him.

In composition this work is exceedingly simple, as are all of Raphael's Madonnas. Some critics do not like the curtains. They object also to the great quantity of drapery. Yet all agree that it is one of the best colored of Raphael's works. Please take careful note of these details. You will find the knowledge useful in the appre-

ciation of other works of art. First, the unusual effect produced by so simple a setting or grouping in the composition. This is characteristic of Raphael. With settings quite ordinary and apparently without the slightest ingenuity he produces endless variety. His simple outlines assume sublime grandeur. That is great art. In Raphael's drawing of figures you will find something of the anatomical excellence of Michelangelo, the frankness of Masaccio and a fine poise which is Raphael's. For this master had the Shakespearian faculty of freely absorbing the attainments of others and using them to produce something distinctly his own. Placing the figures in the firmament of the heavens is relatively new with Raphael. That helps his religious message. It suggests infinity.

Consider this, too, if you will. Anyone can place a naked child into the arms of a pretty country-woman and pose her in a dozen pretty attitudes. But to so pose the head and neck as to bring out the lovely gradations of light and shade, or chiaroscuro. To put such unearthly refinement into mere flesh. To so place and paint figures and objects as to bring out all their fine curves and make of them a "euphonious cacophony." Then to clothe the whole with colors more of heaven than of earth. To do all this, one must be a great artist—a Raphael.

If there are no critics in our midst, we will pause before Andrea del Sarto's "St. Agnes," which came here from the Pisa Cathedral. Andrea del Sarto—if you must have dates—was born in 1487; he died in 1531. Some critics agree with Browning in calling Andrea "the faultless painter." Others consider him mediocre. So if by chance you should like this picture be very careful

to whom you tell it. In fact, since our degree of culture is often gauged by our views on art, it is safest to be noncommital. Rather than approve, one should grunt "quite interesting."

The "St. Agnes," then, is in oil on wood, about three and one half feet wide and five feet high. It is done with Andrea del Sarto's characteristic sureness of stroke. This young lady, as you know, was a Christian martyr in Rome. Her tomb became a place of devotion. One day she appeared before her followers with a lamb at her side and related the tale of her bliss in the other world. Here you see the saint seated, eyes uplifted to heaven, one hand holding the martyr's palm and the other resting on the snuggling lamb beside her. There is much drapery about the graceful form, as well as on her head, all very well drawn. In fact, the drawing throughout is as good as any we have seen yet. The wide window behind the saint's head discloses quite an interesting castle set on a hill, with a view of the water in the distance.

In spite of what some critics may say, this picture is full of sweetness and refinement. Its color is not quite up to Venetian brilliancy. But it is pleasing, harmonious and varied. That reddish-salmon in the shoulder robe is soft and charming against the cool gray-blue landscape. And the mellow flesh-tints are delightfully cooled by the white of the head-dress. Take particular notice, by the way, of the fine lines and expression of the face; its sweet delicacy, its subtle refinement, its charming quality. See how the purplish-gray robe about the knees is subdued by cool creamy tone in the highlights, producing plum color in the middle tints and deep purple in the darker shades. The lustrous blue of the bench and soft

green of upraised sleeve complete an exquisite color harmony.

Now study the fine delineation of head and neck, the refinement of features in this idealized portrait. Observe the drawing of hands and drapery. Follow carefully the modeling of the neck from the line where it meets the flowing head-dress; also of the rounded face. How the dark flesh-tones in the shadow are lightened, lightened by ever so gradual, almost imperceptible stages, growing into its fullness where the light strikes squarely upon it, then receding to that feeling of air behind the figure. It is this that makes you feel you can put your arm around that neck. Here is modeling, atmosphere! Note also the color of the lips, the pulsing tones of living flesh, the feeling of blood in veins 'neath velvet skin.

Andrea del Sarto is criticized because his work was not up to the devotional and inspirational standards set by men like Fra Angelico and Giotto. His a more worldly art. He represented the spiritual decline so noticeable during the early sixteenth century. But he was quite modern in his pictorial effects. He had extraordinary facility and versatility. He could paint!

This mail-clad knight on snorting steed is Charles V of Spain at the Battle of Muhlberg, by Titian. It comes here from the Prado, at Madrid. It was painted in 1548. Well may you marvel at the colors. For this is a masterpiece by one of the great Venetians—and among them Titian is pre-eminent as a colorist. I would call your attention to the unusually fine drawing of rider and horse; the play of light and shade on armor of polished steel and the superb landscape forming the background.

Note the perfect posture, the erect carriage of the war-

rior-king as he sits on his beautiful, prancing horse. See the expression in the proud face. The eyes gaze into the far distance. Together with pride of possession there seems to be a sense of isolation in the royal countenance. In the solitary dignity of this lord of half the world we feel something of tragedy. It seems to portend the coming day when he would renounce the glory of his thrones for the solitude of the cloister. Look at the landscape, with its vast distance, its finely drawn trees, its colorful meadows. Observe, too, the contour and movement of storm-laden clouds. Titian is a master of landscape as well as portraiture. With profound insight into character he combines a highly dramatic power of presentation.

Vasari, during Titian's lifetime, thus writes of him: "His way of working in his last pictures is very different from that of his youth. For his first works were finished with great diligence and might be looked at near or far, but the last are executed with masses of color so that they cannot be seen near; but at a distance they look perfect. This is the reason that many think they are done without any trouble, but this is not true. And this way of working is very effective, and it makes the pictures seem living. . . . He has been most healthy and as fortunate as anyone has ever been. In his house at Venice he has received all the princes, all the learned and famous men who came there, for besides his greatness in art he has the most pleasant and courteous manners. He has had some rivals, but not very dangerous ones, and has earned much, his work being always well paid, so that it would be very well for him in these last years of his life to work only for his pleasure lest he should injure his reputation."

Wise observers avoid the quicksands of comparison. Wiser ones see the greatness in all the great and judge them by standards of their own. Yet it is interesting to read this by Ruskin (*The Two Paths,* pp. 62-64). "Nobody cares much at heart about Titian. Only there is a strange undercurrent of everlasting murmur about his name which means the deep consent of all great men that he is greater than they—the consent of those who having sat long at his feet have found in that restrained harmony of his strength—there are indeed depths of such balanced power more wonderful than all those separate manifestations in inferior painters—a softness more exquisite than Correggio's, a purity loftier than Leonardo's, a force mightier than Rembrandt's, a sanctity more solemn even than Raphael's."

It makes you blink and rub your eyes to look at "The Night," by Correggio. It was commissioned in 1522 at a price of two hundred and eight lire and put in its place in the Church of St. Prospero, in Reggio di Emilia in 1530. And it is the most brilliantly lighted Nativity painting known. All its lighting, as you see, is from the unearthly glory shining about the Child. A most brilliant blaze of color has broken forth from the newborn Infant in the arms of the Madonna. So strong is this light that both Virgin and Child are half lost in its radiance. It illuminates more softly the immediate surroundings in the stable, the shepherd and maiden, the angels above; while other figures and beasts in the stable are in dim shadow. That band of light in the distant horizon is rich in tints of early sunrise.

This is the work of a great master of chiaroscuro, or light and shade. See how the central light accentuates

the fine lines of the face of the Virgin, how it gives the skin a softness almost transparent. How it brings out the fine texture of the garments of Mother and Child in contrast with the coarser ones of the onlookers. How effectively it brings into relief all the important elements in the scene, at the same time subduing the lesser ones. How clearly and naturally yet with cameo-like precision it delineates the faces and part of the figures of the beholders. How it produces a series of contrasting light and dark masses like an improvization of great chords on a church organ. The confusion of arms and legs of the angels overhead must have been intended to lend an air of realism to the scene and to give it added action.

Ruskin speaks of Correggio's "luscious refinement," the melting softness of his outlines and his extreme grace of motion. Of his masterly and inimitable treatment of light and shade Mrs. Jameson says, "You seem to look through Correggio's shadows, and to see beyond them the genuine texture of the flesh." Sir F. W. Burton, in his "Catalogue of the National Gallery," has this to say of the art of Correggio: "None before him had shown the capacity of painting to affect the imagination by the broad massing of light and shadow, by subordinating color to breadth of effect and aerial perspective, and suggesting the sublimity of space and light."

About now you must be aching to know what, if any, are this artist's faults. He did have faults, indeed. According to some critics—and here again I must warn you to be on your guard—he had more faults than virtues. The fact is, at times his figures are a bit out of proportion. His independence in the treatment of religious subjects has been said to border on profanity. Although,

as I have pointed out, this tendency was not new with Correggio. It had been quite noticeable for some time, in other fields as well as in painting. The vise-like grip of the Church had begun to relax. There was a general revulsion against abuses which grew with the power of the Church. Power and abuse, by the way, always seem to travel together. You may recall this from your Bible: "And Israel grew fat and he rebelled." Correggio has been accused also of being a purely technical painter, and nothing more. On the other hand, some say there need be nothing more—if one is a good technical painter. But I am here to show you pictures, not to argue.

This is "Venice Enthroned," by Paulo Veronese, taken from the ceiling in the Doges Palace at Venice. It was painted about 1580. The crowned and sceptred lady on her high throne on the globe looks quite imposing in jewels, silks and ermine. There is grace and freedom in those figures at her feet, Justice and Peace. All three figures, as you see, are life-size. Fine tone is in that sky of soft blue with clouds of cool gray and rose. See the gradation of color in this work. Note its simple treatment. How charming the effect of that ermine-lined creamy silk robe of Venezia against the rich crimson canopy and subdued gold throne. There is excellent modeling in the youthful, serene and sweetly beautiful face of this central figure. See the harmony of color produced by green, yellow, crimson ochre and Venetian-red of the robes of the other two figures. Fortunately you are viewing this painting in the afternoon sun, which reveals its regal splendor, its lightness, delicacy and refinement.

While this is by no means his masterpiece, it is a

typical work of Paulo Veronese. His aim was to produce "absolutely normal paintings, perfectly balanced between light and shade, between dignity of form and realistic action, between splendor and simple charm." (This is from Sturgis, *The Appreciation of Pictures.*) It is said that Veronese first painted his pictures in a flat solid opaque color then laid in all his light and dark masses. That would involve almost superhuman intellectual power. For it would require complete visualizing of the work in the artist's mind; with its endless gradations of tones and hues, with all the fine blendings and contrasts of color masses.

Picture what it would mean in a canvas containing forty-five life-sized, richly clothed men; all moving, gesticulating, busy humans—with individual heads, expressions and characters. Done in any manner such works as his "Supper at the House of Levi" and the "Marriage of Cana" would stand out among the greatest achievements of the Renaissance. Not a false note is in either of these immense paintings, in spite of their many figures and colors and variety of dress. In the former a wealth of architecture is beautifully blended with festive humanity. In the latter a host of figures, splendid character studies, are full of action; facial expressions are most interesting, even of children on the floor and the family cat. For pure craftsmanship, there is not a great deal in the art of any age to compare with these works.

The painting you are now looking at is so big, so vast in conception as well as execution, it is next to impossible for me to point out all its qualities. This "Crucifixion" by Tintoretto nearly filled a forty-three

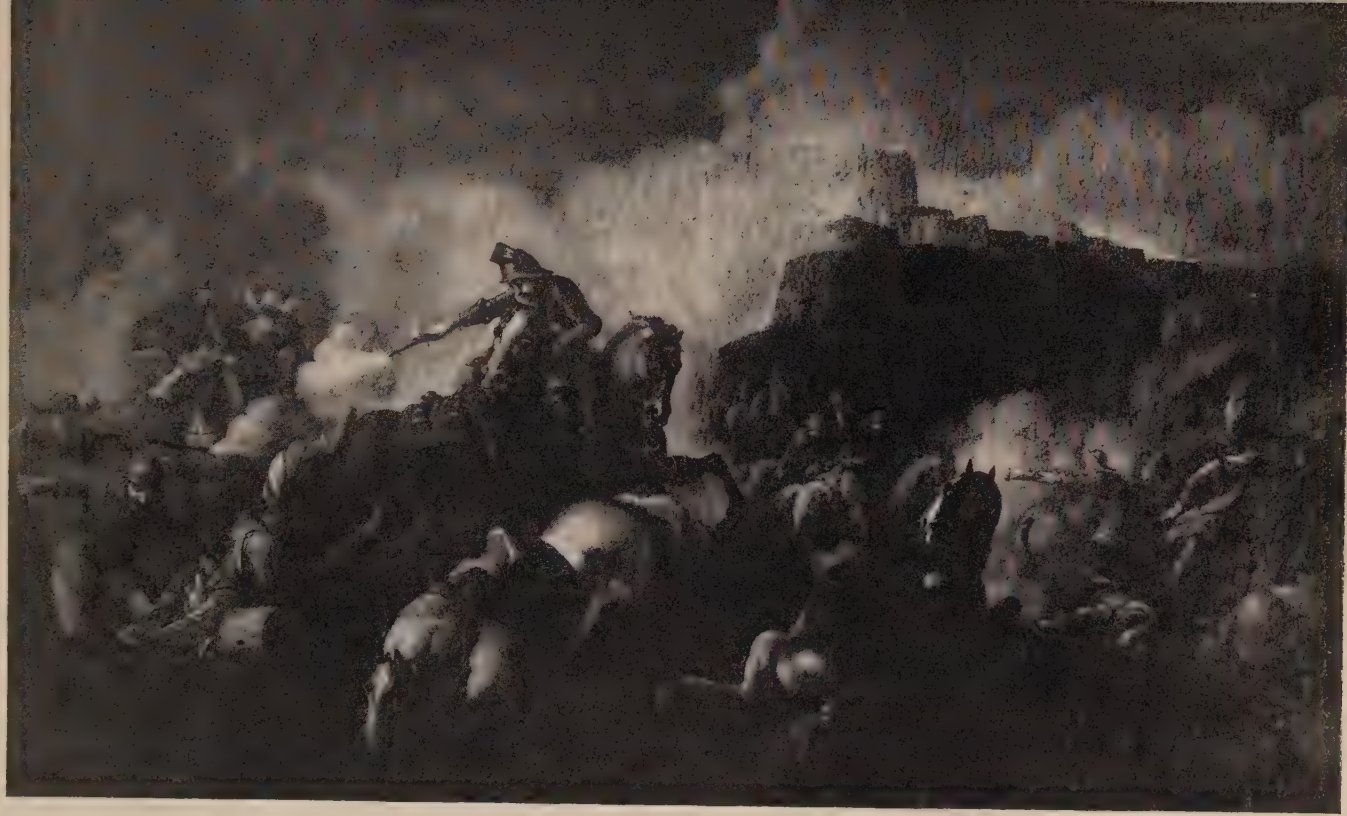
foot wall in the School of San Rocco at Venice, from whence it was brought here. It is so vast, so complex, it baffles description. Think, then, what must have been the mental powers of the man responsible for its execution. See the natural, matter-of-fact way in which up there on the hill of tragedy the cross of one of the thieves is being put in place. The criminal is lashed to it, as men are straining under the load or pulling at guy ropes. The cross of Christ you see already in its place, and behind it a man on a ladder fixing a sponge to a pole.

I want you to take particular notice of the great amount of movement in this vast aggregation of people. Aside from those actually engaged in the business of execution, see the action in the groups worshipping and weeping at the foot of the cross of Christ. Also in the great crowd of onlookers all about. What fine contrast in delineation is in this work. Here folks are deeply interested; over there curiosity seekers seem to be making of the terrible tragedy a festive occasion. The powerful imagination of Tintoretto has tried not for an idealized conception, but to grasp the scene as it must have been in reality. Into vigorous action of figures he threw all his love of the human form.

Another interesting feature here is Tintoretto's use of chiaroscuro. See his dramatic play of highlight and shadow; the striking rhythm and movement obtained from mass contrasts. Unfortunately we do not get the full benefit of the original colors. This is due to Tintoretto's speed in turning out his pictures. For quick action in finishing he used deep red and other dark grounds. This served its purpose at the time; it helped to

harmonize the after-painting. But age made the dark colors underneath come through the coatings of lighter tints and glazes. The result has been to blacken the entire work and upset the original harmony of contrasting color.

Tintoretto was largely self-taught. He was the most prolific workman of all the Italian artists. He was always painting. When commissions were scarce he painted for nothing. When inside walls were lacking he painted great scenes on the outside of buildings. His popular monicker was "Il Furioso." He had an unusual amount of self-confidence. While still quite young he started a school. A sign in front of it read, "The design of Michelangelo, and the color of Titian." If instead he had sought to add the patience and system of Titian to his own genius and inventiveness he might have been by long odds the greatest painter of all time.



JACQUES COURTOIS (IL BORGOGNONE), A CAVALRY CHARGE
(From the Author's Collection)

CHAPTER II

Flemish, German, Dutch and Spanish Schools

THE kind of lens used may be of some interest. Or the make of your telescope. Or whether you are looking through the wide or narrow end of your opera glasses. Yet these considerations at most are limited in importance. What really matters is—what do you see?

Looking at pictures too long is apt to be tiring. Sit down and rest a bit. And while you gather up your energies reflect on the historic background of the art we shall next consider, that of Flanders. After the fall of Rome there was something of cultural disunion between the people of the north and those of the south. The southerners stayed true to Roman ideals of art. Northern leanings were somewhat on the side of Teutonic "barbarism." With them the Church did not have quite the same force to dictate or to inspire. No classic models were there to re-awaken the art consciousness of a people.

In Renaissance Flanders the artistic instinct finds outlet largely in love of landscape and color. Flowers are very popular with all northern painters. Furthermore, Flemish art is more objective than Italian. Through their objects Italian painters expressed their own moods

and personalities. But the Flemings sought the faithful portrayal of all the beauty in the object itself. While the Italian deals with the universe the Flemish artist must needs reproduce every stitch in a piece of embroidery and every effect of color and light and shade in the smallest bead in a necklace. But do not therefore get the impression that there was no great art in the north. Without for a moment detracting from the value of ideal beauty there is always a place in art for the presentation of the joy and color charm in the everyday life and objects around us. Beside which, the north had its fair share of ideals.

Step up now to this immense altar-piece from the Cathedral Church of St. Bavon in Ghent. "The Mystic Lamb" was begun by Hubert Van Eyck, completed by his brother Jan, and first exhibited in 1432. It is dedicated to the redeeming power of the Lamb. We have it in its original state, which is fortunate considering all it has been through in five hundred years. As you see, it is made up of two horizontal compartments, the upper of seven panels and the lower of five.

That great enthroned figure in the central upper panel is God the Father, a triple crown on his head; one hand holds the sceptre and the other is raised in blessing. On either side of him are the Virgin and St. John the Baptist. Next to these are groups of angels. At the extreme ends you see Adam and Eve. Under the three central figures is "The Adoration of the Lamb." To its right are the "Holy Hermits" and the "Holy Pilgrims." These two panels at the left represent the "Just Judges" and the "Warriors of Christ." About

the redeeming Lamb on the altar we see some fine painting. Splendidly portrayed are these kneeling angels. And look at those four great groups approaching from the four corners of the picture, white-robed virgin martyrs and "Fathers of the Church." The vast crowds of worshippers to right and left represent "every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." Your imagination is led on to multitudes of followers of the Lamb outside the picture.

In the background you see lofty spires of many churches rising from behind woods and green-clad hills, with other hills and lakes melting away to an horizon illuminated by the rays of the setting sun. Notice how carefully details are handled. How finely depicted are the costumes of church dignitaries. Faces are not mere blurs of human features in a mob, but an endless number and variety of carefully drawn portraits. All detail shows characteristic Flemish minuteness and care. The landscape is particularly noteworthy, with its unusual effect of distance.

Because of this work Jan Van Eyck has been called the "father of landscape painting." Its color has aroused the wonder and admiration of all critics. Some cannot reconcile its richness with the somber skies of the city of Bruges. Yet the nearby sea might have had something to do with that. Sea mists and clouds draw a wealth of color from the setting sun. Hence Flanders, Holland and even England have been conceded color possibility as noble as that of Venice itself. If you have spent any length of time along the New England sea coast you will probably agree with that.

Here we have a family portrait by Rubens, from the

National Gallery, London. It is of Thomas, Earl of Arundel, his wife, the Lady Alathea, their grandson, Philip Howard, who afterwards became Cardinal Howard, with their grayhound and a dwarf. It was painted in 1620. The group is posed under a portico with elaborate twisted columns. A distant landscape forms the background. Seated on her chair of state, one delicate hand on the dog's head and the other resting gracefully on the arm of the chair, the countess looks very much as if she were posing for her portrait. Her black satin gown, lace ruff, gold bracelets, pearl necklace, the plumes and pearls in her light hair, all contribute to her air of importance. Behind her, one hand on the back of the chair and the other resting on his hip, you see the earl with his Vandyke beard and grayish hair. His starched white ruff bespeaks imposing dignity. Not so the twinkle in his eye. A crimson-lined brown mantle across his shoulders contrasts with his vest of olive. On one side the boy in crimson velvet touched with gold and on the other the dwarf and the dog balance a splendid composition. That rich curtain swaying in the breeze and on it the family coat of arms were painted with more than usual care.

There is fine drawing here and an abundance of living color. All details are handled with characteristic Flemish exactness, in spite of Rubens' tendency to roughness of manner. You see it in the design on the columns, in the embroidery on the curtain, in the fine drawing of the lady's hands, laces and jewels—even in the dog's collar.

Yet some critics consider Rubens' work entirely too rough. Ruskin attributes it to the hardships and harden-

ing influences of Flanders life. In his inimitable manner he dilates on the coarsening effect of the battle against wild sea and frosty clay and the resulting "rough affections, sluggish imaginations and fleshy, substantial, iron-shod humanities." Heaven preserve us against writers with so fine a style as Ruskin's who attempt to teach us anything but the English language. Our beloved essayist overlooks Rubens' affluence—and he was one of the very few great artists in history so favored. Nor does he take into consideration his travels, his studies in Italy and his unlimited sources of refinement and inspiration.

I must not leave Rubens without a word about his "art factory," to which are attributed nearly four thousand paintings and sketches. His studio was overrun by anxious pupils. He states that in 1611 he was obliged to turn away more than a hundred applicants for admission. He was also swamped with commissions. He set his pupils to work filling orders on designs which he originated. He revised, retouched, corrected, improved—and made quantity production possible. This able man of business was also a capable advertiser. Witness this offering to an English collector:

LIST OF PICTURES IN MY HOUSE

A Prometheus Bound, with an eagle who gnaws his liver. Original by my hand, eagle by Snyders.	500 florins
Leopards, painted from life, with Satyrs and Nymphs. Original by my hand, except a very beautiful landscape, done by a very distinguished artist in that style.	600 "
The Twelve Apostles and Christ, painted by my pupils after originals by my hand—they could all be retouched by my hand.	500 " each

Achilles clothed as a woman, painted by my best pupil, and entirely retouched by me, a charming work and full of many beautiful young girls. 600 florins

Pause a moment before this triple portrait of Charles 1st of England by another Fleming, Van Dyck. It was painted in 1632 and comes to us from Windsor Castle. In one canvas the artist has put a front and two side views of the king. A strange fascination is in this sensitive, intelligent head, with pointed beard and flowing hair. A bit effeminate perhaps, but that may be due to the wide lace collar, silk coat and that beautifully modeled, super-sensitive hand. Examine this hand carefully. See the character it conveys. How it vibrates with life. Take note of the masterly drawing in the face. To sensitive features and eyes that haunt, Van Dyck adds the melancholy foreboding of a tragic fate. In this work you have the full story of Van Dyck as a portrait painter—a field in which he ranks with the world's best.

Before we go on with the walls of our gallery I want you to consider the fact that during the Renaissance many other things were happening besides the painting of pictures. Among other innovations, the fifteenth century saw the invention of the printing press. Parchment was now of secondary importance compared to the newly-discovered rag product, paper. Serviceable ink was being made. The engraver's art had arrived. There came prints on paper of designs cut on wooden blocks, or block-pictures; then block-books, and finally movable type.

Of a sudden the eyes of the world were opened. The

mind of man had found new food. No longer was knowledge to be cloistered. No more were facts to be the possession of a privileged few. The printed page made for endless spread of thought. It brought printed reproductions of art. No longer was the enjoyment of fine delineation to be limited.

This bloodless revolution was the greatest in history. It was the revolution of ink. Its full consummation was to be a matter of centuries yet to come. Indeed, we are still in it. Much of what we have and are is due to printers' ink. It is responsible for most of our knowledge of art. To many art is still shrouded in mystery. It needs time, more museums, more printers' ink.

Here, now, is something altogether different in the way of art, by Albert Dürer, who was born in 1471 and died in 1528. "The Great Fortune" is its name. Exactly twelve inches high, it is a print from an engraving on metal. This angel figure with outspread wings is different from those to which you are accustomed. Yet why hasn't an artist the right to represent a fleshy, middle-aged German woman—nude—of such rare good nature, in angel form? It was named the Great Fortune—the last because "her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls." Great because it is the larger of two engravings on the same subject. The covered wine cup she is holding is supposed to represent Temperance. So is the bridle in her left hand.

Here, then, you have this strange but likeable winged figure above the clouds. Beneath is this quaint little town of perhaps twenty-five homes; a little church; a rambling stream among wooded hills; picturesque

bridges, minor fortresses and many clumps of trees. All is perfectly natural: delightfully real, though probably a far stretch from reality. The landscape is like a setting in a dream. And our winged angel, whose outlines recall the Greek legend of God having been angry when making the female form and distorting it with lumps and depressions—with hair braided a-top her head and a smile of gentle humor playing about her mouth, shows a mastery of drawing which few could have excelled.

Albert Dürer was also one of the world's great painters. His "Crucifixion" is thus described by Lionel Cust: "It may be doubted if any painting can rival this little panel, seven and one-half inches high by six inches broad, in intensity and nobility of expression, in truth and precision of drawing and in charm and richness of color. Executed like a miniature painting, it is as large in conception as an altar-piece of Bellini or Raphael. The body of the Saviour hangs relieved against a dark and sullen sky, which breaks behind the foot of the cross into a low sunset horizon reflected in a deep blue lake bounded by the purple hills in the shadows of evening. A few thin trees help to accentuate the solitude and pathos of the situation."

This portrait is by another German master, Hans Holbein the younger. George Gisze's likeness, painted about 1540, comes here from the Kaiser Friedrich Museum at Berlin. The strong, quiet face holds your attention in spite of the many objects on the table and along the wall. Young Gisze has been reading a letter from his brother. As he looks up he seems to be carefully weighing its contents. In color and design the cloth on

the table is quite daring. These articles scattered on it, apparently used in his work, are there for verisimilitude. The Venetian vase holds carnations, symbolic of happy love.

For a portrait this is full of color, yet it is tasteful and quiet. Soothing hues are just where they should be to neutralize more lively ones. That black cap and coat subdue the brown and red of hair and doublet. The bright table-cloth and scattered what-nots are toned down by the cool green wall. Small articles standing or hanging about make you feel you are seeing the sitter amid the every-day surroundings of his sanctum. But they do not in the least distract your attention. That is achieved by color-balance—placing a variety of objects so they will neutralize one another and together produce harmony. It is pretty much like striking a chord on the piano.

You will observe that every last bit of detail here is painted with the finest delicacy. That book on the shelf, the gold scales hanging on the hook, the man's seal and gold chain, the flowers, keys, papers—all are portrayed with utmost fidelity. Yet none of them take away from the fine, frank face. Your eye runs down to the exquisitely drawn hands—you are back at the face. There is a charming simplicity about it. No tricks, no protrusion of an artist's skill. Just an honest portrait of an honest face.

But he did have tricks, did Holbein. He was full of them. His sketches show marvelous cleverness. Only, he was clever enough to hide it in his finished work. That is artistic wisdom. Except in his preliminary sketches, an artist should cover up his technical cleverness. Hol-

bein was noted for his ability to grasp the essentials in a face. A skilled physiognomist, he brought out the full character of his sitter with a few well-placed lines.

Toward the end of this wall we are coming to the work of the three greatest Hollanders, Frans Hals, Rembrandt, and Vermeer. But first let me give you a bit of generality on the art of seventeenth century Holland. Flemish love of detail had by now reached its zenith. The inherent beauty of inanimate things became a passion. Italian art had been ruled by religious fervor. Contact with Hellenic culture developed in Italy the ideal of abstract beauty as both a symbol and an expression of the highest good in life. This beauty was expressed in the human form, in its harmony of proportion, its rhythm of movement. Dutch painters went a step farther. Their art was inspired by the kaleidoscope of beauty in every-day material objects.

Thus came the painting of every conceivable kind and description of still-life. Here was the origin of the school of Dutch "genre." Seeking beauty in new places led to a scramble for representing little things. Objects were crowded into canvas without rhyme or reason. Beautiful in themselves, perhaps, the ensemble is not infrequently quite tiresome. Yet Dutch genre was a distinct contribution to art.

Come here, now, and smile with this "Joly Toper," by Frans Hals. The drinker's eyes beam at you. Under that wide black hat a contagious smile lights up the red face, bringing sympathetic movements to pointed beard and mustache. His left hand extends the wine-glass, while the wide open fingers of the right are ready for the hand-shake of true comradeship with

whomsoever it may please. Quite in keeping are dishevelled, bushy locks sweeping the white ruff. That delightful play of light and shade on beaming face adds to the jollity of this work of one of the liveliest of artists.

You will observe the broad sweep, the freedom of this painting. For Frans Hals was one of the first Impressionists in the real sense. Possessed of a wealth of imagination, he carries our imagination along with him. "He has a great gift of rendering any passing moment of psychical agitation." His outlook is genial and ample. His style is facile, vigorous, stimulating—full of conviction and gusto.

Here, now, is a Rembrandt, the "Syndics of the Cloth Guild," from the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam, painted about the year 1665. So simple a work, you may wonder at its fame. Merely six men about a table: yet it is one of the masterpieces of all time. All the men wear the extended white collar, and five of them the wide-brimmed and high peaked Dutch hat. They look up at us from their business in hand. Nothing more. But look a bit closely. Study this painting. It is much more than a view of six gentlemen conducting the business of their Guild. (By the way, you ought to read up on the artists' Guilds of the Middle Ages, with their strict rules as to quality of workmanship.)

That shaft of light from the left has illuminated all the faces. More. It has opened their various characters to our scrutiny. It is as if their very souls had been X-rayed. Study these faces one by one. Take that man at the extreme left, the side of his face and collar emerging from the shadow. He has risen in life through hard

work. He stands by his principles. He is very difficult to move. His plodding mind is slow to grasp and even slower to let go. Quite different is the tall man bending over the table with tiny brush of a beard. Notice the covert way he looks up at you from the corner of his eye. A bit more cunning here. Less plodding a type and more calculating. Next to him study the man seated, with his hand over the book. In this face the bright light reveals principle and determination. A man made to rule by the force of character combined with clear thinking. Standing, hatless, the younger man of somewhat Hebraic cast is quite a study in physiognomy. Smiling, a bit whimsical, philosophical in his outlook on life—you might enjoy knowing him. Seated next, with curly hair falling down to his collar and one hand holding the book of accounts, is a man of sterling qualities. His eyes are the eyes of gentle kindness. His mouth bespeaks patience and sympathy. Here is a beautiful and noble face. A face you can trust. The last of our portraits is a man of method; successful, systematic, above-board; the kind of man in demand for directorates.

These characterizations are of necessity too brief to do justice to the men or to the artist who portrays them. There is a wealth of character here of which you cannot get the full meaning without careful analysis. But take note of some of the other points of the work before us. The use of light in contrast with darkness not only illuminates the essentials but seems to infuse poetry into the canvas. Here is true imaginative realism. See the marvelous transparency of the shadows. How here and there an eye bright and keen peers out

from darkness almost black. Note the refinement of chiaroscuro—of which, by the way, Rembrandt is the master of all time.

Fromentin says of Rembrandt's work: "He emulates the true colors of the daylight, draws with a fidelity and thoroughness that, while it makes you forget that it is drawing, itself forgets nothing. It expresses and characterizes in their individual traits glances, attitudes and gestures, that is to say normal habits of behavior and the furtive accidents of life." To this he adds the meaning of chiaroscuro of Rembrandt quality:

"It is more than any other medium the form of intimate sensations of ideas. It is light, vaporous, veiled, discreet; it lends its charm to things which are concealed, invites curiosity, adds an attraction to moral beauties and gives a grace to the speculation of conscience. In fine it is concerned with sentiment, emotion, the uncertain, the undefined and infinite, with dreams and the ideal. And that is why it is appropriately the poetic and natural atmosphere which the genius of Rembrandt did not cease to inhabit."

Rembrandt is the master of the art of "enveloping everything, of immersing everything in a bath of shadow, of plunging into it even the light itself in order to draw out the light therefrom so that it shall appear more distinct, more radiant; to cause waves of shadow to revolve round lighted centers and to modulate these shadows, to hollow them, make them dense and yet render the obscurity transparent, and the less obscure parts easy to penetrate."

The way this imaginative genius, who composed in light, uses light for spiritual effect is shown in this

other painting, "The Nativity," which comes here from Munich. Compare it with Correggio's "The Night" in which too, light plays so strong a part. No miraculous illumination here. No angels hover round. There are no halos. It is a plain story of two homeless wanderers who have laid down their new-born babe in a manger. Some homely shepherds are peering in. A group of subjects uninspiring and rather uninteresting—except for one thing. Joseph takes a lantern from a hook. The scene is transformed by magic light. Faces become luminous. Not a miracle, but an every-day phenomenon lifts the entire scene from earth to heaven.

Let me read you these lines on Rembrandt from "The Story of Dutch Painting" by Caffin: "He may reveal clearly but a portion of a figure, veiling or obscuring the rest; but what is revealed is sufficient for the physical appreciation of the whole figure, and enforces the physical significance, while the spiritual significance is profoundly increased by the demand that has been made upon our imagination. . . . No other artist has ever treated form with such a mingling of power and subtlety, with so fine and sure a reliance upon its physical qualities, and yet with so marvelous a capacity to interpret its spiritual significance." Although he loves color, its use is subservient and a symbol of expression. He makes it merge "in the impression that he has formed of the whole subject. . . . He uses it as he does form; extracting from it this or that, here forcing or there veiling its emphasis, plunging much of it in shadow. . . . What he sought to express was the impression that the form and color had aroused in his imagination."

I would add just this: Rembrandt fulfils all essential

requirements of rhythmic vitality. He makes us feel that we are in touch not only with the life in his subject, but with the life of the entire world. "It is as if we moved to a music which set the stars in motion."

From the Metropolitan Museum of New York comes this "Girl at the Window" by Vermeer. (1632-1675.) Here, too, is exquisite light and shade, but it is different in treatment than Rembrandt's. This flood of light on the girl's face and costume and kerchief over her head is of rare fineness. It lends charm to the smile playing about her mouth and eyes as she holds the pitcher in one hand and with the other opens the window. There is rare delicacy and refinement in this simple figure. See the fine draftsmanship in incidental objects, the splendid effect of values properly balanced. Natural light is here made to produce most pleasing harmony.

In simplicity and adjustment of detail, in composition, in consummate delicacy, this painting is little short of perfection. In its beauty of color, in its exquisite taste it has few equals in Dutch art. Here we see a great artist's sincerity, his reserve, his superb skill—a skill, by the way, by some considered the highest in all art. Vermeer passed through his years of early training, then achieved a mastery which never after saw a decline. He held fast to his ideals. To the last he adhered to the artistic demands of an exacting conscience.

We have here another world renowned masterpiece, from the Prado Museum at Madrid—"Las Hilanderas," "The Spinners," by Velasquez (1599-1660). Perhaps you fail to see why this work has achieved its fame, or why its creator ranks so high. Then look this picture over carefully, consider all its merits. For it is by the

painters' painter par excellence. All artists burn incense at his shrine. For this there must be a reason. And reason there is.

We have here a simple interior of a tapestry weaving-room. In the foreground observe that shawled woman behind the spinning wheel on one side and on the other the barefooted young spinner with back to us, that one whose beautiful arm and hand are outstretched as she winds her yarn. See how gracefully this other young woman on the right leans over the bench. On the opposite side of the canvas, the young worker carrying a load of cloth on her shoulder helps to balance the composition. Finely done, too, is this young lady facing us, playing with the cat.

In the raised alcove in the background a lady is examining a large tapestry. Two sales women wait on her. For the rest we have this large curtain on the left, the ladder near the alcove steps, yarn scattered on the floor or hung on the wall. All the properties, incidentals and disarray which you might expect in a combination factory and salesroom are here. Nothing out of the ordinary. Yet the painter Mengs said of this picture, "It seemed as if the hand had no part in it, and it had been the work of pure thought." There must be a reason.

One of the chief virtues of this picture is its simple story. There is no visible effort at display of tricks. No artificial means are employed to heighten effects. There is no dazzle. No fireworks. It is an interior in the manner of Dutch genre—so simple, so seemingly artless, one is tempted to kneel down beside that bent figure and stroke the cat on the floor: or to walk up those steps

and feel the texture of the tapestry on the wall. This realist does not stop at showing us a page out of the life of an interesting group of women. He lifts us up and sets us among them. And oh, what a wealth of art is in this artless work!

You might search the canvas a good while before you find any flaws in it. To begin with, the really complicated composition is in perfect unity. There is absolute balance in distribution of figures both in the foreground and background. Such naturalness of pose in these women engaged in varying occupations only a great draftsman is capable of producing. That girl with arm oustretched arranging her yarn is one of the most exquisite figures in all art. Look carefully, study this wealth of lovely outlines, balance and harmony of proportion. In this canvas is a subtle beauty fully as enjoyable as the rich coloring of a Venetian masterpiece.

And how is all this achieved? Is it really "willed" onto the canvas? Does pure thought attain what human hands are incapable of producing? Does some supernatural faculty, not brushes and paint, transfer all this from the mind of the master to the canvas? A less mystical explanation is in R. A. M. Stevenson's *The Art of Velasquez:*

"Velasquez relies on tone, on the magic of true light, on delicate adjustments of proportion between masses to unite the many figures of 'The Spinners.' He does not trust to mere lines to produce his forms for the harmony of composition. No lines are drawn around eyes, lips or other features to cut up the picture." There are no sharp edges. He creates a sense of intimacy by

gradations of tone rather than by fixed contours. Hence, "while a painted Holbein differs very little in method and aim from a Holbein drawing on white paper, a picture by Velasquez belongs altogether to another branch of art."

Outlines ever so fine are produced by the mere use of delicate tone—not full color, mind you—as in this bit of slightly colored brown and gray. Workmanship in oil is this painter's chief delight. Never mind correct delineation. He has that down to perfection. But see how he treats his pigment. Its careful laying is his sole object. "He caresses it. He loves to give it that slow and gentle gradation which the draftsman in monochrome finds to be his only delight." It is like the orator's love of rolling alliterations about his tongue. But only a finished artist may get an insight into the feelings of Velasquez as he contrasts and plays about with most gentle gradations and thunderous outbursts of color.

I trust by now you have some idea of this superb Spaniard's genius. A proper appreciation of the work of this greatest technician of all time is of itself a gift worth possessing. To feel his breadth and freedom, to know the full meaning of his uncompromising realism is to have one's life enriched by a great deal. And partly that your mind may dwell a bit more on Velasquez we shall not consider the work of any other Spanish masters. Although you will do well to form an acquaintance with El Greco—a painter never excelled for simplicity and power.

From here on we shall leave our exhibition hall. Be-

DIEGO RODRIGUEZ VELASQUEZ, THE REPAST

fore we do, however, let me stress another point or two of generalities.

To begin with, in the works we have been studying I tried to point out the qualities that make masterpieces. My descriptions comprise a workable basis for understanding art. Yet why go to such trouble learning how to appreciate a subject? First, there is much in it to enjoy. Second, an interest in art of itself adds zest to this business of living. Third, the bigger lessons of balance, harmony and the proper relation of things should serve to make your home or mine—be it ever so fine or humble—a little better place in which to live.

But let not the greatness of these works of centuries gone by blind you to the things of today. There was poor work done in olden times just as good work is produced now. You are not judging time, but art.

During the remaining pages on painting I shall try to deal more with its spirit than mechanics. It is well to know something of the skill of the craftsman; but beyond a certain point it should be taken for granted. Thus, we who are not musicians take for granted the virtuoso's technique and listen for his message. We do not scan the writer's grammar or syntax—though sometimes a particularly apt turn of phrase may please—but seek to learn what he has to say. True, in painting it is very difficult to separate message from technique. Yet having dwelt on the one, it may be excusable if for a while we stress the other.

I may as well point out, incidentally, that disagreements on matters of art are endless. In China, says Laurence Binyon, art is a matter of philosophy: in

Western countries it is a matter of controversy. How, then, shall you learn truly to appreciate art? First, be sure you want to learn, and not to pick up a smattering of colloquialisms for parlor conversation. Then study works of art everywhere. Travel, if you can. Visit museums; let beauty sink in. Read standard authorities. Weigh opposite points of view. Then form your own conclusions.

My own interest in art is that of a collector—not the kind who is constantly reselling at handsome profits to improve his collection, though there is nothing particularly wrong with that. Art is my hobby, my love; and it is a single-track interest.

My viewpoint, therefore, must needs be that of the lover, not the critic or fault-finder. Appreciation of art to me means being able to see the good in good art. I am passing along what years of study and contact have taught me in the hope that it may sow true appreciation in a field overrun with weeds of disagreement and misunderstanding. Yet under no circumstances will I become part of this controversy. I am deeply interested in the essentials of art, and not at all in the elements that comprise the difference between twiddle-dum and twiddle-dee.

Inasmuch as succeeding pages are to stress the spirit or message of art, I may as well tell you that one reason for this book is a desire to counteract an angle on the subject emanating from continental Europe since the World War. While I fully sympathize with those who have suffered most from the debacle of 1914, those whose wounds are still open, there is far too much pessimist

interpretation of art. Too much despair and death is in otherwise masterly works on a great subject.

Art is beauty. It is the mirror of all that is good in life. And if as an after-effect of the World War it has in European minds become shrouded in suicidal philosophy, it is high time for a series of translations from American English into French, German and Italian. Time for a return of rational thought. The war is over.

CHAPTER III

French Painting

BABELS are more than confusions of speech. Not alone by difference of tongue are peoples separated. Means of expression grow out of that which we have to express. One is born of the other.

What is it that made Italy eliminate the trivial for the portrayal of the ideal? What caused Dutch search after beauty in all things, a search for the ideal even in the trivial? What again causes French art to seek the gratification of the æsthetic and purely intellectual sense? The answer is embedded in the nation's geography, history, ethnology and all that makes for distinction and difference between its inhabitants and those of other countries. We must accept such facts at their face value. And keep them in mind when judging art.

Almost from the first we find in French painting a different standard of values from that of any other country. We are impressed with the high degree of culture that it represents, with its æsthetic achievement. For the art of France is an intellectual art. Yet we may also feel that it is somewhat lacking in imagination, in spiritual quality, in poetry. Still, it may be merely a difference in language, in terminology, in mode of expression. The ideal of æsthetic beauty for its own sake is worthy of consideration. Art for art's sake is a reality. Why not thought for thought's sake? Portraying the

facts of life may be its own law, and its own ultimate purpose. Perfection of form, mastery of technique, might well serve as ideals sufficient unto themselves. Or is it all part of a nation's decadence?

W. C. Brownell, in his work on French Art, has this to say of the old French rooms in the Louvre: "Clearness, compactness, measure and balance are evident in nearly every canvas. Everywhere is the air of reserve, of intellectual good-breeding, of avoidance of extravagance, or in other words, they impress one with that indefinable air of what we generally term as culture. From Poussin to Puvis de Chavannes, from Clouet to Meissonier, *taste*—a refined and cultivated sense of what is sound, estimable, competent, reserved, satisfactory, up to the mark, and above all, elegant and distinguished—has been at once the arbiter and the stimulus of excellence in French painting."

French painting developed along different lines from that of Italy. No primitives here. No early struggle with crude outline and raw color. No deep roots of an art that grows slowly out of the impulses and heart-fibres of a race. In fact, in France art did not grow up at all. It sprang into being full-grown. Francis I moved his magic wand and Fontainebleau had a famous school of art. Leonardo, Andrea del Sarto, Rossi and Primaticcio were among its founders.

Easy enough done with royal wealth and power, but not quite as effectively as might have been with a background of Italian circumstance and men like Raphael, Masaccio and Giotto. This method of developing an art had the advantage of all short-cuts. It saved the anxiety of fumbling and experimenting and the heart-breaking

struggle against failure. On the other hand, it gave rise to an artificiality which it took several centuries to eradicate. When the Italian influence wore off, when France had learned all it could from Holland and Flanders, its art was still of the head and not of the heart. It was far too intellectual.

Among the first outstanding painters of France, the name of Poussin ranks high. He is the one French "old master." He was a great classicist. Powerful painter, beloved of France, yet he scarcely justifies in eyes other than French the appellation of Shakespearean painter. In his work we see more of his own country than the suggestion of the infinite. But he is the idol of his people. By that, if we are fair, must he be judged. His work shows a predominance of poise rather than poetry. Style with him is of vast importance. But style is a great deal.

For those who may be grinding through this book for an examination, Poussin was born in 1594 and died in 1665.

Then we have Claude, or Claude Lorrain (1600-1682), the first thoroughly original French painter. His landscapes are still a bit over the heads of a few people. "There are no landscapes in nature like those of Claude," said Goethe. By that he meant that Claude idealized nature. Ruskin was not over-fond of Claude, though he concedes him the ability to paint a small wave and credits him with being the first painter to set the sun in the heavens. But then, Ruskin also depreciated Whistler. As for Claude, aside from being able to reproduce waves and sunlight, he painted pictures of pure beauty, visions of loveliness. He did not

STUDY, N. POUSSIN
(From the Author's Collection)

follow nature with the fidelity of the botanist or geologist, but used it to paint *effects* instead of things. "Light and air were his materials, and ponds and rocks and clouds and trees and stretches of plain and mountain outline."

We pass by names like Lebrun and Lesueur entirely for lack of space, and come to a delightfully irresponsible group of artists in the irresponsible age of Louis the Fifteenth. Painters like Watteau, Fragonard, Boucher, Lancret, Pater, Nattier and Vanloo. (I simply must ask those with examinations on their mind to seek dates elsewhere.) With them subject loses its last vestige of standing.

Technical cleverness now is everything. Their cleverness is as much in conception as in execution. Their subject—always of a light nature, thoroughly mastered, they play with it as a cat does with a mouse. They paw it so expertly, turn it about, roll it around and exploit it. They have a genius for artificiality. They are gay, spontaneous, careless, vivacious, without a thought in their heads. They are happy in having broken away from convention, and they exult in irresponsibility. But you cannot help loving them.

No thought! But who wants thought with Boucher's pink-toed cherubs and milk-white goddesses making merry amid happy clouds in azure skies? Or with the exquisite and impudent Fragonard? His playful little ladies and courtiers and mocking Cupids drawn with the daring of the master and presented with no thought but to tease and tantalize—one cannot but enter into their spirit. And they have a fine blending of tone, a variety of warm and delicate hues and tints added to

objects that "float airily in an atmosphere of cleverness."

For this group of painters "created out of nothing or next to nothing something enduringly charming; something of a truly classic inspiration without dependence on the real and the actual; something as little indebted to facts and things as a fairy tale and marked by color and cleverness in so eminent a degree." Watteau at times seems an exception. He appears to be on the verge of expressing some ideal. But he falls back on color and cleverness. "What was he thinking of? one asks, before his delightful canvases; and one's conclusion inevitably is, certainly as near nothing as can be consistent with so much charm and so much real power." These quotations are from Brownell.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, in the midst of the fantastic whirl of a frivolous society, we come to one of those phenomenal creative artists who tower above their time, who live in a world all their own—Chardin. He was the first French painter to interpret every-day humble scenes—painting "lowly incident and familiar situations, broken jars and paternal curses, buxom girls and precocious children."

His work is characterized by simplicity and directness. And his simplicity embraces a feeling of genuineness and sympathetic understanding that carries our sympathy along. In the midst of the agitated movement about him, he selects what he wants from life and discards the rest. Sane, unsentimental, truthful, he has the characteristic French feeling for style and the instinct for avoiding the common and unclean. He, too, sought mainly for æsthetic gratification. But he found homely settings as capable of being treated with refinement and

delicacy as any gaudy scene of a gaudy court. Chardin's farmyards serve the ends of beauty fully as well as the subjects chosen by his fan-painting contemporaries.

In the early nineteenth century we come upon a change from impersonal classic detachment to a wave of romanticism. The range of painting is broadened, it grows in interest, in curiosity. Classical exclusion and fastidious selection give way to enthusiasm for the concrete and the actual. In turn, this gives rise to romance and poetry. The element of personality now appears in French art. We begin to perceive in the artist's work how he himself thinks and feels. In all the varied products of this interesting epoch we are aware of the exhilaration of individual genius set free.

But the romantic painters, inspired though they were by poetic feeling and the release of pent-up emotion, did not at any time sink to the maudlin. For this thanks to that blessed French taste. There was merely a change from sense-and-intellect satisfaction to the effort at stimulating the imagination.

Notable among the leaders of this new school is Delacroix. He combined a deep love of nature with a knowledge of art. His color, clear, open, refined, is thoroughly original. It is elusive and sensitive yet strong in range and vibration. To this he added design firm and expressive, though tempered by culture and refinement.

Further along we come to Millet, and his familiar peasants. By the way, the reason for his taking up rustic subjects may interest you. He had overheard a remark that he was merely a painter of naked women! Yet in neither field did he go in for mere sentiment. He was an artist. He dealt in beauty.

Millet knew peasant life. He was one of them, one with them. Possessed of a thorough knowledge of the artistic possibilities in this field, he set about with a vim to portray all its pictorial charm. If in so doing he aroused sympathetic feelings for his peasants and their life, the more glory to him as an artist. But you may as well know that the conscious moralist in pictorial art produces neither art nor morals. In literature it may be different. It works rather well in the parable of the Prodigal Son. In Longfellow's *Psalm of Life,* not quite so well.

In separating himself from conventional subjects, Millet did not, as some suppose, break away from all rules of art. While his genius rebelled at some of the more narrow conventions, his work shows a sober reserve and poise, a sense of artistic propriety almost academic. It is simple and broad. He paints with freedom; and he does not everlastingly "tickle" his canvas. Yet the lines of "The Sower" are as fine as those of a Raphael. "The Angelus" is a masterpiece of composition.

Of far different aspect, though not so different in essentials, is the incomparable Corot. Like Claude Lorrain, from whom he received his inspiration, Corot chose light and air for his principal ingredients. But he is at the same time more simple and more subtle in effect than his great predecessor. With touch as light as the breezes that play about his unearthly trees, he most beautifully interprets nature's spirit yet discards facts of nature. I am not referring now to his almost classic figure-painting and representations of biblical subjects. Few outside of France know anything about these. I

am speaking of his landscapes, with their graceful boughs and rustling leaves and misty distance, with forms of flesh and blood that are neither of earth nor of heaven.

In color exceedingly refined, greens and grays predominating, Corot paints poetic thought in woodland setting. He seeks the essence of landscape. He delights our imagination with clear distant ponds and yellow cows and white houses, and fishermen in red caps glimpsed through "curtains of feathery leafage—or he peoples woodland openings with nymphs and fauns, silhouetted against the sunset glow, or dancing in the cool gray of dusk." His feelings are transmitted to us almost without the aid of his subject or color. There is an ethereality in his canvases; a truly spiritual transfusion of beautiful thought which baffles description.

Another distinguished name among the great landscape painters of France in the last century is that of Rousseau. Unlike Corot he undertook to portray nature as he knew it. And he did know nature. He studied most thoroughly the way that things grow. He loved the things that grow and the outloors they grow in. And he painted accordingly.

The work of this artist is quite painstaking. Yet while he interpreted his mistress, Nature, with dog-like devotion and fidelity, his feeling for the grandeur and vastness of his subject caused him to unite facts with impressions, to produce breadth and harmony rather than cramped detail. Never varying from literal truth he used it for the poetic visioning of broader truths.

With a perfect knowledge of structural detail in the great out of doors Rousseau combined a fine sense of

balance and proportion; a feeling for mass as well as line; a keen appreciation of the bigger phases of composition. That is why we find in his work that rare blending of intimate and veracious detail with bigness of outlook. His color work is simple. His draftsmanship is powerful, direct. His treatment of his subjects is extremely sympathetic. And he makes us see and feel and love nature as he does.

In an outline so condensed I am aware of being open to criticism for failing to mention many artists of real worth. Why leave out Couture, Gerome, de Chavannes, Diaz, Daubigny and a score of others of the bulwark of French art of the past century? For the same reason that scores of equally important names in the art of other countries must be left out. This is not an artists' *Who's Who*. I am trying to give you as comprehensive a view of artistic taste in its varying manifestations as for me is possible in one volume. My innermost, secret and ulterior motive is to inveigle you into a thorough study of art. For my present purpose it seems best to take up outstanding artists here and there and through their work illustrate movements and tendencies. If after you have read my last page you feel you have not had enough—bless you, there are other books. My next and last artist of this French group, then, will be Troyon.

Troyon must be known to all my readers—gentle or otherwise—as the famous cattle-painter—though he painted other animals, mainly sheep and dogs. In fact, from the standpoint of draftsmanship his dogs are even better than his cattle. The reason he drew dogs so well is because he loved them for themselves; while his cattle were used as a means to an end. He is also noted for the

"bleating truth" of his sheep pictures. But cattle may not be to your liking as a subject for artistic expression. I, on the other hand, prefer the sight of cows grazing on the side of a hill to that of a regiment of young men marching off to war. Not that there is less room for pictorial effect in one than in the other.

"The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea." Gray knew the art value of cattle. So did Troyon. Each painted them in his own way—as a means to an end, perhaps, but quite a picturesque means. Troyon used his colorful herds to portray the beauty and the glory of nature. He was aided in no small measure by the fact that he was an accomplished landscape painter before he took up animals. In his modeling of these cattle he displays his superb genius for light and shade. In every group of grazing cows along a pond's edge or in a clearing in the woods he brings us face to face with the solemnity and sublimity of nature. Troyon is a poet quite easy to read. His lines carry a universal appeal. The music of his cadences touches the heartstrings of all. For it is in tune with the music of the universe.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century we come upon a great wave of Impressionist art. Preceded by Manet the movement reached its full force with Monet. Manet advocated the representation of things as they are. His was a realism based on the actual as against the relative value of detail. He insisted on getting at individual values of objects as they are seen in nature. Claude Monet improved on this theme by painting sunlight and all the vivid color effects of nature at its gayest without reserve or hindrance. He threw artistic repression to the winds. He further added the effect of

vibrant, palpitating light in motion. Brilliant color and ether vibration are outstanding features of this new school.

Impressionism was not wildly revolutionary. Indeed, it was a new realism and quite conservative. Its inspiration came from such painters as Hals, Rembrandt and Velasquez. In the sacrifice of detail for general effect, however, it went a few steps beyond its illustrious forefathers. Likewise in the introduction into art of outline affected by the movement of atmospheric vibration.

The Impressionist movement as such is no longer with us. But the school of Impressionism has left an everlasting impress on art. Never again will the reflection of the mast of a ship in the water be stationary. This is an advance of great importance. There is more action, more life in almost everything portrayed on canvas. There is a true feeling of atmosphere, of vibrant, living ether. Physically, at least, we come closer to the rhythmic force which moves the universe. Have we then achieved perfection in art? By no means. We have discovered one of nature's truths—a truth quite difficult of discovery because it was constantly before our eyes.

WATERLOO BRIDGE, CLAUDE MONET

CHAPTER IV

Painting in England

DO not bemoan the sad plight of art lacking a source of inspiration, when no forces exist to try the spirit, no Church to uplift the soul. The everyday life of everyday folks is always at hand great art to inspire.

In England the art of painting comes quite late. Not until the eighteenth century do we find much that is worthy of the name. For this there are many reasons. The first, perhaps, lies in the fact that the English are less emotional, less impressionable than the Latins and therefore less susceptible to the appeal of color and line. Secondly, in England the Church did not employ painting for teaching the gospel. There was therefore no illustrated gospel to teach a people the value of art. No great frescoes here, no emotional and devotional murals to inspire religion or love of art. Of other reasons I shall name but one. In England a picture was entirely a private affair, for the enjoyment of its owner and his friends. Like the typical estate in which it was housed, by tall fences was beauty hidden from view. Nor did the sale of engraved copies of famous paintings at high prices help to make art popular.

Patrons of art interested only in their own enjoyment, it was natural that the portrait should receive much consideration. At no time are people of means lacking in a

proper appreciation of their own fine qualities. Besides, there was the duty of handing down to generations to come a true record of their glorious ancestry. What landscapes were produced by early artists were painted for the love of painting. Nobody would buy them. Yet it was in this field that England was really expressing herself pictorially. In meadows and silent woods, in grazing cattle, gently rounded hills, winding streams and harbors and sails, her artists lauded the England they loved.

English paymasters of art would have none of this. Nor were matters helped much by the introduction of country children or tavern groups to complete a "landscape with figures." Country life and cottage doors and ragged children—all this was not only dull, it verged on the vulgar. But "those who are not interested in art as decoration are quick enough in comprehending art as narration." Hence the popularity of the story-telling picture. Characters of fiction, episodes of poem or play, these were in great demand. A story is something anyone may understand. Besides, among this people of literary mind art naturally would take a literary turn.

Of the story-telling artists of the eighteenth century there was none greater than William Hogarth. Hogarth was far more than a gossip in colors. He was a real painter. More of a painter was he in some respects than the great court favorite who preceded him, Van Dyck. But he struck out for favor and popularity in a way that he knew would take. He painted and engraved the follies of the time. His more serious efforts having failed of financial reward, he set about with brush and graver to tell the world what he thought of it. The world listened, discussed, laughed, and paid. But with all its apprecia-

tion of the whimsical, satirical or moral message, England did not stop to examine into the technique with which the message was delivered. Hogarth was deeply hurt by the lack of appreciation for the finer qualities of his work. Yet he went on in real art to give England what it wanted—the story, the moral, the dramatic climax.

His most serious efforts were by no one taken seriously. Hogarth deplored the fact that connoisseurs would not see the qualities in his work and give him his due rank with Continental artists who painted in the "grand manner." A painter of unusual ability, his artist's soul had to content itself with putting what he could of his best into popular subjects. Yet while he accepted the subject as a means to success he was embittered by it. So that oftentimes his satire becomes the more biting.

Somewhat crude and theatrical in composition and grouping, uneven in drawing, as harsh at times as he was refined at others, Hogarth was nevertheless exceedingly skillful. He could handle color. His tones are pure and clear. So well did he put them into his canvases that they still stand out in all their original beauty and freshness. This is much more than others have done. Lastly, he knew how to place his figures in atmosphere.

I do not vouch for the accuracy of this statement, yet it comes from a famous American artist: "Let them talk as they please, but the English never had but one artist, and that artist was Hogarth."

Next we come to a more conforming painter, more calm and perhaps a bit less brilliant, Sir Joshua Reynolds. Sir Joshua concerned himself almost entirely with

portraits. His easy manner and gentlemanly bearing gained him many friends among those who could afford his wares. So plentiful were commissions that at one time he painted as many as a hundred and fifty portraits a year. His fame is due as much to his subjects as to any other cause. For Sir Joshua was a born painter of pretty ladies. He loved them. So well did he portray their charms he made everyone else love them.

This may or may not be true art. The great Italians used peasant models and Bible text to paint their own genius. Many painters today seek but to strut their soul on canvas, regardless of subject matter. Reynolds chose to present the fine points of his sitter. And he was fortunate in the number of captivating subjects with which he had to work.

His style was not altogether original. He was hesitant, uncertain. His brushwork was often labored. His strokes lacked the sweep of genius. He borrowed quite freely from Correggio, Titian, Veronese, Guido and other Italian masters whose work he had the opportunity of studying. He could not draw the nude figure. His composition was generally faulty. His color was always in an experimental stage. Yet his work lives. It has charm. Why?

For one thing, Sir Joshua with all his borrowing and shortcomings possessed some of the most important attributes of the portrait painter. He could draw a face or a hand with great skill. For his lack of technique in other respects he made up by good taste. He was as keen to grasp the essentials of character in his sitter as anyone. And he deliberately chose to portray the best. He was known as the painter of beautiful women, because he

loved to paint the beauty of womanhood. Himself a man of breeding and refinement, he indulged a preference for accentuating the more pleasing qualities.

And if portraiture must needs be a matter of selectivity, why is it not as well to choose the pleasing as the ugly? Joshua Reynolds handed down to posterity the enjoyment of the beauty and charm in a large number of the beautiful women of his day. Possibly his work is instrumental in our seeing a little more of the fine qualities in the more favored ladies of our own acquaintance.

Thomas Gainsborough, painter of delicacy and refinement, is another Englishman noted for his portraits of women. But his manner of treatment was quite different from that of Reynolds. Instead of the latter's rugged, happy characterizations, we have in those of Gainsborough a softness and delicacy, a quiet dignity combined with almost pathetic wistfulness. Even in his landscapes there is that ever-present strain of melancholy. The sentimentalist is evident in all his canvases. In his portraits of men there is a vein of softness with an admixture of something bordering on effeminacy. And always that refined sadness.

These characteristics, which are of the essence of the artist's own personality, are distinguishing features of Gainsborough's paintings. His portraits attract us because they charm and haunt. A landscape painter of no mean ability, he usually represents Nature in her pensive, sombre moods. At first he would place small figures, tree trunks and sundry objects into his landscapes for spots of color. Later he enlarged his rustic figures, made the landscape subservient to them. But during his lifetime no one cared much for these works. He therefore

sought gratification of his love for landscape by using it as background for portrait figures. More recently, however, his neglected earlier works have come to be prized as wonderful studies from nature.

Neither as a craftsman nor as a draftsman was Gainsborough to be compared with any of his great forerunners. But he ranks high as a colorist. Faulty in composition, he was expert at posing a single figure. Struggling against technical imperfection in presenting objects by means of lines, he tried to make up for it by producing outline in color and texture. Often by this means he turned a failing into marked success. His use of color was individual, distinguished. He produced his own harmonies. He is particularly noted for his effects in the cool tints—gray, yellow and blue being his favorites. A charming combination of pale, cool notes in color lent a soothing harmony to Gainsborough's sweet melancholy.

George Romney, contemporary of Gainsborough and Reynolds, was another successful portrait painter. For twenty years he enjoyed popularity and an income of four thousand pounds a year or better. That, by the by, was quite a formidable income in the days of the American Revolution.

In temperament Romney was not at all like his two great contemporaries. He was an untamed genius. Fiery, impulsive, enthusiastic, passionate, he rose to heights of ecstasy and at times achieved results quite brilliant. Yet his work always shows the absence of proper training. His drawing is as faulty as his painting is clever. If to keenly sensitive eye and buoyant spirit had been added proper schooling he might have been England's greatest

painter. As it is, there is much to admire in his freedom, his effervescent impulsiveness and his unbridled love of beauty.

Lack of space prevents even the most brief consideration of some very important artists; for instance, Hoppner, Raeburn, Morland, and Lawrence. Reluctantly I skip many other worthy names, and stop before that of John Constable.

Constable was a landscape painter who stuck by his guns. He refused to be swayed by the temptation of portrait commissions—preferring to paint and keep the things he liked rather than to be well paid for doing what he did not like.

He was a realist. He painted of nature whatever he saw—and loved. Devoted to nature for its own sake, to blue skies and traveling clouds and atmosphere, light, mist, wave and rock—he clung to it all with great tenacity. And while at best his reward was meagre the effects of this zeal have been far-reaching. For his broad treatment of light exerted a considerable influence on the Impressionist school of France. And his basic truth and fidelity to nature has meant much to landscape art in America.

"Light and shadow never stand still." This lesson from Benjamin West, Constable never forgot. And most fervently he busied himself with moving air, clouds and water, and nature poetic in repose. Yet he received very little for his work. His art had nothing popular or catching about it. It had no drama, no romance, no passion. He loved simplicity, the subdued charm of meadows, trees and clouds. His work is broad, simple, unaffected, poetic. Constable was the Wordsworth of painting.

What a wide gulf lies between Constable and his brilliant contemporary, J. M. W. Turner! The latter was like an eagle soaring in a blaze of sunlight. No slave to nature he. Facts of nature, its laws, truth—they were but materials for his canvases, to be used as he saw fit. Instead of interpreting nature he used nature to interpret Turner. He, too, influenced the Impressionist school, but in a different way than Constable. The latter painted poetic truth broadly. Turner discarded truth altogether for poetic phantasy. What cared he if his native heath was unlike anything in England, or if his Venice was not the Venice seen by traveler or native? He sought grandeur of composition, strong light, brilliant colors. He "probably distorted and falsified more facts than any painter in the history of art." No matter. He was after effects. "Give me a canvas, colors, a room to work in with a door that will lock, and it is not difficult to paint pictures." Thus spoke Turner. This man was no copyist. Not that he could not copy if he would.

Yet those who insist that art must be faithful to fact will do well to weigh some of the higher truths in Turner's effect. His "Rain, Steam and Speed" may not look like any steam train on a bridge that ever was in England. But it has a more important veracity than fact; a greater, nobler truth—the truth not as seen through eyes of barnyard hen, but of the eagle.

We have come to the middle of the nineteenth century. We shall go no farther into English painting. If you feel that you have not had enough my object is to that extent attained. I would rather leave you a trifle hungry than overfed. For then you will want more of the subject. And as I have before stated that is what I am trying to lead you to do.

J. M. W. TURNER, CROSSING THE BROOK
(National Gallery, London)

CHAPTER V

America in Color

BLESSED youth—be you an individual or a nation —who is impervious to your charm is petrified in soul. Your awkward growth more pleasing to behold than correct but creaking courtly graces. Your bubbling effervescence—often misplaced—sends thrilling pulsation through rational veins.

Quite naturally American painting is at first an offshoot of European. The earliest influence is Spanish. The first real school is in Mexico City, the Academy of San Carlos, founded by Fray Pedro de Gante in 1529. An interesting line of Spanish artists painted in Mexico from then on. There developed also a considerable amount of native genius. In the seventeenth century an Indian of the province of Oaxaca, Cabrera by name, painted Madonnas with such skill and beauty that he was considered a rival of Murillo.

Thus Mexico had art and culture in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Upper North America had neither. Since then the condition has been somewhat reversed.

Colonial America showed some Dutch influence, though the field for art in the New Netherlands was none too favorable. Nor was the situation any better in religion-soured New England. When the New Nether-

lands was ceded to England the influence of that country began to be felt. In time wealthy colonists developed a taste for portraits. European artists crossed the ocean to supply the demand. Native painters cropped up. Some of these, like West, Copley and Stuart, sailed from the new country to the old and there established reputations. On the whole, late eighteenth and early nineteenth century American painters were offshoots of the British school. They also borrowed freely from all the old and some contemporary Europeans.

Gilbert Stuart, however, stands out as a real genius. A born portrait painter, he excelled all but Gainsborough and Reynolds. Almost exclusively a painter of heads, he knew this work thoroughly. Figures and costumes were to him mere accessories. In the posing of his heads there is no great originality. But there certainly is in his painting of them. They are usually in cool, diffused light, without heavy shadows or dark backgrounds. Few tricks of the craft are employed. These portraits possess genuine simplicity. In them is also a sureness of construction and an insight into character scarcely approached by any of Stuart's contemporaries. Gilbert Stuart is best known in the United States for his portraits of George and Martha Washington. Of one of his Washington portraits he made a goodly number of replicas, which he sold to wealthy admirers of the president. He called them his hundred-dollar bills.

His color is of rare purity and freshness, with a pearly brightness which lends charm to his work. His half-tones are both firm and exceedingly delicate. He paints thinly and with remarkable sureness of touch.

At this point permit me a thought on the subject of

portraiture. How often people look at a portrait of Alice, Mary or Jane and say "That smile isn't at all like hers." Really, it is of no great consequence whether the smile be like hers or not. A portrait need not be a perfect likeness. Leave that to the camera. Character study, the deeper phases of personality, these plus artistic effect justify portraiture. There are elements of expression above and beyond likeness which the camera cannot get. Real portraiture requires intimate reactions: the pulsing, vibrant feelings of another human mingling his soul with that of the sitter and recording his impressions and emotions in line and color. All this I know is vague. It well might be. For in attempting to portray the depth of portraiture I am groping as the artist who attempts a portrait must grope for the depths in his subject. We deal in intangibles. But they are as real as life itself. To get the full meaning of this do not hereafter ask if a portrait is a likeness. Look for bigger things.

With the exception of Gilbert Stuart, American painters of his time did considerable work with historical subjects. This was the vogue. John Trumbull, for one, often attained a high degree of skill in historical painting, both in coloring and grouping.

Some worthy painters of that day achieved even greater renown in other fields of endeavor. Charles Wilson Peale was a scientist. Robert Fulton invented the first practical steamboat. S. F. B. Morse, a portraitist of no mean ability, first president of the National Academy of Design, was the inventor of the telegraph.

Benjamin West had his school in London. It attracted a horde of American aspirants. Washington Alls-

ton and John Vanderlyn were among West's most notable pupils. Gradually, however, this American-administered English influence lost its hold. About the middle of the nineteenth century, due to the popularity in New York of Dusseldorf painters, the German impulse was taking root in America. Facility of style, popularity of subject and low prices combined in establishing a place for this Teutonic art. But though it was fetching it was essentially mechanical. America soon tired of it.

There arose then a native school, the Hudson River School. Essentially American it was. America's scenic beauty its concern. Landscape now came in for a good deal of attention. A host of artists were at work along the Hudson, in the White Mountains, the Adirondacks and the Catskills. The resulting quality was variable. Yet because of monotonous repetition of subjects, critics tired of the entire movement. Whence the derisive turn to the name of the school.

Yet while considerable of the painting was inferior, this school produced a line of colorists all its own. America will always be proud of men like Kensett, Bierstadt, Howland, Hunt and Inness. Scores of artists were valiantly striving to interpret the beauty, charm and glory of America's outdoors. Many hit the mark admirably. Some painted their native scenery as they found it. Others placed facts of their own alongside of those of nature. Still others through nature expressed their own deep thoughts—or they toyed and sported with fleeting sun-beams.

But the outstanding fact is the deep sincerity of these men; their idealism; their lofty aspirations. Whether

SUNSET, H. N. HOWLAND
(From the Author's Collection)

they were inspired at home or abroad is of no consequence. That they were inspired is what matters.

Many splendid names must needs be omitted from the list of American artists of the last half of the nineteenth century. I pause but too briefly before that of John La Farge. So varied is his work, so skillful in execution, so full of mood, charm, feeling and individuality, it is deserving of as many chapters as I have lines at my command.

A versatile artist was La Farge. Water-color, easel painting, minute book illustrations, carving, sculpture, murals and finally stained glass—all found examples of his genius. His draftsmanship has real power. His color is vibrant, alive. He combines the "purest, strongest colors into a harmony that lifts the spectator for an instant out of himself and into an enchanted world." The quotation is from Isham's *History of American Painting*. Isham himself is a painter of no mean ability. Farther on he speaks of the carrying power of La Farge's color: "One of the little Samoan water-colors will sparkle and glow like sapphire or opal on a gallery wall eighty feet away, making the other pictures look dull and lifeless." In his mural decorations, as at Trinity Church and the Church of the Ascension in New York, La Farge was enabled to give his ability full sway. Much of this work is comparable to that of the great Italian masters of the Renaissance. But he achieved the highest excellence in his opalescent glass. Here, says Isham, he gave the world a new and splendid art, the "richest color creations that have yet been fashioned." La Farge knew as few artists have ever known the glory and radiance in light streaming through glass.

James McNeill Whistler belongs to that blessed group of realists who attempted the interpretation of the visible world about them without regard to academic tradition. His guiding star was his own personality. Wherefore life for him was no bed of roses in straight-laced Mid-Victorian England, where he chose to make his home. For some forty years did he live among the pre-Raphaelites. With them he was as popular as the well-known little black-and-white animal at a lawn party.

But you may not know of these pre-Raphaelites. They were an English cult who believed that art had been on the decline since—and including—Raphael. Seeking to emulate early simplicity, they worshipped crudity as holy. Filled with sincerity of purpose, they were totally lacking in humor. Not altogether unlike the modernists of today. But I must not get ahead of my story.

To return to Whistler. It was a forbidding atmosphere in which the refined, the exquisite artist of psychic sensation found himself. No wonder he was so misunderstood. No wonder he was everlastingly a storm-center. Independent, self-assertive, destroyer of tradition, the wonder is that he survived amid such hostile surroundings. Yet his name must be ranked with the greatest in creative art of all times.

To attempt to enumerate the qualities which are Whistler's is like trying with Peter Pan to capture the shadow. A few points I may offer. For the rest go to his work. To begin with, he had a most rare sensitiveness to impressions. With that he combined a fastidious selectivity. From nature, from life, he picked with ut-

most care whatever suited his purpose. He eliminated, simplified, refined. Starting out with rich, ringing notes, gradually he discarded the robust qualities in his art and by most fastidious gradations toned it down to the merest phantom suggestion of fact. "Though Whistler began a realist, he ended a spiritist—what he achieved is the purest alchemy of art."

In its open frankness, energy and sobriety, his early work shows the influence of the Dutch masters. Courbet, Manet, then ethereal Fantin take their turn. From the last named he received his inspiration for producing music with brush and paint. And Whistler came closer than anyone else to the interpretation on canvas and even on paper from copper plate of the rhythm and harmony of vibration of sonata and symphony. But how do we get the essence of music in color? Your answer is in Whistler's "The Music Room," in the "Little White Girl," in his various "symphonies." Also in that most lovely, appealing and sensitive apparition in delicate white and gray, with black ribbon in her hair and two butterflies over her head, entitled "Miss Cicely Henrietta Alexander." In all these you feel the force of color suppressed. You sense strains of melodies sublime.

Then there is Whistler's spiritual quality, as in his "Mother." This "arrangement in gray and black" is an adagio of old age—and more. It is the spirit of religious mysticism. His portraits are full of truths "less physical than psychic. . . . The body appears to recede, the soul to glide forward, inviting confidence and understanding."

Harmony and color are in his incomparable etchings. In finely tuned creations of exquisite black and white

this rare draftsman expresses all the moods and feelings and "sounds" of wharf and wave and rising mast.

In his later work Whistler takes us into realms beyond all the known limits of pictorial art. "Black, the universal harmonizer, begins to spread its sombre, aristocratic allure over figure and background." Subject as a complete entity has almost entirely disappeared. A suggestion, a bare hint of outline or color—these tell all. An emotion, a vibrant touch on Æolian harp—Whistler thus ends his immortal saga.

Turning from Whistler to Winslow Homer, the first thought that comes to mind is that here we have a more typical American painter. Yet I do not like it. I would rather say that he is another type of painter American born. Were I to attribute nationality to his work, I should want to think of Homer as a Norseland Viking —despite the accident of his American birth. True, there was in him something of the stolid independence of New England. But more was there the briny daring of Norwegian mythology.

Rugged as the coasts he painted, powerful as his billowing seas, Homer's work stands out before future art like one of his lighthouse beacons on Maine's rock-bound shore. With what simplicity does this man produce effects! No attempts at delicacy here, no highly sensitized refinements. All is elemental. Like a great wave breaking on the rocks! And in the sure, swift stroke we read the ecstasy of the man who sought to please himself rather than any dealer or collector in pictures. He revelled in his facts, the facts he loved.

In his water-colors as well as oils, the two qualities which stand out most are sincerity and power. Add

WINSLOW HOMER, "ALL'S WELL"
(Museum of Fine Arts, Boston)

mastery of technique, sobriety, enthusiasm for his subject—and you have the rest of Homer as a painter. It was his doctrine that to paint anything worth while an artist should never look at a picture by anyone else. This meant throwing all ideas on the cumulative upbuilding of art to the winds. Originality was essential. And by means of his own originality he taught us to enjoy new beauty on land and water. He enables those of us who are not privileged to live a life on the ocean wave keenly to feel the surge and power and poetry of the sea.

Winslow Homer does by no means exhaust the list of great American painters of his day. Not while we have Blakelock, Abbott Thayer, George Bellows, Duveneck, Twachtman and so many other real artists. Bear in mind, however, that I am merely picking examples. My next and last in this series will be John Singer Sargent.

But here I am faced with a problem in musical composition. Closing a chapter with Sargent is like ending a work for the concert stage with tricks of orchestration. I prefer more substantial, simple chords. The audience should be left with a feeling of solidity. Yet this is but a movement in a suite. My next movement concerns itself with things of today—in which pure craftsmanship plays a leading rôle—in which tricks are almost everything. It is just as well, therefore, that the last impression here be one of technique.

Sargent, then, is a dazzling, brilliant workman. Like Whistler and Homer he cares not for convention. But his individuality expresses itself in a far different way. Sargent bathes in the glory of his technical perfection. He delights in bringing out to the utmost the beauty

to be found on the surface of things. Shape, form and texture—to him these are both the means and the end. Thought and feeling are brushed aside. He regales himself with mere looks.

Mastery of craftsmanship came quite easily to Sargent. Perhaps too easily. With ready facility and rare dexterity he hurdled problems the solving of which would have involved for anyone else arduous and most painstaking study. Early in his career he mastered the art of representing the figure in mass rather than outline. He was gifted with the faculty of instantaneous perception. But art too easily mastered is quite likely to stay on the surface. Most sure of his stroke, a line draftsman par excellence, Sargent contents himself with fleeting impression and vivacious likeness rather than seeking to plumb the depths of human nature. On the other hand, he uses his rare magic to give us action. In a way never before achieved he produces motion on canvas. Christian Brinton, in *Modern Artists,* thus speaks of Sargent's portraits:

"Women are in the act of starting from their chairs and men are on the very point of speaking. Here is a dancer whose yellow skirt still swirls in elastic convolutions; there stands a painter lunging at the canvas with sensitively poised brush. All is restless, vivid, spontaneous. One and all these creatures vibrate with the nervous tension of the age. Other artists have given us calm, or momentarily arrested motion. Sargent gives us motion itself."

Here is an artist who has carried the mechanics of painting as far as anyone has ever done. And there he stops. Nor is this altogether to be deplored. A tapestry

is not judged alone by its subject. The weaving itself may delight. So with intricacies of composition, the pattern in a symphony. There is much to be said in favor of art for art's sake.

For those who appreciate fine art regardless of message there is endless enjoyment in Sargent's water-colors. I fancy that he worked at these for relief from the tedium of wealthy but boresome sitters. How he toyed with blazes of color in these water-colors! What wonderful chords he struck. What fine harmonies he produced — and with fewest possible strokes. Behold a patchwork of bright-colored, haphazard lines. Stand back a bit. We have a camping scene, and a camp fire. There is a tent, a few hardy woodsmen, all the incidentals of foliage and accessories. And not a line out of place. The drawing is perfect. The scene complete. That is Sargent. If he brings no deeper message, he does bring something.

CHAPTER VI

Art Today

ANYONE may strike a fine chord now and then. But Beethoven wrote symphonies. A hand and an eye do not make an artist. Add a brain and a heart.

There is a psychology of line and color. We cannot go into it at any length. But the belligerence of "seeing red" has a basis in fact. Certain shades of red undoubtedly have a disturbing influence. Possibly the bull in his warlike response to it proves that he is more sensitive to color vibration than his master. I need but mention the purity in white, the peace and repose of green, the coolness of blue and the warmth of brown. In lines, the zigzag creates a sense of speed—due perhaps to its association with the flash of lightning. Horizontal lines produce a feeling of strength and balance. Vertical lines that of solidity and aspiration. The curve gives us a sense of quiet, repose—as in the mosque or minaret.

If line and color are psychological agencies, one who has fully mastered them should be able to produce at will any given reaction. The tone poem, but recently accepted in the social register of music, may have a twin sister in painting. Here is a field for direct play on the emotions. Outlines, representations, likenesses, would be of no importance in this kind of art. It has a more direct appeal. Its sharp dagger-point goes straight to the senses. For it holds the power to soothe, to heal, to set us at peace with

the universe or excite us to fearful revolt; to raise us to lofty heights or precipitate us to depths of despair.

Matisse, for example, is the apostle of the joy of living. For his effects what matter line? What if shapes are not as we know them? He seeks results too big for petty trifles. He is after our spirit. He would have us scale the heights with him, rise above and beyond form as we know it, break the fetters that bind, flee whatever annoyance may beset in things as they are and drink deep of pure joy.

We are here dealing with an abstractionist art. I have tried to present the aim of one of its disciples. There are others. For if the art may express despair as well as joy, there must needs be artists of despair. There are. Disciples of gloom, alas, are found everywhere. Some claim to present abstract philosophy, deep thought in line and color. Yet the uninitiated find their work depressing. The reason must lie in their mistaking the effect of their harmonies—one is almost tempted to say discords. The fact is, this finely psychological art affords too effective a medium for the morbid mind.

One may well ask how far art may go and still remain art. Some disciples of the Modernist school, for instance, say the world is no longer fit to live in. By portraying conditions at their worst, they would destroy all we have, make way for a new era. Must the rest of us subscribe to that viewpoint? Some may not be in sympathy with it. For one, I enjoy living. I see much that is worth while. I see, too, many others—not all laughing hyenas or idiotic Polyannas—who find the world about them quite agreeable, who even thrill with sheer being alive. Such art philosophy would not ring true to them or to

me. Nor is there justification for preaching despair to those who are drowning in it. "We would tear down the evil," say these painters, "and rebuild anew." Artist, stick to your palette. Leave the universe to other hands.

Yet extremist views notwithstanding, we must deal seriously with the more rational phases of this movement. To begin with, it is not altogether new. Its present-day exponents are disciples of Cézanne, Van Gogh and other adventurous souls of the 1870's. Its reasoning is about as follows. The everyday facts of nature have been portrayed as completely as they ever can be. The last word in realism has been spoken by the camera. What remains? Abstract truth. The unbound and unbounded spirit of things: the essence of life unhampered by its facts: form and color idealized, divorced from subject. These are fertile sources of artistic expression.

Oriental concepts are brought to light, of line and color employed not to represent natural objects but as symbols with a direct appeal to the imagination. Thus, Western art, having been severed from Oriental influence in Byzantine days, seeks to go back. West meets East.

Much earnest experimentation along novo-art lines was done in the early years of the present century. Modernism gained considerable force after the World War. For it possesses elements of gratification for disciples of discontent. Indeed, thinking people generally should find it of interest. One must be blind not to see that the world has changed. All is not as it has been. We have had a century of machinery. And a thousand years of history in fifteen! Life moves to a different tempo. Why should not art?

Still, my dear ultra-modern, while I sympathize with

VAN GOGH, PORTRAIT

you and feel for you, I cannot accept all your conclusions. Perhaps my vision is to blame. Yet though in your experiments I fail to see the ultimate in art I would fain applaud the experiments for themselves. They are bound to be fruitful. They will add to the sum total of art. You will leave your mark.

I will grant you, my friend, that there is something radically wrong with a world in which such a cataclysm as the war of 1914 is possible. But not in its art. If certain undesirable elements in this world be deserving of destruction, please leave art alone. For art has been rather uplifting than otherwise. The trouble is, not enough of the world's folks have received its benefits. Art is truth. And truth is not easily overthrown. Speaking of truth, oh enthusiastic revolutionary, there is much of it in your work. It will seep into and run on with the great stream of art. You will add much, as your impressionist ancestors have done. But you will not overthrow. You will be absorbed.

At this point I would call my reader's attention to the fact that I am "foot-loose and fancy-free." I shall not go into detail concerning recent art happenings in Europe, but try to give you a bird's-eye view of more conservative American painting today. Yet it is so difficult to portray the present. One needs omniscience. That is a quality possessed only by writers of the novel. If, however, in these pages you fail to find enough on present-day art to suit you, seek the rest of your information from art galleries and museums.

The 1929 summer exhibition of the North Shore Art Association at Gloucester, Massachusetts, brought forth a highly interesting collection from various parts of the

United States and Canada. "There is nothing there but a lot of pretty pictures," said a modernist artist to me. He was seconded by another of his ilk. Pretty pictures, forsooth! If that were indeed all, the crime of it was not evident to my untutored mind. Since when had beauty been divorced from art?

The Rationalists—and they may as well have a special designation as their more radical contemporaries—are doing a great deal more than merely making pretty pictures. Taken by and large they are as earnest a crew of men and women as one may find in America. They are experimenting, seeking, striving in this field of pictorial art. The difference between them and the modernists is that they find much left to talk about in the world of the known. And for the most part they attempt to pick interesting subjects, to portray beauty of form and color.

Conservative tradition has its greatest stronghold—and the paradox is typical of many things historical—in the city of the Tea Party and Bunker Hill, Boston. Edmund C. Tarbell, Frank Benson and Philip L. Hale hold the fort, ably assisted by painters like William Paxton, Aldro T. Hibbard, Marie Danforth Page, Lillian Westcott Hale and Leslie P. Thompson. New York furnishes moral support with Dodge Macknight, Childe Hassam, Leopold G. Seyffert, Charles W. Hawthorne and other academicians or pseudo-academicians. Frederick Clay Bartlett and an interesting and motley crew represent Chicago and the West. These, bear in mind, are but a few names picked at random. Some of them occasionally stray from the path of academic righteousness.

Yet they do not wander too far from nature as nature sees itself.

On reflection, I must not leave contemporary American painting without adding a few more names to the list. It would not be doing justice to our own time, even in a book which covers so much ground, to leave out artists like Eugene E. Speicher, Charles H. Woodbury, Charles Hopkinson, Gertrude Fiske, Yarnall Abbott, Harry Leith-Ross, Aiden L. Ripley, Marian P. Sloane, Margaret Fitzhugh Browne. Equally important are names like Frederick J. Waugh, Horatio Walker, W. Lester Stevens, Harry A. Vincent, Charles H. Davis, Anthony Thieme, Karl Anderson, John E. Costigan, Hobart Nichols, Richard Miller, Carl Rungius, Henry W. Parton, John Lavalle, Lillian Genth and Frederick C. Frieseke.

Many worthy names are of necessity omitted, yet you have here a cross-section of American painting today. Though most of these artists lean toward the academic, they are, on the whole, unbound and unfettered. They show considerable breadth. They seek beauty everywhere. And find it. To delightful harmonies in light and shade they add a refreshing freedom of spirit.

American painters of today will stand comparison with those of any year in any land. Genius is not always in the past. No, not any more than is the latest necessarily the best. The newest picture, like the latest novel, may be as good or as bad as the earliest. Future critics will place some of the names above mentioned with the great of all time. America may well take pride in all of them. And in the other nine-tenths, whose names are not here for lack of space.

Please bear with me for my neglect of the "left wing." The modernist movement in America is too new for me to pick its representative names. Furthermore, since absolute individualism is one of its principles, I should be obliged to name the entire school. For that there is not enough space.

But do not get the impression that I consider present-day realists the acme of perfection. They leave much to be desired. Not in doing pretty pictures, however, lies the weakness in their armor. The trouble is, being engrossed in the mechanics of beauty, they often show the lack of an ideal.

It is not easy to put your finger on this. Influenced by master craftsmen like Sargent and Zorn, some of our worthy painters seem to lose their soul in the search after mechanical perfection. Yet at their worst they serve a purpose more worthy than that of their brethren who would not stoop to the making of pretty pictures. For they are teaching the appreciation of beauty to the mass of the people. Through them folks not of the intelligentsia are learning to see art.

Consider this a moment, you modernists who would project our beings into heaven or hell. Except in the Church, the enjoyment of art *per se* prior to the middle nineteenth century was one of the privileges of a privileged few. The great middle class and the toilers whom you so passionately love, had little or none of it. With the advent of the lithograph, then the museum—your masses began to get a faint inkling of the richness of pictorial art—unmixed with religious lesson, superstition or fear—and through it a little more enjoyment of nature. Their education scarce begun, would you tear them

away from it and bring them into realms of pigment psychology and formless metaphysics?

A while back I stated that the principles of Modernism will be absorbed in the more conservative stream. That is what always happens to revolutionary movements. Revolution is swallowed by evolution. Impressionism left its mark in the principle of diffused or distilled light and color. The separation of light into its spectral units made possible added glow and brilliancy in painting. Something will remain for future art from the Modernist movement. What?

Not the principle of distortion. That dates back to other days. Rodin was a master at it. Michelangelo used it with wonderful effect. The Laocoon group, two thousand years old, distorts to great advantage. Insofar as it serves a useful purpose, then, a bit of distortion is always acceptable. But there is nothing new in it. Distortion for its own sake can never have a place in art.

And yet one feels the presence of a new note in all art. Everywhere a new rhythm is in evidence, a new vibration. Color is treated differently, even by stand-patters. The new movement may in a measure be responsible for all this.

There is a color principle in modernist work which in my judgment will find a permanent place in art. In the opening of this chapter I spoke of psychological reactions from color harmonies or discords—and for my purpose it matters not which. Effects such as I had in mind have always been produced by some painters. The method, however, was one of hit or miss. The newcomers may develop a set of principles for producing emotion through color. The artist of tomorrow may be able with

color as the composer does through musical notes to inspire any given mood. Yet I do hope that he will keep both feet on the ground, and remember that his mission is to help make life more livable.

One is impressed with the sincerity and honesty of purpose in all artist groups—barring the hangers-on of the craft, the poseurs, of whom, alas, there are always too many—both in radical and conservative ranks. Yet art is ever the mirror of its time. In an age in which quantity production is among the leading virtues, in which sophistication passes for wisdom, it is not surprising to find something lacking even in the flower of its products.

Despite the frivolity of this jazz age, it is not in thought. Patience, effort, these often fail of their mark. Too many canvases are incomplete. Here the artist has put together a physical structure and has failed to put in soul or whatever it is which makes up the rest. Another shows a flash of spirit which cries out for a body to hold it. One suspects many painters to be within the abstractionist ranks because they do not possess the fundamentals of drawing. The "soul of things" is easier to forge than the body. Both sides, you see, show a lack of finish characteristic of an age bent on getting things done and over with.

Here is a statement on the point from Philip L. Hale, an outstanding authority: "The trouble with many painters today is that they leave off where they should begin. Radical faddists begin where they should leave off. If an architect planning a cathedral should show me sketches and these would merely portray the fine lacework in stone constituting its ornamentation I should

tell him that a cathedral requires more substantial things to make it stand up. If then he should return with a new set of sketches showing foundation, walls, buttresses, steel beams, columns and all that is required for solidity I should say that this likewise would make anything but a cathedral. It is in the very nature of a cathedral that it have both solidity of structure and sublimity of ornamentation.

"So with painters of today. There are those who have sufficiently mastered the fundamentals of technique to produce a faithful representation of a scene or subject, and stop there. There are others who concern themselves entirely with lace-work and either will not give it the necessary foundation of fact or do not know how."

Nevertheless a high order of painting is being produced in America today. And through the maze of opposing forces and controversies may be seen the dawn of better things. A greater art than ever will emerge. Even a machine age must express itself. When it does it will be in terms of grandeur. It must speak in accents conforming in bigness to the things it does. Future generations will thrill to the saga of this machine age.

Prophets of gloom notwithstanding, we are at the beginning of a Renaissance. Evidences of it are all about us. We see it in homes, in clothes. In the expression of taste in all that everyday people are doing. It is evident in what folks think or talk about. Also in what they read. Gossip circles have become book-reading groups. Cards as a means of entertainment are giving way to lectures and musicales. Scientific works in popular language roll up tremendous printings. Books on philosophy are

among the best sellers. Artists of America, a wonderful market is in the making for your productions.

Indeed, American painters have the opportunity of leading in a world-wide rebirth of art. They were less hit than their European contemporaries by the World War. They have no open wounds to heal. They may devote themselves to their high calling without being led astray by bitterness and despair. With them is the power to help the rest of the world to regain its equilibrium.

What, then, shall the American artist do? First and foremost, strive with all that is in him to produce better and still better work. Use, oh artists, the splendid technique which you have so strikingly attained as a foundation for bigger things. Emulate the great art movements of the past—send forth a message. Say something! And be sure it is worth saying—worthy of the best in you. Help to educate an eager public to the value of your product by offering the best you have.

At this stage it may be well for painters to re-introduce a system which played so great a part in the last Renaissance. I refer to the artists' guilds. These, as you know, did much during the Middle Ages in creating and maintaining the right relationship between artist and public. No painter could hope to get anywhere without being a member of a guild. The guilds as a matter of self-protection imposed very high standards on their members, which in turn justified the public's confidence in them. Naturally, a condition precedent to membership was that an applicant come up to definite professional qualifications. And after being permitted to join the guild and receive commissions for pay it was mandatory upon him to give value.

Consider the present situation in these United States. There are no fixed standards. An art school diploma may mean almost anything. Besides, no one ever questions its existence. Artists do not hang framed certificates conspicuously in their studios like doctors or lawyers. I almost wish they might. A one-man show seems to establish professional standing. In New York, I am told, dealers charge non-profitable artists a flat rate of five hundred dollars for one-man shows. That is little more than a year's tuition towards a sheepskin in any other profession. Then there are charitable souls who, thinking they advance the cause of art, provide raw students with wall-space on which to exhibit. They do perhaps the most harm. A premature swelled-head is fatal to budding genius. It needs work and study.

Artists, strengthen and multiply your local associations. Increase your facilities for public exhibitions. And in each of them make your members put their best foot forward. Have juries strong enough to command respect, then insist on the highest professional quality. Get up the best possible shows; make every effort to have the public come, and come again. Remember, the unwashed of today are the newly-rich of tomorrow. Your ultimate market is every home in America.

A word to non-artists. I have done my best to point out by example and by harangue what in my opinion is good in pictures. Aside from furnishing you with an evening's reading matter, my aim was to arouse your interest in and love of worth-while art. Let me now make a request of you. Help to spread the good cause.

Art is a public good. It should be a public matter. Municipalities look after education. They provide

schools for their inhabitants. They should also provide them with art museums. This, for public education, and happiness as well. Every city or town of ten thousand or more should have a municipally-owned art museum. Why not a municipal theatre and concert hall, you ask? You are right. Although both could be under one roof. People are interested in art as never before. Nor is this a passing phase. It is here to stay. Thus far, to my knowledge there is only one city in the United States with a municipal art museum. Let us have them everywhere. Let all our people reap the full benefit of art.

Second Interlude

MODERN SCULPTURE AND ARCHITECTURE

Modern Sculpture and Architecture

EVER wonderful is power. Falling Niagara's great stream. An engine towing a caravan of freight cars uphill. A great ocean liner cutting the waves. The steam shovel. The turbine engine. The human mind. Particularly fascinating is the latter as it expresses itself in marble, or stone, or steel.

Writing an un-historical treatise has its advantages. One may linger where he will, pause here and there, flit about—and skip as he pleases. We left sculpture somewhere before the Renaissance. I shall not resume the thread even at that important period—though I may say in passing that Italian sculpture of the fifteenth century differs from Greek in that it deals largely with pictorial expression as against the classic ideal of pure beauty.

If you are desirous of knowing the various steps by which we came by our sculpture there are good books on the subject. My mission is to whet your interest in a number of branches of the vast field of art. And here as elsewhere I choose my artists at random for purposes of illustration.

For my first example among latter-day sculptors I will take one who is as nearly Greek as any in recent times. Chapu, a Frenchman of the late nineteenth century, drew his inspiration from the antique. Instead of the personal element so much in vogue in his day, he

sought Greek perfection of form. His Mercury in the Regnault monument, for instance, might have been done by an Athenian of the fourth century B.C. It is entirely Greek in spirit. There is in it no obtruding of the artist's personality. In the subject there is a minimum of personal trait, of character expression. Individuality is suppressed in favor of perfection of type.

In this figure Chapu presents the Greek ideal in all its purity. What beauty of form is in this kneeling Mercury! What delicate modeling. You feel the play of perfect muscles under velvet skin. Poise and symmetry are embodied in an exquisite young god.

Quite different is the work of his Belgian contemporary, Constantine Meunier. Meunier created heroic man-gods and gave them man-jobs. This Millet of the mallet deals with workers of mine and field. But he treats them differently than Millet his peasants. No pathos nor self-pity in these he-men of Meunier's. They are greasy but glorious. On his miners is the burden of toil. Yet they are not beaten by the job. They are conquerors. So are his Brick-makers, Quarry-men, Dockhands—and the Ploughman, the Mower and the Sower. Meunier's art is the plastic epic of labor; the glorification of work. What makes it even more impressive is the fact that this great artist had not the slightest thought of teaching moral lessons. He saw beauty among the Belgian miners, dockhands, farm-hands. Eagerly he sought to reproduce that beauty in his chosen medium. He succeeded admirably. His subject was new. His feelings for beauty old. If his heroic miners also preach a sermon on labor it is not because he willed them to, but because he had done so well in creating real miners.

Constantine Meunier adapted old ideas of sculpture to conditions as he found them. "Gods and gladiators have merely been put into harness. Draperies soft as sea-foam have been exchanged for rough blouse and leather apron. Mercury has slipped his winged heels into sabots. The flexible Discobolus has learned to swing a sledge. It is not Venus, it is Vulcan whom this new race worships." *(Modern Artists.)*

Painting has its Shakespeare in Rembrandt. Sculpture its Beethoven in Rodin. Just as the fundamentals of art are in close alliance, so each of the arts in turn produces its Shakespeare, its Rembrandt, its Beethoven and its Rodin. Rodin, then, is the Beethoven of marble. He is the challenge of an age which had begun to show signs of dry-rot: the inspiration to an awakened era of creative art.

Like many another genius Rodin had his troubles with the disciples of things as they are. Academic art would have none of him. He was jeered, hooted, despised. But he had seen a vision. By its light did he steer his course. To save its skin conservatism has since been obliged to follow in his wake.

What, then, is this Rodinesque revolution? The man had the effrontery to go back to nature. Do not smile at this. Bear in mind that art is one thing and nature quite another. Art is of the warp and woof of culture. And culture is a series of refinements built up on nature's rough surface—like veneer on wood, or glazing on pottery. Art begins with a groundwork of simplicity and on it lays coat upon coat of glazing to make a polished surface. And just as it gets comfortably settled to the enjoyment of self-satisfaction, along comes some genius

and tears loose like the well-known bull in a china shop. Thus came Rodin. His gospel, nature.

But although he went to nature for his inspiration, in his work Rodin often gets quite a distance away from it. He is not a copyist, but an interpreter. In his treatment of corporeal things he is prone to exaggerate, overdo, overplay. He bends and twists his material about at will. But there is nothing twisted about his spiritual message. In that he stays true. And if he distorts in shape it is but to give strength to the idea. Yet rarely does he deviate from the requirements of beauty. In fact, some of his modernist critics accuse his work of being too beautiful to be art.

Rodin is an Impressionist. He is after effects. With him the means to the end is not nearly as important as the end. That accounts for his unpopularity with the conservatives. Convention is ever surrounded by stalwart knights ready to joust for it. This militant display strikes terror to timid breasts. Rodins are not easily frightened.

"Sculpture," said Rodin, "is the art of the hole and the lump." They need not be modeled along lines of accurate reproduction of a given object, but as they appear in atmosphere and light. With rare skill he works up and twists his "lump" in order with the aid of light to bring out the utmost of beauty, or expression, or character. He has the unusual gift of seizing upon a detail, a highlight, and by means of it penetrating the innermost soul of his subject. His keen insight is ably supported by his ability to portray what he sees in the bend of a body or the turn of a face. And

always he seeks beauty, character, bigness. The worthwhile things engage him, not the trivial.

Rodin is a Beethoven. Or, if you prefer, he is a poet with a range from Shelley to Dante. The depth of thought and feeling in his figure "The Thinker"; the sheer beauty of his "Apollo"; the delicate love-dream of his "Spring"; the psychological research in his Balzac: rare is the artist who so thoroughly covers the gamut of human emotions.

In his style Rodin is original. A draftsman of unusual ability, he makes clay or marble do his bidding to the latter. His effects are often heightened by rough backgrounds. "Delicate heads and figures seem to grow like flowers out of the marble of their origin." (Orpin, *Outline of Art.*)

Modernist ideas are much in evidence in contemporary European and American sculpture. There is a wide range of productions in which form is sacrificed for thought—or for heaven knows what. Artistic distortion is widely practiced. Here, as elsewhere, to a commentator in these despised, newly-rich United States, much depends on what is achieved. If through a bit of distortion you get a little more of poetry, motion or emotion—more power to you. For poetry is more to be desired than exactness of outline. Line is the means, thought the end. Motion, too, is "a consummation devoutly to be wished for." It brings us a little closer to the Chinese ideal of rhythmic vitality. It puts our spirit in harmony with the music of the stars in the firmament. But distortion without rhyme or reason—excuse me.

At the risk of being dubbed an intellectual mossback, I will here reiterate some elementary rules of art. They

are dreadfully out of date. But they may be of help when you want to form an opinion of a piece of sculpture and have no other guide handy.

First comes unity. This used to be considered ever so important before the world became educated. For all we know it may come back to favor when some of our cleverness is forgotten and we return to old-fashioned horse sense.

Next we have symmetry. This takes in balance and proportion. An important element it was once in many things besides sculpture.

Beauty was at one time thought to be of some consequence in good sculpture. The Greeks believed in it. And some folks in the present age, at the risk of being called morons, say that the sculpture which the Greeks produced some two thousand years back has not been excelled, if equalled, since. Modern terms like light and shade and "color" might well be included under this classification—beauty.

I might add another element—subject. There is really no reason why we should be expected to get a thrill out of representations of things which in themselves are uninteresting. I remember in my youth being told that it is just as easy to love a rich girl as a poor one. I have never put the theory to the test. But it strikes me as containing the germ of a principle for the appreciation of art.

Well, then, for lack of something better apply these simple rules to whatever sculptural pieces you come across. Bear in mind always that simplicity is essential to greatness. Keep before you also the old Chinese principle of rhythmic vitality. It applies to sculpture as to the other arts. There should be something of living spirit

FRANCOIS AUGUSTE RODIN. THE KISS
(Luxembourg, Paris)

even in a piece of clay or marble. Else it is not true art. It should have life, rhythm, pulsation. Without these it fails.

In concluding this miniature outline of modern sculpture, let me present for your consideration a simple but great work by a sincere, unaffected American sculptor. Cyrus Dallin is the man. He is of Boston. The work, the "Great Spirit," stands before the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Mounted on a horse of the broncho type sits an Indian, his arms outstretched and face upraised to the sun. With head held high, and body erect, this Indian is as good a representation of the religious spirit as any in sculpture. The entire composition is one of balance and rare beauty. It is a marvel of draftsmanship, of simplicity in bronze. It has symmetry, color, rhythm, pulsation. And a spirituality so powerful—from the man's heaven-seeking eyes to the downcast head of the pony—it lifts us out of ourselves to glories above and beyond.

The "Great Spirit" by Cyrus Dallin may not be the last word in sculpture. Who knows? But one thing is certain. It is sculpture.

Once again, reader—gentle, fair, or otherwise—I am in fear of rousing your ire. For in the field of architecture I must take the biggest jump of all. My hurdle this time will be from Gothic Europe to modern New York. Pray do not be vexed with me. Consider, please, that we may learn more about yard goods by carefully examining a few samples of cloth than running all around a worsted mill. Besides, architecture in various periods is a series of

variations on original themes. And I have tried to give you a fair idea of these original themes.

Now it is the skyscrapers of our large cities—a distinctly American product—of which I wish to speak. In these again beauty is the bedfellow of utility. In the midst of competition and strife, amid the hurly-burly of dog eat dog: in the thick of the fight of big business, comes a fine feeling for beauty. For man must express himself!

But first let me give you a few underlying principles of architecture as evolved by William M. Mowll, a Boston architect. For lack of a better term we will call this the psychology of architecture. It should help you to appreciate art in buildings—not only in New York or Chicago but in Oshkosh and Kankakee. My interest in New York buildings is only insofar as they can help us to understand buildings anywhere.

In a previous chapter I spoke of the psychology of lines. That forms the basis of Mr. Mowll's theory of architecture. All lines, says he, produce in us certain mental and nerve reactions. A sense of pleasure, of repose, of bigness, aspiration or over-powering awe—these may all be derived from mere outline.

To attain a given psychological effect lines must be correlated and grouped with the particular effect in view. The first thing, then, is for an architect to make up his mind what impression he wants his building to produce. Then he should outline the structure accordingly. The principle is beautifully applied in the interior of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. In other examples it is not so obvious.

Try this experiment for yourself. Draw a line for a

base. Over it draw two vertical lines gradually tapering towards the top. Close your design with a straight line. Look at your drawing. See how your eye is drawn upward as by a magnet. Now start at the top and follow your lines down. You will find it requires quite an effort. You have now learned a principle in architecture, or in any art for that matter—namely, that the eye follows a taper. A little further concentration on your design will teach you another principle equally important, that the emotions follow the eye. Witness the arrow, the spire. Witness, too, the pointed arch and the column. It is thus the artist draws our eye to the spot on which he wants it to rest. A skillful series of tapered lines, and the architect infuses our spirit with celestial aspirations.

Putting up walls and a roof is building. Making a structure or an edifice produce a given impression is architecture. The impression is of vast importance. How, then, is it produced? By a series of lines all tending to the desired reaction. In various parts of the structure these lines are repeated, and in varying forms, until the message sinks in. Your principal motif is driven home at frequent intervals, like an S. O. S. from a ship in distress. Now here, now yonder, at low level, up above—the message is flashing, flashing.

Thus, the Egyptian temple with its heavy, massive columns and dark interior was calculated to produce an effect of power and awe. The Greek temple is calm, serene, majestic. Roman architecture is rich, full-throated, full-blooded: it makes you raise your head and throw out your chest. Along comes the Romanesque church, squat, gloomy, depressing. Three hundred years

pass, a great change has come over the mind of man: we have high exaltation, with Gothic architecture.

And all this is achieved by arrangement of lines, by repetition of a linear theme in the entire mass of a building. Perhaps you are wondering if the effect is always premeditated, and if the Greeks and Egyptians were great psychologists. The answer would have to be No. The designers of Greek temples produced their effects with the unerring precision of genius, with that keen sense which transcends knowledge. Gothic architecture rose out of the heart of a race. It did not even have architects. Great art is not directed. It is not governed by the mind. It often comes in spite of it. Yet it conforms to principles just as truly as though it were made with a yardstick. And what we call psychology is but a surface explanation of man's feelings and reactions since he was a fish.

Look, now, on a Greek temple. Well balanced, symmetrical, pure—a splendid and majestic structure. It is calculated to produce certain effects as a unit. But you might not see it in its entirety. Your eye, ordinarily absorbing but a small part of an object at a time, must be helped, hurried, prodded. The temple is surrounded by columns. They are tapered, so that naturally your eye would follow them upwards. But the process is too slow. The artist wants you to take in his handiwork more quickly—he wants his message of beauty to startle. To tapering columns he adds fluting. Your eye rushes upon these grooves, it shoots up on the tracks laid for it.

Notre Dame wants to impress you with glories above. Great arched doorways, like the bass notes of an organ, proclaim the message. The theme is taken up and repeated by windows with pointed arches, then more win-

dows, and cornices—row upon row of designs pointing upward, upward, upward. Finally spires take up the theme. It ends in a blaze of glory—as if the cathedral itself is filled with exaltation at having transmitted its eternal message.

An endless number of examples might be cited to illustrate psychological effects produced by buildings. From round-domed peace of Mohammedan mosque to spirit-crushing mediæval cell, walls and roofs cover the full range of human emotion. What, then, shall we look for in the appreciation of architecture?

A building, like a person, is interesting as it has something to say. You have heard of sermons in stone. That has definite meaning. Also music in stone. The art of architecture is to put living force into cold building material—to make it speak and sing. The first thing to look for, then, is the message. Does the building have something to say for itself? Does it exalt or depress; give you a feeling of meanness or vastness, make you glad you are alive or regret the day you were born?

Please remember, by the bye, that in order to be successful in delivering its message a building must have unity. It must speak with all its heart. It cannot succeed with half measures, any more than will Tom Jones convince pretty Lucy Brown that she ought to marry him without putting his heart into the plea. There must be no wobbling between one set of expressions and another. The story must ring true.

A good piece of architecture should possess symmetry. It should have balance. It should conform to the rules of composition. Nor is beauty entirely to be overlooked. In this art as in all others those of us who are old-fashioned

still consider beauty essential. Finally, look for our Chinese standard — rhythmic vitality. A sense of rhythm, of harmony, is as vital to a building as to anything else. That is what makes music in stone.

With the few simple rules which I have tried to sprinkle among the foregoing paragraphs you may be able to judge examples of architecture wherever you find them. No need therefore for taking up your time with too many descriptions of buildings. But I trust you appreciate by now the way in which the office buildings of New York express ideals. How these colossal monuments to Mammon are symbolic of aspiration to ends other than financial. For man must express himself!

The American architectural Renaissance began with the Chicago World's Fair, in the early days of the present century. Strangely enough, it received its impetus from the re-discovery of classic models. As at various stages in history, the inspiration for new achievement was the finding of old simplicity. At the World's Fair a number of Eastern architects collaborated in erecting a group of buildings. Their Court of Honor tended to unity of effect, from common cornice to brilliant whiteness and majestic colonnades—the style being entirely classic. The very soul of the nation was stirred by the magnificence and balanced harmony of these buildings. There followed a great wave of construction along lines Roman and Greek. As Fiske Kimball puts it in his *American Architecture,* "American designers made what had been thought a dead language the idiom of correct speech, expressing with unexpected flexibility the ideas of a new age."

And now we are ready for a glimpse of the skyscrapers

of New York. Under architects like Cass Gilbert and McKim, Mead and White, brick and stone were made to express lofty thoughts, besides fulfilling the practical need for height. In the Woolworth building a cathedral of commerce was raised in soaring Gothic. With all its immense height this building is in excellent taste, combining simplicity with beauty and harmony. Full of quiet dignity, of a quality almost ethereal, it radiates peace and meditation amid the confusion of a mad scramble after nickels and dimes.

The newest movement in this field deals with sculptured mass effects. Surface and detail are no longer important. Buildings rise up like a series of toy blocks, in sections, wide at the bottom and considerably shrunk at each upward stage. Thus the Hotel Shelton rises "in three great leaps of rhythmic height, gathering in its forces for the final flight." In an office building at the foot of Park Avenue built by Ely Jacques Kahn "there are only three simple masses, three diminishing cubes. . . . The staged tower of the Babylonians comes again to life." In the new spirit also is the New York Telephone Building. Its vast height is achieved entirely by "cubical steppings and recessings." The effects sought are mass, light and shade. There are also the aspiring lines of the American Radiator Building, with its great variety and experimentation in color. Again to quote from Fiske Kimball, its "black piers leap upward, tipped with gold, the golden crown blazes in the level sun and gleams afar at night."

This movement in architecture is too new to permit of critical comparison. My only suggestion is that you apply the principles which I have here tried to outline

and be your own judge. Every building speaks a message. Does the message interest you, that is the question.

Please note one more phase of the building of today. In previous stages of history architecture centered about the church. Great edifices were erected to unseen gods. Architecture today concerns itself mainly with the physical and spiritual needs of man. Schools, hospitals, libraries, museums, and other public buildings rising all about us point this moral:—that at last we are learning what various creeds have been trying to teach us for several thousand years—the religion of the brotherhood of man.

Book III

THE HOME, OUTSIDE AND IN

Art Domestic

Foreword

DISAPPEARING folding-beds and collapsible can-openers notwithstanding, the home is still our most important institution. It is the strongest pillar of civilization. The dwelling's artistic phases must be reckoned with not only from the viewpoint of its occupants, but as they affect the preservation of the home itself. There is grave danger to that institution amid the artificialities of present-day life.

As it creates a desire for home life, the beckoning, inviting, alluring, verdure-clad city suburb must be encouraged. Instruction in balanced and attractive furnishing of the interior of our homes assumes sociological significance. The home neighborhood must be made to appear at its best. The inside of the dwelling should teem with beauty, radiate contentment. To the end that the home with all it stands for may remain to shed its kindly light on generations yet unborn.

CHAPTER I

The House — Yesterday and Today

A DWELLING expresses its occupant. Something of artistry, of self-expression, of beauty, is absolutely essential in man's abode. Its structure is dictated by necessity. Its more important aspects must follow dictates more deep.

A full study of the development of the home has all the elements of a liberal education. For it involves the development of mankind from the earliest beginnings, all the problems that the human race had to face in its hectic growth—all the vicissitudes accompanying æons of groping toward enlightenment.

A chronological outline of the home's development is next to impossible. Conditions encountered are too varied to permit of that. The character of the home is dictated not alone by climate, yet that is a most important factor. Eskimo requirements obviously are not those of the South Sea Islander. Snow huts might be welcomed on the equator; they are more available in the Arctic regions. The California bungalow is ideal for California but would not do in Nova Scotia.

The earliest human abode is said to be the shelter of a tree. At its trunk, shaded by overhanging foliage, the family is supposed to have had its first home. This

conception does not ring true to me. I like to think of man doing something more than squatting under leafy branches. Even from the first he must have done some tying and twisting of limbs and twigs, shown some ingenuity in getting a little more comfort and protection out of his environment than the bare tree afforded. The fact is, we do meet a very early ancestor in a structure of bound and intertwined branches and saplings, with an opening for a door, with a floor and bed of earth.

A later development of this home was a conical affair of young trees, fairly regular in shape and pointed at the top, in appearance not unlike the Indian tepee. At the same time there was the home in the tree-tops. Where animals more savage were to be found, or frequent floods, life above the ground was desirable both for comfort and security. Serving the ends of protection likewise were dwellings in rocky caves—often man's home after some other animal had been driven out.

In a previous chapter I tried to show you early *homo's* efforts at artistic expression. Please consider now his natural environment. Here an instinctive love of beauty must have found gratification aplenty. Picture your forefather up there among the branches of a great oak, surveying the tree-tops about him: the pines and the birches and the spruce and the hemlock; watching traveling clouds by day and dancing stars by night; waking from sleep with the birds of the forest, filling his lungs with air nectar sweet; sipping water from the frothing cataract that leaps over rocks, listening to woodland symphonies no orchestra could emulate. Visualize the vista on which your other ancestor looked out from the rocky entrance to his cave high up in the cliff. Check-

ered valleys and deep woods, and silver lakes smiling in the sun; lazy clouds rambling over the hills, purple mountains melting in the far horizon. Civilization does not have all the best of it.

The tree home consisted at first of a scaffold among the branches and a thatched roof of leaves to keep off rain and sun. With time structures more imposing grew up in the air. These tree houses were common in the tropics. They are still in use in the Philippines and Central Africa. Entire villages may be seen of houses on tall tree-tops, connected by bridge-paths and reached by rough ladders. Central African tree-huts resemble bee-hives. Sometimes as many as thirty families are scattered among the branches of a single tree. This elevated community life obviously has advantages in warfare, as well as in protection against wild beasts.

The cave possessed the virtue of being a home ready built. With but one opening for lighting, ventilation and entrance, it must have been smoky, drafty and damp. Yet it served its purpose. Not infrequently our primeval ancestry was faced with a housing shortage—there were not enough natural caves to go around. Hence artificial caves, excavated underground and reached by crude ladders. Some of these may still be seen in use in Armenia, in the Aleutian Islands of Alaska and in northern Labrador. Developed from the rock caves are the cliff houses of North America, which often run to several stories. In recent years there was a new cave-dwelling movement in the Loire valley of France. Many people became occupants of caves excavated in quarrying for building-stone. These folks made themselves

quite comfortable. Naturally flowers and foliage adorned the outside of their abodes.

Of quite early origin is the tent. Nomads in search of new pastures and water required a home easily carried from place to place. A few stout poles for support and some animal skins for covering, and the problem was solved. Yet fantastic carvings must have adorned even the earliest tent-poles, and burnt etchings the skin cover of this portable home. In fact, it is almost impossible to conceive of a human abode without the very human effort at self-expression.

Among the Aryans we find a civilization considerably advanced. Life is more complex. A fair grade of intelligence has been reached. Communities have sprung up. There is agriculture and a bit of barter. Houses are now made of rough hewn logs. There is a roof, usually of birch bark. Also an opening for a door, squat and irregular, with a high threshold and low lintel. This opening is so constructed that one must raise his foot high and bend down low to get into the house; should an enemy attempt it, the occupant may easily do away with him. An opening in the roof serves for a window. This has advantages and disadvantages. Sometimes a projectile may find its way through the window and kill one living within. A sheltering rock, against which this house is placed, saves the labor of one wall besides affording added protection against the elements. A hollow of the rock is used for fire. Smoke is carried off through an opening in the roof and a tall wooden flue. Besides the main house there may be sheds for domesticated animals and for storage.

In climates more or less severe wood was not proof

against the elements. Presently buildings are of rough stone and clay. Baked mud ushers in new comforts. The home is still one room. But we have "modern improvements." On the beaten earth floor are a few rush mats. A large earthen pot hangs over the fire, emitting pungent odors of cooking food. Civilization is stepping forth. Yet this house of but one large room is not necessarily a one-family dwelling. Humanity is not quite ready for that. There is ever-present danger against attack from neighbors, or marauding bands from afar. There is no standing army for protection, nor is there anything like a police system. Safety is in numbers, also strength for attack and plunder. The house, therefore, is a miniature community, and a fortress.

From the viewpoint of protection the pueblo dwellings of New Mexico and Arizona show marked efficiency. They are built of stone, clay and mud, either circular or rectangular in shape, and run from two to six stories in height. As many as seventy or more rooms or cells are on each story. The structure may be entered only from the top. Ladders are drawn in after those who are admitted. All windows and doors open into an inside court, also reached by ladders. Each house is a complete fort.

One of the most interesting ancestors of your cozy bungalow, love-nest or mansion, is the old Hall or Skali, common among ancient Scandinavians and in old England. A feature of this house was the roof-tree, usually a great oak, which carried the beams of the roof. Side walls were so low that parts of the roof were within easy reach of the ground. It had a thick layer of sod on which grass and weeds grew. It was not uncommon to

see sheep, goats or pigs climbing up and grazing on the roof.

The Hall at first was one immense room. A built-in "long seat," running north and south, and two narrow tables comprised its furniture. A portion of the long seat raised above the rest, called the High Seat, was reserved for the master and mistress of the Hall. Another High Seat opposite was for distinguished guests. In the center of the Hall were huge flat stones. On these fires were built for heating, lighting and cooking. Straw or rush covered the floor, which added to the comfort of dogs gnawing at bones, and on cold nights of poultry or an occasional calf or colt.

The Hall's inhabitants comprised a garrison, called *hird* in Norse and *menie* in old English, of kindred or hirelings of the house-owner. In Halls of noted chiefs, barons or kings, the garrison was greatly augmented by volunteers, who joined as a mark of personal loyalty.

Picture the life in the Skali and its effect on civilization. Think of the way knowledge was passed on in the Hall, from person to person, from generation to generation. Visualize its occupants on long winter evenings seated about the fire in the vast room, as great tales are told of gods and heroes, and distant lands, and strange peoples. Here sagas had their birth, and poetry and music. Here philosophy was nurtured side by side with industry and warfare and art. Walls and ceilings gave ample space for carving or painting. Furniture, meager though it was, must needs be ornamented. The craving for self-expression had to be gratified.

Being under no obligation to follow time or clime, we will next glance at a home in ancient China. Bamboo

over a foundation of stone is its construction. Outside the house are shrubs and fruit trees in orderly arrangement. Nature is molded to aid art. A porch or portico leads to a great central room, lighted and ventilated by an opening in the roof. To right and to left are side rooms with separate balconies. Beyond the central hall is a passageway leading to two small chambers in the rear, a terrace overlooking the garden on one side of the house and on the other a long low building holding the kitchen, store-room and servants' quarters.

This home shows a high degree of artistry both in construction and ornamentation, although it goes back several thousand years before the Christian Era. It is painted in lively colors, yellow and green predominating. There is considerable trellis-work of cane. A roof of sections of bamboo at varying levels is ingeniously covered with reeds—affording the utmost of shelter and beauty. About this house is evident a high degree of order and adaptability to environment. There is balance, taste, individuality. For it belongs to a race who from time immemorial have loved and lived with beauty.

We pass over Asia, across Suez and into Egypt for a view of this middle-class home of an early dynasty. It is a modest estate enclosed by a wall of unburnt brick. Rectangular in shape, the enclosure takes in the house, which occupies about one-quarter of the area, and a well-kept and thoroughly cultivated garden. At the corners of the enclosure farthest from the house are a sanitary and the provision pantry. Elsewhere along the wall but separated from the main building are a fowl-house, dovecotes and a cooking oven.

The abode proper is of stone blocks. It consists of a portico, a hall with two chambers on either side opening into the garden, and a terrace overhead reached by a flight of wooden stairs. Four poles are fixed in the walls for an awning over the central terrace. The family, gathering here to enjoy cool evening breezes, require this protection against stronger winds from the desert. Although it is of some five thousand years before our time this home is nevertheless as practical, as sensible and as artistic as many a home of today. Bear in mind that the people along the valley of the Nile had a high degree of culture. They were great builders. And they knew the meaning of symmetry, both in the things they made and in the way they lived.

We cross to the European continent and a better-class home in Athens, of the period about 500 B.C. This ménage is the property of one Chremylus, a newly-rich of the time. People laughed behind his back, but when he built himself a home he knew enough to open his fat purse to the best Athenian talent. Nor was he altogether lacking in taste.

This house is of stone blocks. A narrow entrance takes us past the porter's lodge on the right and slaves' quarters at the left into an open court surrounded by porticos. In the center of this court is a small fountain and a basin for gathering rain water. Here the master of the house receives his agents or factors and transacts business. None but intimate friends of Chremylus are allowed beyond this court. Yet even this far the house is most interesting; with these fine Ionic columns of marble, wooden carvings, stucco friezes and cornices on which are painted dancers in flowing drapes.

Next to the porter's lodge at the right is the servants' kitchen, then the sanitary, followed by two sleeping rooms for the slaves. Three guest rooms across the court open onto a portico and a small garden. This alcove at the rear right is the chapel. All we have seen so far comprises about one-third of the house. We enter a wider passageway, flanked on the right by the strong-room for valuables and on the left by a private reception room and the master's chamber.

We are now in the inner court. It is much larger than the first, and is also surrounded by elaborate porticos. This long room on the right is for wines and provisions. It is followed by the small family dining room with couch accommodation for six persons. Across the court opposite are three chambers for women and children. These open onto a portico, with a lounge and a separate enclosed garden for the women. Beyond this great court you see the family kitchen, latrines, and the large dining hall which accommodates about fifteen. A wide passageway between the kitchen and banquet hall leads to the terrace, which runs across the rear of the house and by a flight of a dozen steps reaches the main gardens below.

Now pause a moment and drink in the beauty of this home of Chremylus. See the effect of row upon row of Pentelican marble columns; of the purity of wall spaces accentuated by well-placed masses of color in painted friezes or frescoes. Here you sense bigness, openness, yet with a feeling of modulation and peace. For Chremylus, in spite of lowly birth, really possessed taste as well as means. And he was able unstintingly to make his home

express the best in him. He made it do all that a home should—portray a personality and an ideal.

Of great interest are the early lake-dwellings of Switzerland, South-sea Island and many other primitive homes. But to do justice to the entire subject would require many volumes, and might prove a financial hazard. Besides, in summarizing the story of taste I must not invite confusion by attempting to show too much. You will bear with me, therefore, if I go back and trace our Scandinavian—or English—Skali down to your own home today.

The old Hall saw some important changes when Olaf the Quiet ruled over Norway. About then William the Conqueror set sail for England. Norway had found Christianity and Christian modesty. "Lock-beds" came into use. These were immense built-in pieces of furniture. They held husband, wife and younger children, and could be bolted from within for safety. Next came partitions in the corner of the Hall, separate storerooms and something of an upper sleeping loft. Entire buildings were added. There were now separate guest-houses, seething-houses for cooking, bath-houses; cot-houses, for poor relations; barns, kilns, threshing-houses, byres, stables, sheep-folds and pig-sties. An earth-house served for escape from enemies, with an underground passage leading to a concealed exit some distance off.

For storing family treasures—fine clothes, embroidered hangings, gold and silver trinkets or delicate bowls, they built the Bower. This later became the sleeping-place of the master and mistress. The kitchen was a device of the wealthy, who preferred their homes

without smell of cooking. This was also known as the "fire-house." In Iceland, where a system of community insurance seems to have been in vogue, a law provided that anyone owning both a Hall and a seething-house must elect for which of the two the community shall be responsible in the event of fire.

An open hearth-fire in due course gave way to the Kakel-ofn. This aided conservation of useful forest. It also made possible an additional story in the Hall, and more rooms. During the twelfth century came the invention of the chimney. Smoke now passed completely outside the building. A real upper loft could be built. Long, low side-walls were raised. Openings for windows—in the homes of the very rich with real glass—appeared; and an outside staircase to the upper story. Then came division of space by partition walls, and division of furniture into smaller pieces. Trundle-beds for children were introduced. When not in use they could be "trundled" under the larger bed of the parents. Chairs and chests appeared.

Does it not seem strange that anything should be a novelty in one part of the world which elsewhere had been in use for thousands of years? But that is how civilization grows. Not a steady upgrade, but in vacillating waves. Occasionally a picture anything but lovely presents itself. As for instance, in the northern European town-house of this period.

Manufacturing and centralization of markets brought the growth of towns. The town-house fulfilled new requirements. Built in much the same way as its sister in the country except that its roof was thatched and its entrance made easy, it had to serve the ends of com-

merce. The advent of the chimney was a boon to the town. It made possible additional stories. It helped to increase population. Also, it aided congestion and greatly augmented an ever present supply of filth. Upper stories were often carried almost to the middle of the street, thus hindering circulation of fresh air and accentuating odors and disease-breeding capabilities of nasty accumulations. You may get some idea of the sanitary conditions of the time from the many cholera and other epidemics. These mowed down entire populations.

Here due credit must be given the Dutch. In the Netherlands cleanliness was an ideal, a passion. And the example set by these people must have played no small part in finally ridding Europe of its principal agency of death.

As towns grew in wealth homes assumed beauty and costliness. During the Renaissance taste and skill combined in the construction of exquisite dwellings. The town home underwent important changes in the sixteenth century. Wood was still in use, but it was accompanied by stone or brick instead of clay. Roofs of shingles, tiles or slate became common. Glass windows came into general use.

Here is a plan of an average town-house of the time. The front door opens into a large ante-room, where guests lay aside over-clothing and all weapons except sword or dagger. A door at the right leads to the workshop. Here master, journeyman and apprentice ply their trade. This in turn opens on a sales-stall on the street. A door at the left of the ante-room leads to the family living-room, which also serves for eating and sleeping.

Used only on state occasions is the "great room." All family treasures are kept and displayed in it. The second story is for sleeping quarters. In later examples this also has the "great room." On this story an open gallery extends along the entire front of the house, where the women do their mending or embroidering in air as near pure as the town offers.

The rear of the lower story holds the kitchen, with its raised hearth and chimney. Great kettles suspended on crooks are used for cooking, and spits constantly turned before the open fire for roasting. There is also a bath-room of a sort. This, bear in mind, is on the Continent. In England baths were a novelty as late as Queen Elizabeth's time.

But streets were still unchanged. Man claimed his inalienable right to have his pigs wallow in the middle of the street, to surround his house with dirt and refuse, to contribute his full share towards the spread of death by pestilence. Western civilization was finding difficulty with the strait-jacket of the city. Yet time brings changes. Trades moved to factories. The home was relieved of this burden, and allowed to carry on its proper functions undisturbed. Pure water was introduced. In time it came to be used for drinking as well as cleansing purposes. Underground sewers did their bit for humanity.

Such was the state of the home in Europe when the American colonist began to express himself in four walls and a roof. Following the dictates of necessity, of purse and accessibility of materials, for a long time he built in logs. Extreme simplicity is an adjunct of pioneering. Timber was in abundance. Hence the log cabin. Crevices

between logs were filled in with mud. Poles covered with reeds or straw made up the roof. Clay on sticks was used for fire-places, later stone or brick.

The early seventeenth century ushers in clap-boards on half timbers, a few decorative touches of portico or gable and something of individual expression. Dutch, English and Swedish colonists were building homes along lines of their native lands with modifications to suit the new environment. For the most part simplicity was still the keynote. This was due somewhat to taste, but more to financial limitations and a scarcity of trained builders. What skill there was showed itself in lumbered finish and ornamentation. Wood was plentiful. Ship's carpenters on shore-leave made the most of it. Colonial architecture is characterized by careful detail, tasty use of moldings in doors, windows and paneling, finely worked staircases, often with carved newel posts and balusters. "The Colonial is the one type of building in our architectural history which bears the mark of a definite style." (Desmond and Croly, *Stately Homes in America.*)

Among English Colonial structures in America, special mention must be made of the eighteenth century Virginia home. Here was a luxurious and commodious affair, unskimped by uncertainty of purse. For the southern planter had means and slaves and a passion for hospitality. He built himself a spready two-story affair with two wings. To prove to his own ego that he could do anything which his wealthy relative in England was able to do, he built in brick which was hard to get rather than in wood which was handy. There is no need of going into details probably as

familiar to you as they are to me. Suffice it to say, artistically he did a good job.

We had a Revolution. Then a war of 1812. We became a power. We acquired wealth. We spread our frontiers. We had to build, build, build. Handicraft gave way to speed. Monstrosities came on. Taste was routed by a wave of commercialism. A misplaced and misguided revival of classic models about the year 1825 brought Parthenons of wood for public buildings and Ionic and Doric temples for dwellings. French and Italian models quickly followed on the heels of the classic. Italian villas that seemed strayed from home replaced Greek mansions. Every form of the Old World was indiscriminately copied—often a variety of forms being thrown together into an architectural hash. Read this bit from one home-owner:

"I had all these ideas I gathered knocking about the world and I gave them to Willis of Philadelphia to put together for me. But he's honest enough not to claim the house. Take, for instance, that minaret business on the west. I picked that up from a mosque in Algiers. The oriel just this side is whole cloth from Haddon Hall, and the galleried porch next it from a Florentine villa. The conical capped tower I got from a French chateau, and some of the features on the south from a Buddhist temple in Japan. Only a little blending and grouping necessary. . . . Did you ever see another house like it?"

The age of monstrosity ran its course to our own day. The Twentieth Century Renaissance again brings rediscovered simplicity. This time it is in a Colonial revival. But please note this important distinction. No

longer is simplicity dictated by a thin purse. We are rich as never before—richer, in fact, than any people in history. Now the deciding factor is taste, and taste only.

We want both beauty and comfort. And we get them. I need not enter into the number of baths per family, the hitherto undreamed-of electrical appliances, the tendency to luxurious roominess of living and sleeping rooms, or the great advances in heating and ventilation. We are concerned here with art in its varying manifestations, with evidences of self-expression. And in the character of the American dwelling of today is a tale to inspire and to thrill.

CHAPTER II

Furniture

A BLESSED vehicle for self-expression is the interior of the home. They who but give orders to an "expert" then sign a check, cheat the soul within them.

Furniture tells more than its own tale. The nomad is not likely to carry massive sofas or tables on pack horse or camel. A family that has been rooted to the same homestead for several centuries is apt to have a goodly surplus of household goods—until the dealer in antiques gets wind of it. Furniture tells the story of the period of which it comes, its people and their ways.

Details for the building of the Tabernacle in the Old Testament show that by 1500 B.C. working in woods and the use of tools were well developed. About 895 B.C. the Shunammite set up for Elisha "A bed and a table and a stool and a candlestick." An apartment in the palace of Ahaseuerus had "white, green and blue hangings, fastened with cords of fine linen and purple to silver rings and pillars of marble; the beds were of gold and silver, upon a pavement of red and blue and white and black marble."

At Nineveh, in Assyria, we come upon tables, couches, thrones and chairs of metal and of wood, going back to 900 B.C. and earlier. They are carved with heads of

lions, rams or bulls, legs ending in lions' feet or bulls' hoofs. Some are inlaid with ivory. Others are made of solid gold, silver or bronze. In massive, ostentatious and somewhat clumsy furniture the ancient conquerors thus expressed themselves.

With more refinement, delicacy and grace, also with a better sense of comfort, does the furniture of Egypt speak. In ebony, acacia or cedar, often inlaid with ivory or glass, or richly gilded were graceful chairs and couches made three to five thousand years or more before Grand Rapids. Linen and colored cloth filled with feathers served for cushions and mattresses; for chair seats cloth or leather was used.

Egyptian homes were lightly furnished, never overcrowded. A lesson in taste thus comes across five thousand years. How long before biblical or Egyptian times furniture made by skilled craftsmen first came into use it is hard to say. That it must have been thousands of years is evident from the development shown in those days.

Dyed wool, tapestries and carpets are mentioned by Homer among the contents of the great man's residence. He refers to the Greece of about 1000 B.C. Classic Greek purity is naturally reflected in its furniture. Also the national love of beauty. There are tables of wood, of marble and of metal; graceful couches and folding chairs. In the lions, leopards and sphinxes used for ornamentation there is a similarity to Assyrian patterns. A famous chest belonging to Cypselus of Corinth is described as having been "made of cedar, carved and decorated with figures and bas-reliefs, some in ivory, some in gold or ivory part gilt, and inlaid in all four sides and

on the top." For the most part, however, Greek homes and furnishings were as severe in simplicity as they were exquisite in taste. Beauty was public property, for the enjoyment of the masses. Artistic effort was concentrated on temples and other public places.

In contrast to Greek purity and simplicity, we find in ancient Rome furniture most costly and gorgeous. Tables of marble, gold, silver and bronze are elaborately engraved and often further enriched with precious stones. Ivory is widely used. Carvings in bas-relief appear everywhere. Animal feet and limbs are on legs and arms of all sofas and chairs.

Rome received luxury and ostentation from contact with Alexandria and the Orient. From the East she also learned to put ease, warmth and comfort into furniture. This was supplemented in the later period of the empire by "gorgeous coloring of Eastern hangings and embroideries, or rich carpets and comfortable cushions, the lavish use of gold and silver, and meretricious and redundant ornament." Then came the fall of Rome.

The decadence of art found in furniture expression in kind. In the Eastern empire, where civilized humanity continued to speak its mind it expressed itself likewise in articles of use. The West was little more than savage. We have seen the long tables and benches of the Skali, also the "lock-bed." With the growth of towns came gradual refinements.

In feudal days household furniture was limited to barest necessity. It was rough and massive. Wars between neighbors were frequent. Powerful barons, prating of honor and wielding the sword, were constantly seeking

to rob one another. Such social amenities do not warrant the possession of costly movables.

As power grew more centralized and followed comparative safety against attack, furniture began to reflect the easing of the tension. Tradesmen, growing in wealth and power, sought new outlets for display and ostentation. This became a vexing problem. It was an encroachment on the God-given rights of the aristocracy. At the opening of the fourteenth century we find laws laying down maximum amounts that the bourgeoisie might spend on clothes and other things. But such laws had little effect. Vanity is as difficult to squelch as self-expression.

Gothic Europe designed its furniture largely along architectural lines. There is reason to believe that much of the wood-carving of the time was the work of the very men who anonymously built cathedrals. Imagination had entered into table, chair and chest. Outlines and carvings tending to the pointed arch were repeating in wood man's hidden aspiration for freedom.

As in Gothic architecture so in woodworking, the best craftsmen were French. They showed remarkable skill. Take, for example, the typical high-backed chair of the fourteenth century. Stately, massive, well-proportioned, it rises like the front of a cathedral, its intricate lace-work reaching upward to two miniature spires at the top. Expressive to an unusual degree is this chair—expressive of all but comfort. But chairs were mainly for ornament. At banquets long benches of Gothic design were used. Likewise narrow tables. Diners were at one side of the table. The other was left open for service.

There followed the Renaissance. Re-discovered an-

tique simplicity inspired great achievement. Classic models are reflected in furniture as in all else. Likewise the new standards of culture and of taste. Artistry appears not only in exquisite carving but in inlaid gilding and painted decoration. Strong-boxes and chests are covered with richest designs. Inlaying on wood and etching on metal display remarkable skill and patience.

Mirrors of glass were invented in Murano, Italy, in 1507. This industry grew so that by 1564 we find a distinct mirror-makers' guild. With mirrors naturally came a vogue for elaborately carved frames.

Ornament in general had now changed from the ecclesiastic to classical mythology and allegory. The seasons, months and elements all came in for representation. Likewise the virtues, and subjects of ancient history and legend.

But just as it is hard for a child to stay "real good" for any length of time, so is it difficult for mankind to maintain very long a high standard of taste. The pity of it is that retrogression is often the result of honest effort at improvement. Kindled by a common spark, an artistic movement develops a set of worth-while themes. By painstaking study and application, these themes are heightened, made to grow in richness and power. Additions and refinements bring them to their fullest flower. But man is never satisfied. He aims for still higher goals. Humanity is ever striving after perfection. With best of intentions he keeps on elaborating, adding to what he has done, laying on new ornament upon ornament.

The result, alas, is pitiful. Having passed what for the time being is the zenith of its artistic capability, mankind pushes headlong from beauty to ugliness. Thus the

elegance, grace and charm of Renaissance furniture at its best through modification and variation loses all character in the period of decline which follows. Balance is lost in the confusion of over-ornamentation. Design is dissipated in a vain effort at further improvement.

In due course monstrosity points its own moral. Man realizes that he is on the wrong track. Yet he does not retrace his steps to the point where his last effort was good. Instead he starts all over again. Once more outlines quite crude appear. Once more he is rough but simple.

Elizabethan England offers furniture designs running in the main to the cumbersome. There is considerable carving. Jacobean furniture is characterized by solidity and a gradual tendency to refinement of line. Grotesque Elizabethan carving gives way to simplicity, sheer bulk to grace. Characteristic of the time is the thoroughness and soundness of construction that went into furniture making. So honest was workmanship that chairs, couches and even upholstered pieces are still quite usable after two hundred and fifty years of service.

With the William and Mary period came the "oyster shell" pattern; also marqueterie in flower and vase scrolls inlaid on walnut. By the way, we have passed through the famous oak period and are now in that of walnut. Table legs are spirally turned or formed as "S" scrolls. Queen Anne design turns once again to the ponderous. Yet it has balance and grace. Its characteristic features are the "swan-necked" pediment, cabriole leg and clubbed foot; also a carved scallop-shell ornament on the "knee" of chair and table legs.

Furniture is history written in wood. Of that there is no better illustration than in the productions of France

in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth. Here as never before furniture becomes a fine art, and in terms unmistakable tells the story of the times. Artists and craftsmen through whose genius and skill France thus expresses herself take their rightful place along with the artists in painting, sculpture and architecture. Men like Boulle, Oeben, Cressent and Riesener are immortal in French art, though their medium was wood.

The period of Louis the Fourteenth is ushered in with massive grandeur combined with characteristic French taste. The work of Andre Charles Boulle is of outstanding importance in the latter part of the seventeenth century. He originated veneering in tortoise-shell, inlaying it with a cutting of brass. His designs were flowers, scrolls, satyrs, animals, cupids, fruits and draperies. His panels were fantastic compositions of free Renaissance character framed in bold scrolls of ormolu finished in gold. This made for richness and elegance. Yet as time went on the demand was for added ornateness, more show. Gold leaf or vermillion was then put under the transparent shell. Ornaments grew more curly and light, treatment was more free and flowing.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century huge mirrors appear, with massive gilt and carved frames. Also grand sofas and chairs. Armchairs carved with much spirit are gilded and upholstered in Gobelins or Beauvais tapestry. This period is characterized by dignity of design rather than ostentation, by refinement and inexhaustible inventiveness.

With Louis Fifteenth comes that memorable period of licentiousness, extravagance and corruption. Salon furniture now gives way in importance to that of the bou-

doir. "Doves, wreaths, arcadian fountains, flowing scrolls, cupids, and heads and busts of women terminating in foliage are carved or molded in relief on the walls, the doors and the alcoved recesses of the reception rooms, either gilded or painted white." Furniture is in keeping with this scheme of things. There are gilt couches and easy chairs in sweeping curves, upholstered in fine tapestry or soft-colored silk brocades. Also screens "painted with love scenes and representations of ladies and gentlemen who look as if they passed their entire existence in the elaboration of their toilettes or the exchange of compliments." (Litchfield, *History of Furniture.*)

France regained its senses with Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette. Furniture, like the other arts, grew more simple. Ornament ceased to be the controlling factor. It became subordinate to design. There was a revival of a love for the classic. Which, by the way, seems to be the case every time a people come to their senses.

Fluted pilasters delicately worked brought effects chaste and pleasing. Pictures in marqueterie, usually with a vase of flowers or fruit, wonderful in delicacy, and panels inlaid with diamond-shaped lozenges, produced high art in furniture. Work in lacquer was developed to a high state. Upholstered furniture grew more simple in design. Gobelins, Beauvais and Aubusson tapestry was used for covering, subjects being in keeping with the taste of the time.

Let us now turn to England's golden age of furniture. By the way, someone ought to write a book on England's Golden Ages. This might show how it is that a seemingly ponderous, dull-witted, slow-moving, slow-

thinking, phlegmatic nation, every little while and in almost every field breaks forth with a series of thunderbolts. What right has a people which appears so lacking in imagination to names like Newton, or Darwin, or Shakespeare, or Sheraton? Yet England has them. There must be more to these English than at first appears.

We now come to four English poets in wood. Please forgive my mixed metaphors. I have spoken of furniture as history; yet you must know that poets write history as well as painters or carpet makers. Regardless of symbols or language, all art tells what a people has on its chest. The names we shall consider, then, are Adam, Chippendale, Heppelwhite and Sheraton. They follow on the heels of the heavy, ponderous style in vogue with the accession to the throne of George the First, and take in the second half of the eighteenth century.

Robert Adam brought Greek and Roman art back to England. If you think I owe you an apology for overworking this thought, you are wrong. That is what always happens when a Western nation wakes up to taste. While I was revising the typewritten sheets of my last chapter an architect came in to see me. "I want your opinion of a plan I have," said he. "I want to bring back the beauty and chastity and simplicity of Greek architecture to adorn the streets of Boston." In his eye was a prophetic light. I smiled.

To return to Adam. He circumnavigated the prevailing rococo style of France, which means the rock and shell design, and went direct to the classic. The Dictionary of National Biography speaks of his work as "Rich but neat, refined but not effeminate, chaste but not severe." Like his great contemporaries he was aided by

the recently discovered medium, mahogany. He introduced the application of composition ornaments in friezes of garlands of flowers, festoons of drapery, knots of riband and oval patterns. His sideboards are either straight or serpentine-shaped front, with square tapering legs. His inlay is generally of plain fluting relieved by fans or ovals in satinwood on mahogany.

The highly versatile Thomas Chippendale might be called the Shakespeare of furniture. Like his predecessor in the drama he is accused of having been lacking in originality. It is said, and with good reason, that he adapted all prevailing ideas to his needs. If that be true, it is equally true that into existing designs he infused a Shakespearean touch. Often he lifted the commonplace to heights of greatness. He injected grandeur into rococo work and Chinese pagodas.

Some of Chippendale's best work was of Chinese adaptations. The twisted ribands of his more imaginative dining chairs have been criticised as being too ornate for their use. But the sweep of line and balanced proportion of these chairs leaves no question as to their beauty. If you are finicky about such matters, you may as well know that Chippendale did not originate the claw-and-ball foot. He got it from the Dutch, who got it from the Chinese, who in turn got it heaven knows where. For my purpose it matters little where it originated. That nations and races obtain designs from one another matters much.

Heppelwhite is the connecting link between Chippendale and Sheraton. He gets away from the prevailing rococo to the lines of the Grecian urn. He is light and graceful, with a tendency to breadth and roundness. His

SHERATON TIP TABLE AND TAMBO DESK

(From the Author's Collection)

chair backs are oval, shield or heart-shaped. His bureaus are either swell or serpentine front. Heppelwhite did considerable work in lacquer or japanning, usually in gold on a black ground. His favorite designs are fruit, flowers and medallions. The influence of the times on furniture is well illustrated in his chair backs. They are outlined in graceful plumes. This design represents the plumage of the Prince of Wales. It is reminiscent of the squabbles among England's smart set between the "Court party" and the "Prince's party."

I like to think of Thomas Sheraton as the Keats of furniture. In his chairs, writing tables, cabinets and occasional pieces the cabriole leg and carved ornament disappear. Instead we have square tapering legs as in Adam's work, combined with quiet ornament and severe lines. Marqueterie is the chief medium of decoration. Sheraton's later designs added the occasional use of brass inlay. Scrolls with animals and foliage are introduced, and sometimes musical instruments as trophies. But more often designs run to wreaths of flowers, husks or drapery. Sheraton excelled all his contemporaries in balanced harmony and simplicity, and in subordinating ornament to construction.

Thomas Sheraton, be it known, was the only one of the great English originators of furniture not actually engaged in the business of making it. He drew designs and working plans, which he published. These were widely used and copied by cabinet makers. His last undertaking was the *Cabinet Maker and Artist's Encyclopædia,* a compilation intended to grow to a hundred and twenty-five parts. Thirty of these were in print when Sheraton died in poverty.

Artists in all mediums are built along much the same lines. Witness this estimate of Sheraton from the memoires of Adam Black, the publisher: "This many-sided, worn-out encyclopædist and preacher is an interesting character. . . . He is a man of talent, and, I believe, of genuine piety. He is a scholar, writes well, and, in my opinion, draws masterly; is author, bookseller, and teacher. I believe his abilities and resources are his ruin in this respect; by attempting to do everything he does nothing." As to the last, the name Sheraton seems to be a good deal better known than Black.

American Colonial furniture was either imported or copied after European models. Extreme danger lurks in this statement, yet there was some furniture on the Mayflower—even on its first trip. Colonists brought prized pieces with them. Others, having acquired wealth on this side, imported tables, chairs and miscellaneous household goods from native England, Holland or France. George Washington was one of them. The less fortunate had to content themselves with copies after coveted importations by European craftsmen in America.

In these copies local conditions often dictated changes. For one thing, there were on this side neither the skilled craftsmen nor the necessary materials for carrying design or finish to the high degree attained in the originals. Hence an enforced simplicity full of added charm.

The Colonial period was followed by the Empire. Ideas were mainly French. France had them because Napoleon had brought examples from Egypt. In the main this was a down-grade movement, even though along some lines it did bring new beauty: as, for instance, in the Empire sofa.

Following the Empire period there came a series of tumbles from horror to horror. As usual, furniture was following architectural tendencies. Bear in mind that the two are sister arts—one might almost say Siamese twins. What happens to one is reasonably certain to happen to the other.

The American Renaissance of the present shows a marked tendency to Colonial models. Once again classic simplicity is sought. Unfortunately, conditions imposed by a highly-geared industrial age make it next to impossible to attain a high standard even in copying. Real artists turn to other lines as an outlet for their genius. Although there are exceptions, we are not as fortunate as was England a hundred and fifty years ago. Our craftsmen cannot afford the time to make fine copies. They must live. And living costs are high.

The outstanding fact, however, is that we have once again achieved taste. We have the desire, we crave for beauty. American inventiveness will find a way to supply the demand. The solution may lie in handicraft guilds patterned along the lines of the Society of Arts and Crafts of Boston. But whatever form it take, a solution is sure to come.

CHAPTER III

The Rugs of Persia

WHAT a message you bring, oh, my Persian rug. A message both human and divine. Incomparably beautiful, the essence of refinement, yet you say to me, "Allah is perfect. With him alone is perfection. Man must not attempt it."

Had I the breadth of Tennyson, the profundity of Browning and the jeweled words of Keats I might convey to you all I feel of my present subject. Wrapped up in the rug are Oriental beauty and splendor, the solemn philosophy of the East and the poetry of the ages. But I am not referring to all rugs bearing Persian or other Asian names, nor all rugs made in the Orient. Not all sparkling things are diamonds. Precious stones have worthless imitations. So do precious rugs. The market is flooded with every conceivable kind of fraud on original works of art in wool, cotton or silk.

I have no fault to find with "Sarouk" rugs made in India or Roumania. Nor with "Kirmanshahs" emanating from Greece. What hurts is that these things are not labeled for what they are. Rugs which do not bear even a fair resemblance to those after which they are named should not be sold as originals. We have laws requiring cold-storage eggs and fish to be properly labeled. Why not apply the same principle to Oriental rugs?

I stress this point to avoid being an aid in a widespread system of deception. What follows, then, does not apply to all things put forth under the classification of Oriental rugs. Not always to the most attractive among them, either. These are often the most vicious frauds. If you are fond of rhinestones by all means buy them. But do not let anyone sell you a rhinestone for a diamond.

It is not so long since a government in need of revenue lifted the ban against chemical dyes. Comparatively young weavers remember when the use of vegetable dyes exclusively was the law of the land. For ten years I have known an Armenian weaver who came here from Persia. No gray streaks his head. He appears in every way sound, save that he is minus his right arm. Never have I questioned him about this arm. In his time anyone caught using aniline dyes in Persia might have his right arm cut off at the elbow. The country had not yet become polluted with the filthy gold of English and American merchants. To be sure, one cannot put all the blame on these merchants. They had to appease a wide craving for Persia's works of art. When originals grew scarce they encouraged imitations.

There were days—within the memory of a child at school it seems—when in some districts it was the custom for a bride to present the man to whom she had been promised with a rug of her own making. This, her work of art, was to cover the bridal bed. With its production she had been occupied through girlhood and young womanhood, ever since she was but a little tot. She had washed her own wool and spun her yarns. She had taken the skeins to the little square where the

dyers had their smelly but picturesque shops and had ordered colors to her liking. And as she knotted her yarn on her small loom, she was working not in lamb's wool but in thoughts, in dreams. All her love-visions, her ideals, the ideals of her race of women-folk were being woven into this dower gift.

And what of the rug made for the mosque? Or the work of art in yarn on which a man or an entire family might spend five, ten years and more? Picture this building of a thing of beauty on a loom. The patient inch-by-inch tying of colored strands, knotting, knotting, weaving and knotting—caring naught for time nor pay, happily plodding toward a great goal. And the love that went into these textiles! And the stories. Weave and general character were common to the tribe. Symbols were the alphabet of the craft. In symbols handed down for ever so many generations, the weaver proceeded to express himself. So it is that a rug relates the life's tale of its maker and of his people.

Designs, methods, weaves, these go back to remotest antiquity. China had rugs from time immemorial. Ancient Greece had them, and Jerusalem, Egypt and Babylon. In ancient Assyria rugs comprised almost all the furnishings of the home, as well as its art. For thousands of years productions of the loom were a principal factor in commerce between Eastern nations. For thousands of years, also, have they been vehicles for artistic expression. Many of the symbols woven into the Oriental rug today are the same as those of Assyria or Egypt fifty centuries ago. And they still convey the same meaning. These rugs are a continuation of the time-old story of ageless races. They are the cultural

SHIRAZ RUG. 18TH CENTURY
(From the Author's Collection)

expression of people inherently cultured. For the East had enjoyed the fruits of culture thousands of years before the first blond savage took up his broad-axe to demonstrate the theory of Nordic superiority.

In many makes of Oriental rugs are found the same patterns as those carved on stone in the Maya temples of Yucatan. Thus ancient Mexico is linked up with the rugs of the East. The Mayas, as you know, are said to have taught Egypt the mysteries. They passed on the story of Cain and Abel, much later incorporated into the Old Testament. Ancient Thebes, Tyre, Memphis and Sidon had looms for the making of rugs. Rug-making was an important industry in Chaldea.

What romance surrounds these rugs from the Orient! Let me give you this thought from John Kimberly Mumford's *Oriental Rugs:* "It is hard not to put questions to an Oriental rug when you are alone with it. What of this little web, which in its gay Eastern coloring seems so much more like a silent smiling guest than a property? Was it born in a shepherd's hut in the pillared mountains of Central Asia, with the snow whirling about the door, and the sheep and camels huddling without? Or did the birds sing among the roses of a Persian village to the weaver as he tied the stitches in? From what far defile in Afghanistan did it journey on camel-back to the sea, swept by the sandstorms of the desert, scorched by the Orient heat? Was it paid to a mollah for prayers at the shrine of Mecca or Meshed? Did it change hands in fair barter in the market-place, or did it pass over the dead body of its rightful owner to the keeping of the swarthy man who sold it to the dealer from Stamboul?"

In colorful language Mumford describes the dye-master—a rich character. "His color is the badge of his ancient and honorable calling. . . . He is a walking sampler of his dyes; the proofs of his proficiency are upon him. . . . You are aware of the dyer from afar off. Red, or green, or purple from head to heels, he challenges sight when he is yet half a mile distant. There is the pride of a sultan in his carriage, and in his soul a chromatic joy which religion cannot give." In baggy trousers and wide turban, fairly screaming with his own product, this unstudied circus clown feels himself to be the heart of the rug weaving industry. For all depends on his coloring of the yarns; and "to be a dyer of reds is to be one beloved of the Prophet." Conceit? By no means. It is self-expression gratified.

Moreover it is something to be a dyer of red—or of any color. Skeins of wool are dipped in one solution after another, and hung on hooks to drip and drain over each jar in turn. The secret of obtaining the exact shade is in the number of dippings, the blending and laying of color on color in the wool. Also the exact time of drying in the sun. Behold the dyers in sky-line row—on the roofs of their little shops, motionless, watching; watching like hawks skeins of wool suspended where the sun's rays are focused. For there is a precise instant when the sun will have done its best. A moment and it is gone. The dyer must be on the alert. He must grasp that moment—and the skeins. On that hangs his reputation.

The importance of color cannot be over-emphasized. "Color is the Orient's secret and glory." It is perhaps the most vital element making for the charm of its

rugs. I venture to say that among the mysteries of the East are hidden the effects of color harmonies on the senses. The ancient East may hold the key to the psychology of color.

I shall not dwell on the mechanical details of rug weaving. Standard books on the subject, like those of Hawley or Mumford, go into that. Or, look in on the nearest Armenian rug repairer. For our present purpose it is enough to know that a rug is built on a warp with a weft woven back and forth to hold the pile or nap. Cross threads are tied into knots. The process of weaving is simple in the extreme; looms follow the most elementary of forms. And yet, though it has been attempted time and again in various parts of Europe and America, somehow only the Orientals are able to weave these rugs. This exceedingly simple art remains one of the mysteries of the East.

The lasting quality of the rug often depends on the number of knots to the square inch. Some makes, however, are durable in spite of their small number of knots. But these are usually as firmly woven as the thickness of the yarn will permit. We have rugs running as low as twenty knots to the inch, like Ganghas or Oushaks, and as many as four hundred knots to the inch, as in the better Sarouks. In the famous Ghiordes rugs of Asia Minor there are a great many more. Much depends on the firmness of weaving and the quality of wool, cotton or silk.

Designs go back to origins quite remote. Thus we see in old pieces representations of the sun and moon used in Babylonian days, symbolic of certain deities. The religion of Zoroaster, in vogue in Iran more than a thou-

sand years before the birth of Christianity, expressed itself in designs portraying the elements. These were worshiped because of the divine forces they personified. Fire worship and sun worship still find symbolism in rugs. The Shiites and Sunnites, both Mohammedan, express themselves quite differently in their rugs. The first employ animal and sometimes human figures; the latter forbid them.

The philosophy of the East is woven into its rugs. According to Sir George Birdwood, "the carpet prefigures space and eternity, and the general pattern the fleeting, finite universe of animated beauty. Every color has its significance, and the design, whether mythological or natural, human, bestial or floral, has its hidden meaning. . . . The very irregularities either in drawing or coloring almost in every Oriental carpet are seldom accidental, the usual deliberate intention being to avert the evil eye and insure good luck." To this I might add that by many it is considered a sin against Allah, as competing with him, to attempt to create a perfect thing. Hence deliberate imperfection.

So varied are designs in Oriental rugs that merely to name them would require more space than an economical publisher would permit. A few general classifications, therefore, are all I shall attempt. To begin with, there is the prayer rug. I mean the real prayer rug, woven for the family's use at prayers or for the mosque—not the kind turned out for the European or American market. Its border is in keeping with tribal productions; its central design tends to a point or arch at one end. Delightfully varied are these arches. Some are broad, some narrow. Some are shaped like the dome of a

mosque, others have graceful columns or hanging lamps. The arch must always point to Mecca. On its two sides you may find auxiliary designs for the kneeling worshipper's hands, as he brings his face down to the apex of the arch. In rugs woven by nomads these auxiliary designs often picture the weaver's horse along with flowers or symbols. The prayer rug may have a large field of solid coloring, like deep blue or red. Or it may be an all-over pattern with an arch at one end. But it always represents a weaver's best work.

The border of a rug is of great importance. Not only does it serve as a frame, it has beauty and charm all its own. In the border the weaver puts the most of his own personality. Borders generally have between four and seven stripes, all varied in pattern and coloring. Scalloped edging, garlands of flowers, running water, fish, crabs, rosettes, geometric patterns—all these are to be found in borders.

The rug may have a medallion center or be an all-over pattern. Medallions are usually built up on floral ideas and show remarkable artistry and variety. All-over designs are made up of decorative units like the rosette, the lotus leaf, the palmette, the pear and the swastika. The latter, as you know, is associated with fortune. Among other designs the bud signifies birth; the full-blown flower ripe age. The Tree of Life, said to grow in paradise, is often found in rugs. The Herati or "fish" pattern has come down from ancient times and with the lotus, emblem of fecundity, combines in putting a spiritual message into Feraghans, Sehnas, Khorassans and Kurdistans. Unfortunately the real significance of a great many symbols and Oriental color

harmonies is unknown to us. They might throw much light on the early civilizations of the East. For the breath of the East is in all these rugs, besides Oriental warmth of color and luxuriance of composition. But it may be best not to know too much: to gaze upon these wonderful products of the Orient, and while drinking in their beauty meditate upon their hidden meanings.

Between vegetable and aniline dyes is not only a great difference in lasting qualities but in color. Vegetable dyes are as fine as they are durable. They ripen, they grow mellow with age and use. Only vegetable dyes could merit the following: "It is indeed the wonderful harmonies of exquisite tints chosen by the touch of genius from a palette of many thousand pigments that awaken the appreciation of the luxurious splendour of the East. This love for colour is inherent in every rug-producing race of Asia and is older than history." (Hawley, *Oriental Rugs.*)

There are the indigo blues, the reds of the madder plant, yellows from sumach or saffron, grays and browns from gall nuts and henna. Mordants were derived from pomegranate rind, valonia, limes, lemons, tamarind fruit and mango. Most wonderful shades, gradations extremely delicate and subtle were produced by the expert blending of primary colors. Most noteworthy is that matchless Persian blue. Rich, vibrant, deep, it stands at the head of color aristocracy. Unfortunately this blue has been a lost art these many years.

But you should know some of the characteristics of the more popular Persian rugs. My reason for confining myself to Persia, by the way, is because you are most apt to come across good rugs made in that country. And

I cannot hope to do justice to all Oriental rugs. Some very fine specimens are not Persian. The Ghiordes, among the finest rugs made, is of Asia Minor origin. So are the Bergamos, Ladiks, Youruks and a number of other excellent makes. Among the Caucasian products are the beautiful Kabistans, Kazaks and Karabaghs. China produced some excellent rugs in days gone by. So did India.

But to return to Persia. Among its older rugs, mostly in large sizes, are the Khorassans. They are closely woven, averaging about two hundred knots to the inch, of rather long silky nap. The colors are generally bright red, with blue and green. They are quite varied in pattern, though tending as a rule to the pear design, with elongated pears enclosing floral figures in regular order on a dark field. The Khorassan is framed in by a wide, striking border. In this the Herati or fish design is sometimes prominent, but more often an undulating vine with incipient floral forms.

The Meshed is to the faithful pregnant with sacred and historic associations. Somewhat like the Khorassan, it has a silky appearance, but its nap is shorter. The Meshed also comes in large sizes, almost square. It is generally of light, brilliant tones contrasted with very dark small masses. Weaving is quite close and firm. Its colors are rose, blue and white with some yellow or green.

Ispahans were woven under the shadow of the royal court of the great Shah Abbas during the time of the European Renaissance. The shah sent some of his best textile artists to Italy to study design. They introduced that unusual grace and elegance which characterized

several centuries of Ispahan rugs. In these we see fields almost covered with the Persian crown jewel. Or exquisite diamond-shaped medallions sprinkled with small flowers, leaves or animal figures. The ground is either red or blue, with designs of green, yellow and white.

Mountain ridges and sandy deserts separate Kirman from the fertile valleys of Persia, and from Western pollution. Kirman has been in a measure free from the many invasions against northern Persia. Here rug weaving was unspoiled by degrading influences for over a thousand years. A high standard was maintained in weaving. Dyes were kept pure. Occasionally a little silk is mixed into the pile, but for the most part it is all wool, of unusually fine texture, in the older pieces silky and lustrous. Kirman patterns have a profusion of roses among green leaves, in vases or formal bouquets, in the body or in the border. The sun-flower, suggestive of the Zoroastrian faith, is sometimes used, as well as birds, animals or pictures of human beings interspersed with foliage. Weaving ranges from two to four hundred knots to the inch. Colors are gray or ivory, with faun, yellow, rose and blue.

Exceedingly soft to the touch and beautiful to the eye is the Shiraz. The old Shiraz, mind you, which is far different from the modern article. Time was when these rugs were woven for royal use or for gifts to foreign rulers. In the Shiraz of fifty to a hundred years back you may find a field covered with angular pears, sometimes set into diagonal or perpendicular stripes; or else conventionalized floral forms or geometric designs similar to Caucasian. The border is usually made up of a number of narrow stripes contrasted in design

and coloring. Shiraz colors are deep blue or red, with small areas of ivory and yellow. The weaving is rather loose and the nap quite short. As I write these lines I look up now and then at an antique Shiraz on the wall before me. It has been my privilege for a dozen years to live with this exquisite creation. Would that I had the words to make you feel its beauty.

Although it comes in a variety of patterns the Feraghan is best known by the Herati design. This consists of two fish in crescent curves on either side of a flower—or, if you prefer, two crumpled leaves four to five inches to a foot in length with a rosette between them. I cite both interpretations of the Herati design to show you how little we really know what the Orient has in mind. Leaf or fish and rosette are usually red. Auxiliary designs are cream, yellow, white and light blue. Rich, dark blue often makes up the ground, though sometimes it is red or ivory. A varied border of five to seven stripes encloses the ground. The Feraghan is firm in texture and its back rather coarse.

Hamadan, on the site of the ancient capital of Media has a tomb guarded by Jews which is said to contain the remains of Esther and Mordecai. It also has gardens, bazaars and mosques—and squalor and misery. And looms from which excellent rugs have come. The typical Hamadan has a diamond-shaped medallion against a field of soft contrasting color, with triangular designs in the corners. The border is wide, with an undulating vine and unconventionalized flower in the main stripe and a simpler vine in guard stripes.

The little village of Sarouk nestles among shady poplars at an altitude of seventy-five hundred feet on

the Feraghan plain. Dried mud, "cracked until it admits the wind," makes up the walls, roofs and floors of its hundred and fifty houses. These have no windows nor chimneys, but an abundance of odors. Here were made rugs "with surface like velvet and with mellowed tones of perfect harmony." Rugs made by a population of which practically every man, woman and child is an artist. This sounds like exaggeration. It is not.

Early Sarouks run to realistic drawing of the cypress, willow or the Tree of Life, also animals against a field of deepest blue. Later ones usually show a large medallion of elaborate design with pendants; or several medallions, with leaves, buds and flowers exquisitely drawn on long delicate stems, enclosed in borders of undulating vines and flowers. Rare balance and skill combine with fine taste in the Sarouk. The weave is close and firm, and the nap short-clipped. Soft, rich colors, mainly deep blue and red with bits of green, olive, buff and ivory, give the Sarouk the utmost of richness and harmony.

One of the most simple of the Persian rug family is the Sarabend. Rows of pear designs, usually very small, with the narrow ends pointing in opposite directions in alternate lines; with more pears, long and narrow, in the border—that is the Sarabend. Yet it has individuality and charm. You may find it with pinkish little pears against a ground of blue, or in blue design against a red field; or again with pears red and blue, against a field ivory white. Finely woven, rich deep blue, or red that is mellowed into soft rose or delicate pink, a Sarabend antedating commercial corruption is a real work of art.

Worthy of more than passing mention is the Sehna, noted for its distinctive weave. It varies in pattern from a field covered with floral designs to the intricate medallion. Its colors run to dark blue, red and ivory, with some green, light blue and yellow. The nap is very short and the weaving often runs as fine as four hundred knots or more to the inch.

Typical of Oriental splendor is the Kermanshah. Both its intricate pattern of gracefully-curved lines and its luxurious soft coloring portray Eastern concepts of physical perfection. Sir George Birdwood in his *Industrial Arts of India,* published in 1880, writes: "The finest Oriental rugs of our time, which at the Vienna Exhibition astonished all beholders, are those made in the palace of the governor of Kermanshah, in Kurdistan, and are only disposed of as presents."

The Kermanshah is noted for its "wealth of floral expression, for throughout the border and field are sprays of flowers on delicate vines and foliate stalks." (Hawley, *Oriental Rugs.*) In its finely drawn oval or diamond-shaped medallion, as well as in its borders, are roses, tulips, sun flowers or daisies on delicate branching sprays and vines. Kermanshah colors are light and soft, running to delicate rose and ivory with blue, green, and buff. Sometimes you may find a Kermanshah with a ground of deep blue. This is as rare as it is beautiful. It is said that one of the governors residing at Kermanshah had sent designers to Italy for new ideas. They came back and introduced blue for the body of the rug in place of the prevailing rose. A few rugs were produced in this color, when the weavers changed their

minds. Such a Kermanshah, of blue ground, happily is in my collection. It is pictured in this volume.

The Kurdistan, firm of weave, solid, honest and sound comes in a great variety of patterns. Strong and serviceable, the product of the Kurdish wanderers is also quite artistic. Its principal colors are red and blue, with auxiliary tones in green, white and yellow. There is fine blending and softness of color in these rugs—rather remarkable considering the roughness of their makers.

The city of Mosul, near the ruins of ancient Nineveh, on the banks of the Tigris, was once noted for its textiles. Hence the term "muslin." Misrule, wars and pestilence have caused its population and its industries to dwindle. Yet Mosul is still prominent as a rug market. It is the capital of a large and fertile area in whose rich pastures Abraham once fed his flocks. Arabs, Turks, Armenians, Jews and Christians all mingle with the natives of Mosul, and make up a conglomeration of peoples rarely found elsewhere.

The rugs of Mosul reflect its population. In them we find the Caucasian stars, and diagonal bands and barber-pole stripes. Likewise the medallions of the Bijar or the patterns of the Feraghans or Serabands. Weaving is generally coarse, the pile thick and the coloring light. Mosul rugs are able to stand much hard usage. And they possess that precious characteristic of the Oriental rug—they improve with age.

I might go on and on describing masterpieces of Persia's looms. Yet this survey must suffice. It shows how Persia expressed herself. I use the past tense because the best features of the rugs I speak of are no more. In Persia as elsewhere, the art of rug weaving is at low ebb.

KERMANSHAH RUG
(From the Author's Collection)

To meditate on the future of this art is fruitless. Will vegetable dyes come back into use? Will standards of weaving and design be restored to their former high state? With increased cost of necessities of life it is hard to conceive of men, or even women, spending years at a loom to produce one fine rug. Or of anyone giving the necessary time and labor to making good colors. On the other hand, it is almost inconceivable that good Oriental rugs will be allowed to go out of existence. But our chief concern in the story of taste is with the fact that such works of art have been given the world by the peoples of the East. And that into these rugs the Orientals have woven all that is best in themselves.

Finale

THE APPLICATION OF ART

The Application of Art

IN his last chapter an author discloses his reasons for having written the book. In it he preaches his moral, expounds his philosophy—or, no longer concerned about holding his reader's attention, he reveals the mailed fist beneath silken glove. Time, then, for the uncovering of mine.

My conclusions from the study of universal taste are embraced in what may be termed the pragmatism of art. Now pragmatism, as you know, is the practical application of psychology. It means using all that is known of the science of the mind in daily life. Pragmatism of art, then, would be applying the basic principles of that subject. Where shall we apply them? First, quite naturally, in our homes. But we cannot all possess art treasures. No matter. The best in art is within reach of all. A cultivated taste, while immensely useful, is not the possession I have in mind. Something vastly more important is involved.

The principles of art employed in making a home—that is art pragmatism. I mean this literally. Costly possessions need not enter into it. The underlying principles which govern works of art may be successfully followed in creating worth-while home surroundings, in making of the home itself a work of art. Here is the equipment required: (1) a knowledge of the rules; (2) furnishings to fit a given space; (3) a modicum of taste; (4) a few grains of common sense.

What then are the rules, or standards of art? Unity, symmetry, balance, composition, color, expression, harmony and our old Chinese favorite, rhythmic vitality. To them all the arts must adhere. They are the foundation of all that mankind creates in expressing itself artistically. Essential in painting, sculpture and architecture, they are equally important in an opera, good jazz, your Sunday sermon—or this book. Their mere recital seems a full explanation of my thesis. Obviously they should make an artistic home, as they make for art in any other medium.

Producing a worth-while home is largely a matter of selection and grouping. Unity and symmetry, these are nothing more than proportion, fitness. Some things go together. Others do not. A simple Windsor chair is delightful in its place. No less desirable is a carved Chinese table. But somehow the two do not mate. Balance involves all the things in a room, or in the entire home. It requires careful study. Color is simple: choosing things with a view to their blending or harmonizing with other things; or, better still, choosing everything with a complete color scheme in view—always bearing in mind that a dull home holds no more potentiality of enjoyment than a dull person.

Composition means placing objects with a view to pleasing or interesting outline in ensemble. A little study will do that. Expression—what each room, or the entire house, will have to say for itself—here is much to think about. Will your home speak with welcome or hauteur, will it cheer or chill? It is in your power to produce any number of effects. All it needs is a little study. Settings for desired effects are possible on the stage, why not in

the home? Make up your mind what you want your home to say to your friends and to you—then make it deliver the message. Next you consider harmony. Careful attention to all the other elements will produce that.

Finally, you want rhythmic vitality. Pulsation, vibration, pleasing movement are to be sought in the make-up of a home as in any work of art. Artists will tell you that it is not easy of attainment in any medium. Certainly it is difficult when you deal with that heterogeneous mass of articles comprising the furnishings of your home. But it is well worth the effort. Study the effect of your objects and colors on one another. And remember, you are after pleasing, gentle vibration—the shimmy is not art.

The secret of the worth-while home lies not in expense but in ideas. Incidentally, by applying thought and judgment you will also be giving expression to your personality. Here, then, is an outlet for self-expression, the need of which is as strong in you as in any artist. Say it in your home.

The underlying principles of art have other uses. The well-dressed woman has put them to the test through the ages. But I want to point out another place for these art standards—and it is even more my justification for having written this volume—their application to the business of living. To be successful here is of paramount importance to us all. It involves the art of life itself.

Before proceeding with that, however, permit me another thought or two on the home. First, I am using the term in its broadest sense. The rules here enumerated apply to the rooming-house fourth floor rear just as much as the bootlegger's palace. They are equally effec-

tive for the son's dormitory at school and father's club on the avenue.

Second, we are exceedingly fortunate in knowing how all peoples who preceded us treated their homes. We may slavishly copy old ideas, if we are that lacking in originality. Or we may apply underlying principles of other days to our own artistic needs. Thus, while adhering to the fundamental rules which I outlined in making of the home a work of art, we may keep before us the Greek ideal of purity, Venetian love of color, Dutch cleanliness, French intellectuality—any or all as may suit our purpose.

Third, while my rules should prove effective regardless of rarity or intrinsic worth of furniture and decorative objects, I believe in the good to be derived from living with works of art. A good painting in your home, or a piece of sculpture, grows on you like a good friend. Aside from its purely decorative value, it radiates an indefinable something from which the longer you live with it the more you derive of genuine satisfaction. I cannot put my finger on this. It may be the personality of the artist speaking through his work. Or a personality far greater—the essence of all that is good in the universe —speaking through the artist and his work both. You will find it the same with an artistic rug, or vase, or piece of glass, or chair—or anything made by the hand and heart of man.

And now for the application of the rules of art to the art of life. Bear in mind that this is in no sense a sermon. I am not concerned with your religion, or your soul. I do not even want to see you good or virtuous. That is your look-out. If you can derive more from life by fol-

lowing the path that leads to prison bars that is your business. If you are honestly convinced that the best way to express yourself is through Mephistophelean channels, by all means go to the devil. What I am trying to do is help you get the most out of life by applying to what you do and the way you live the principles which make good art.

Well, then, let us take unity. Its application to life is simple in the extreme. In fact, simplicity is of its essence. In the language of the street, "Be yourself." Don't try to put on airs. You are far more attractive as you are. Besides which, you never get away with very much. Be consistent. Of what use is it to be a roaring lion in the office and a gentle lamb at home? If you have a better time of it at home why not try the same thing in business? For if you are built along muttony lines and assume a leonine rôle you are making yourself and everybody around you miserable to no purpose whatsoever. Or if playing the lion gives you the most pleasure, then roar everywhere. The point I make is that the impression you create is of no consequence. What really matters is, what are you getting out of life? Be you good or bad—and for my purpose it matters not which—you will get the most out of life by being true to yourself, by following the principle of unity.

Symmetry and balance may be combined into what is known as a balanced life. By that I do not mean killing yourself at work and for an antidote doing the same at cards. Cultivating a sense of proportion would come nearer my meaning. Doing things in moderation, balancing your activities one against the other. And moderation may be practiced even in the business of money-making.

How many Americans there are who plunge into business like mad, throw all their vitality into it in the hope that success will bring leisure and opportunity for enjoyment—who on the threshold of success are received by the undertaker. A sense of proportion is necessary always. Get what you can out of all that life has to offer, and get it all the time. But for your own sake pick what is really good for you.

Composition is in the things and the people you surround yourself with. This requires planning and is well worth it. As concerns things, obviously pleasing ones will bring pleasure, elevating ones will raise you to a higher level, and so on *ad infinitum*. The question of people is a bit more involved. To begin with, you are born into a family and married into a flock of in-laws. You are thrown into associations in office or shop. At times it seems as if there are in this world but two kinds of people—those that wouldn't have you and the ones you do not want. If you choose, there is always the danger of being considered a snob. Oh, yes, this offers never-ending complexities and perplexities. But it is your life. You must live it so as to get the most out of it. Pick your associations in spite of everything. Make it your business to be attractive to worth-while people, attract their society. If you want flowers you must plant wisely. And you must weed and cultivate.

Now for color and harmony. Taken in their literal sense, these have much to offer towards the enrichment of your life. I need but mention the value of impressions from good music, literature, art, flowers, hills and fleecy clouds. But more is involved. You must cultivate the habit of drawing color into your life and using it to

radiate harmony. Under this head come travel and sensitiveness to impressions. The sight of St. Peter's at Rome should leave something lasting inside of you. Also a glimpse of an unwashed urchin face. Color includes interest. And life is measured not in years but in what it yields by way of interesting experience. As the root sucks up vitality from the earth, distributes it through the plant and makes color in the rose, so must we draw from environment what we need for growth, let it mix with what in us is best and produce the utmost of color. Consider, too, the effect of colorful personality on others. We are not directly concerned with them, since only your life's enjoyment is involved. Yet I cannot help but point out that a colorful personality pleasing to others casts an inverted glow and makes for harmony within.

Rhythmic vitality has been sufficiently described in the preceding pages. How to attain it in life is our present problem. How to get vibration, pulsation, scintillating movement into a humdrum existence. Indeed, to see the efforts some people make in trying to attain it is pathetic. That toothless codger leading a nineteen-year-old gold-digger to the altar is in search of rhythmic vitality. So is the respectable man of business from the Middle West who is making such an ass of himself in a New York night club. Boredom is the curse of the age: winking, wild youth seems to offer a way out. Rhythmic vitality is in the Lorelei's sun-kissed tresses.

But to attain this quality it is not necessary to freeze your feet at stage doors, nor to acquire hardening of the arteries chasing after fur-clad will-o'-the-wisps. The quest for happiness in those channels is too often disappointing. Rhythmic vitality must come from within.

Take an interest in things around you. Keep in touch with all that goes on. Let your heart beat with the pulse of the world. Make yourself interesting. Mingle with interesting people. That is rhythmic vitality in living.

I have left expression for the last, because on it depends to a large extent the success or failure of your other qualities. The impression you convey is involved here—your message, your personality. Will it make people want to take a second look at the picture? And it is all in your hands, like the rest. What it means is that you as an entity shall convey a message. Not in what you say, but in what you are. You do anyway—often the most strongly when you least want to. Whether that message shall be favorable or otherwise lies with you. But remember what I said about unity. Not by a pose, not by sham may the desired result be achieved. You must be yourself. You must ring true. Be honest with yourself first of all. Study your weakness and your strength. Then set about to build up the message of your being. If it is right it will greatly help in achieving the other features of your work of art.

Does the task of making of your life a work of art seem difficult?

That is as it should be.

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